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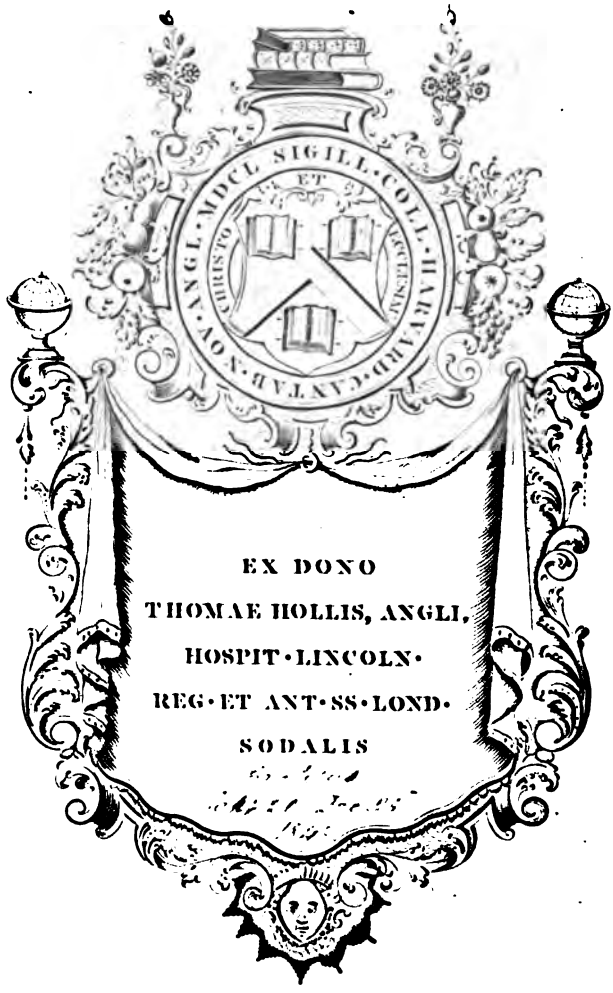
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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1844.

VOL. III.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

LONDON:
G. HENDERSON, 2, OLD BAILEY,
LUDGATE HILL.

1844.

BP 313.3
P2796

LONDON :
PRINTED BY G. LILLEY, QUEEN'S HEAD PASSAGE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

21-2-19

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ART. I.—*Narrative of the Voyages and Services of the Nemesis, from* 1840 *to* 1843, *and of the combined Naval and Military Operations in China; comprising a complete account of the Colony of Honk Kong and remarks on the character and habits of the Chinese.* From Notes of Commander W. H. HALL, R.N.; with personal observations, by W. D. BERNARD, Esq., A. M., Oxon. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Henry Colburn. 1844.

THE curiosity of Europeans with regard to everything connected with the Chinese Empire was destined, until a very late period, to remain unsatisfied. It was not till the year 1839, that by the obvious approach of hostilities, an opening appeared to be at length offered, by which much additional information on so curious and interesting a subject might be obtained; and the extraordinary rapidity and success with which the subsequent operations were conducted, added not a little to the facilities afforded to those who had been induced by motives of interest, love of adventure, or desire of information, to visit and make personal observations in a country, the previous means of access to which had been so limited, and of which so little was consequently known.

Among such enterprising persons was W. D. Bernard, Esq., A. M., Oxon; whose object in the expedition is given by himself as follows: "The author had long taken a deep interest in all that concerned our relations with China; and with a view to study personally the character of the people, and to obtain accurate information, by observation on the spot, he paid a lengthened visit to that country in 1842." It was here that he fell in with the Nemesis, which he ac-

companied throughout the war, and had in the course of the ensuing year ample opportunities of performing the object of his expedition.

The result of his personal observations, and also those of Captain Hall of the Nemesis, appear in the volumes, the title of which is at the head of this article, and we have on the whole derived much pleasure from the perusal of them.

Regarded solely as a literary production, the work is doubtless open to objections; the matter might be considerably condensed, and the style in some respects improved; but to form our estimate of such a work by the rules by which we approve or condemn poems or novels, would be an injustice to the author, and an ungrateful return for much valuable information, for a manly and spirited account of events in which all feel an interest, and for much new light on subjects which have hitherto been involved in the deepest obscurity.

We shall be performing a task at once more agreeable to ourselves, and we doubt not acceptable to the public, if, instead of subjecting the work to a severe literary ordeal, we endeavour to give an abstract, necessarily short and imperfect, of some part of its contents, which may, we trust, prove a recommendation of it to the very numerous class, who, from various motives, feel a deep and natural interest in the subject to which it relates.

In speaking of events of so very recent occurrence, the main features of which must be fresh in the memory of almost all our readers, it would be superfluous to attempt anything like a detailed account of the original causes, and early events, of the war in which the Nemesis bore so conspicuous a part. It will be sufficient therefore to remind them, that, in the year 1839, the British Nation in general were astounded by the sudden and unexpected imprisonment of Captain Elliot, Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, and the other British residents in China,—that the bills given by that minister to the merchants, for the cargoes of opium, a measure to which he was compelled by Commissioner Lin, were dishonoured by the Home Government,—and that with a view to obtain compensation to the individuals thus ruined, and also to place on a new and improved footing our commercial relations with the Celestial Empire, all attempts at negociation having failed, hostilities were at once commenced. With regard to the early part of the war which followed, we have at present no concern, but will proceed at once to trace the voyage and services of the Steamer in question.

Several armed iron steamers were prepared for the service, among which was the Nemesis. That vessel, though commanded by officers of the Royal Navy, was not, strictly speaking, a man-of-war; a circumstance which added considerably to the interest already excited by the mystery with which she was in every way surrounded. The first iron steamer, constructed on entirely new principles, and her

destination a profound secret, the most extraordinary and contradictory surmises respecting her were formed; and curiosity was raised to the highest, to see how so bold and novel an experiment would succeed. A few words on her general structure may not be uninteresting.

Of 700 tons burden, 120 horse power, and 184 feet in length, her draught of water was but six feet. The principal difficulties with which she had to contend arose in the first place from the unavoidable absence of any fixed keel, and in the next from the influence exercised on the compass by so large a quantity of iron. The first of these disadvantages was in some measure obviated by an ingenious contrivance, by which two moveable keels were formed, capable of being raised or lowered at pleasure to the depth of five feet below the water; but the latter was less easy to remedy, and indeed was never entirely overcome. The rudder was also constructed on a new method to suit the peculiarities of her structure, and the whole vessel "was divided into seven water-tight compartments by means of iron bulkheads," a contrivance, the utility of which was afterwards made fully apparent, as in the event of a leak in any one of those sections the remainder were not in any manner affected by it.

Everything being at length completed, and the command taken by Captain Hall, R.N., the Nemesis left Liverpool, where she had been built, on her way to Portsmouth. On the second night of her departure she struck on a rock off the coast of Cornwall, and narrowly escaped from destruction; a serious leak was sprung, but she was conveyed without much difficulty into Mount's Bay, where an iron pump being procured, the water shipped was pumped out, and she proceeded without further accident to Portsmouth. Two facts were made more particularly apparent by this occurrence. The first was the efficacy of the invention of dividing her into distinct compartments; as, had she been of ordinary build in that respect, it would have been difficult to keep her afloat. The other was the necessity of making some improvement in the compass, as the accident was mainly attributed to her deficiency in that respect.

The time, however, was pressing, and beyond the repair of the mischief actually done, no steps were taken at the time for the prevention of such occurrences for the future, and on the 28th of March, 1840, the Nemesis for the last time left the English coast and proceeded on her voyage, the place of her destination being still a profound secret.

There were not wanting many by whom the new and mysterious vessel was regarded with no favourable aspect; as Mr. Bernard observes, "the wooden walls of England had, in fact, been so long identified with her proudest recollections, and had constituted for so many centuries her national boast, that it seemed almost an unnational innovation to build them of iron."

It should create neither surprise nor neglect that prejudices so natural, and characteristic of our countrymen, should require for their removal more practical and convincing proofs of their fallacy than scientific demonstration or plausible theories. Happily such proofs have since been most amply furnished, but we must not anticipate.

Once fairly off, the monotony of a sea voyage was in a great measure relieved by the novel experiment, almost daily made, as to her rate of sailing, &c. From these trials it was ascertained that the vessel was capable either of sailing, steaming, or using but one paddle, and sailing, at a time, as circumstances required. The last was a peculiarly favourable discovery, being the first time such an experiment had been attempted.

Touching at Maderia, Funchal, and settlements on the coast of Africa, she proceeded on her voyage, which was considerably prolonged by unfavourable winds, a difficulty which increased to such an extent as she neared the Cape that it was found expedient to stand out far to the west; nor was it till the 1st of July, that she at length came to anchor in safety in Table Bay.

Notwithstanding the unusual length and danger of the voyage, no material damage had as yet been received. A delay of ten days was found amply sufficient to make all necessary repairs, and lay in stores; and on the 11th, she again proceeded on her voyage. It was now known that she was to pass through the Mozambique Channel, but nothing further transpired. Scarcely, however, had she once more lost sight of land when a storm arose which threatened her with apparently inevitable distruction. "It has very rarely happened," says our author, "that a ship has been so near destruction and yet escaped at last." Her low build added not a little to the dangers of her position, and several leaks were sprung, her paddle box was also broken, and everything seemed to threaten immediate dissolution. By the indefatigable exertions, however, of the officers and crew, she at length reached Delagoa Bay in safety, though in so shattered a condition as to require most extensive repairs before she could again proceed.

The dangers of her voyage might now be said to have terminated. Many observations on the slave trade were made in the course of her progress at the islands at which she stopped. Passing over, however, this part of her services, we will at once proceed to her arrival at Point de Galle in Ceylon, where she came to anchor on the 5th of October, 1840.

It was here that the crew became first acquainted with the nature of the service on which she was to be engaged, and all possible dispatch was used in preparing for the expedition. Eight days, however, were unavoidably lost, at the end of which time, having once

more got up the steam, she soon arrived at the scene of operations at Tongkoo Bay.

The period at which the Nemesis thus arrived at the scene of action was the interval between the first and second acts of the war. The violent conduct of Commissioner Lin had brought to a speedy crisis the storm which had been for some time brewing—the action between the English frigates Volage and Hyacinth and the Chinese war junks had commenced hostilities; and the capture of Macao, and blockade of the river and stoppage of the tea trade, had so far "brought the Chinese to their senses," as to cause a truce and an attempt at negociation.

The disgrace of Commissioner Lin was the natural consequence of his want of success. That functionary, at whose parting with the Emperor the latter had shed tears, was now superseded by Keshen, and declared by his master to be "of no use at all except to cause the waves of confusion to rise," and to be "like a stupid fellow with his arms tied, and no better than a wooden image." All attempts, however, at an amicable adjustment proved ineffectual, and the extreme treachery of the Chinese, who, on more than one occasion, fired on a flag of truce, and in spite of repeated warnings continued to place everything in a position of defence, hastened the next crisis.

At the period of the arrival of the Nemesis (November 25th,) Keshen, the new plenipotentiary, arrived at Canton, and at the same time a sudden and severe illness had compelled Commodore Elliot to return to England, leaving Sir Gordon Bremer in command of the fleet, which now consisted of three line-of-battle ships, twelve other war vessels of different sizes, a troop ship, and several armed steamers. The presence, however, of even this imposing force, was not sufficient to overawe the ignorant and boastful Chinese; and a month having been wasted in fruitless attempts at negociation, the resumption of hostilities was at length declared in the commencement of January, 1841.

In order to make the object of the operations which ensued intelligible to our readers, it will be necessary to refer them to the map of the Canton river, the present scene of action. It will be seen that the mouth of the river was protected by a large island called "Tycocktow," that on the opposite side of the channel between the island and mainland, was the fort of Chuenpee, and that at the other, or northern extremity of the stream, was situated the Tiger Island,—that a long line of forts, known as the "Bogue Forts," succeeded, which extended to the city of Canton.

The ultimate object of the expedition was the reduction of this line of defences and the capture of the city, for the accomplishment of which design it was necessary to begin by reducing Tycocktow and Chuenpee as the first obstacles which presented themselves.

The 7th of January was the day fixed on for the attack. The place of operations will become best apparent from the manner in which they were executed.

Troops to the amount of about 1,500, consisting of the 26th and 49th Regiments, with the 37th Madras Native Infantry, and a detachment of Artillery, the whole being under the command of Major Pratt, 26th Regiment, were landed at eight in the morning within two miles of Chuenpee, and proceeded at once to attack one of the forts on the summit of the hill. In this service they were assisted by the Queen and Nemesis steamers, who, taking up their position within good shelling distance, commenced a warm fire on the point of attack: the usual consequences ensued. Unacquainted with the nature of the missiles employed against them, and surprised by the decisive and unexpected movement of the land forces, the Chinese found themselves altogether unable to make any effectual resistance. Five-and-twenty minutes was sufficient to complete the capture of this important position. The Nemesis now lost no time in joining the squadron, consisting of the Calliope, Larne, and Hyacinth, which were warmly engaged with the lower batteries, on which the guns of the hill fort, now in our possession, were also turned. A very short time was sufficient to dislodge the defenders, who however, in attempting to escape, were cut off by the unexpected appearance of the Native Infantry, which came round a hill in their rear.

Then commenced the horrors of war. To give quarter was impossible; and the enemy, "unacquainted with the humane practice of modern warfare of giving and receiving quarter, abandoned themselves to the most frantic despair."

We have an awful picture of the scenes which ensued—of the unfortunate wounded wretches scorched to death by the ignition of their powder flasks—of the massacre by the infuriated troops, who were enraged by their enemies first firing at them, and then demanding quarter, and of the conflagration of houses filled by the miserable fugitives.

It it a relief to turn from this painful subject to the other occurrences of this eventful day. Tycocktow was attacked immediately after the fall of Chuenpee. The Samarang, Druid, Modeste, and Columbine were employed on this service; a breach was speedily effected, and after a brief, though spirited resistance, the superior discipline of the sailors prevailed, and both sides of the channel were in possession of the "red barbarians."

The day's work, however, was not yet finished. Anson's Bay, at the north of Chuenpee, was occupied by a fleet of about fifteen war junks, and the operations would be obviously incomplete without the destruction of this squadron. The service was performed in the most gallant manner by the Nemesis, assisted by boats from the remainder of the squadron. The junks had taken up a strong position in five

feet of water, but the extraordinary lightness of the Nemesis enabled her to come to comparatively close quarters. The event, however, was mainly decided by a single rocket, the first discharge by which a large junk was blown up and every soul on board perished.

The instantaneous destruction of the huge body seemed appalling to both sides engaged. The smoke, and flame, and thunder of the explosion, with the broken fragments falling around, and even portions of dissevered bodies, scattering as they fell, were enough to strike with awe, if not with fear, the stoutest heart that looked upon it.

Mr. Bernard goes on to inform us that the effect of this terrific explosion resembled, on a small scale, that of L'Orient at the battle of the Nile; after which, it will be remembered that ten minutes elapsed before the recommencement of the action. This catastrophe was decisive; the Chinese abandoning their junks in confusion; those remaining on board cutting them adrift, with a view to their drifting on shore, and thus giving them the means of escape.

The capture of two remaining war junks, and the conflagration of the whole, concluded the day's operation by 5½ P.M.; and a more entirely successful attack has seldom been made. Two strong positions had been taken, a fleet destroyed, with the loss of about 40 wounded; that of the Chinese amounting to many hundreds. It was the first time also that they had encountered our troops on land, and a lesson had been learnt which would not easily be forgotten.

The total defeat of the enemy appears, indeed, to have had a very salutary effect on their tactics. Keshen, the commissioner, was a man of considerable prudence, and unlike the majority of his countrymen, fully aware of the deficiency of his means of defence. His courage and candour were afterwards, indeed, made fully apparent by the very candid, sensible, but at the same time most unpalatable report which he made to his imperial master on the subject of the bad state of discipline. A report which it would have been well for the Emperor, had he given to it the attention it deserved; but which, as usual, was put down to the score of treachery, and terminated in the removal of one of the only of his Majesty's servants who appeared by any means competent to the fulfilment of the duties in which he was engaged.

The immediate effect, however, of the disasters experienced on the 7th of January, was an anticipation of the attack on Amunghoy, which had been fixed for the following morning by a flag of truce, and offer of negociation. Our limits compel us to be very concise in our summary of the events which during this interval took place. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to observing that the result of the negociation was in appearance satisfactory. Hong Kong was ceded, trade was to be resumed in ten days, and six million dollars to be paid in annual instalments. On our part, the force was ordered to

withdraw from China, and the captured forts were restored. The treaty was executed by us without delay, but it appears beyond a doubt that the only object of Keshen in entering into the negociation and proposing terms to which he knew that it would be in vain to expect the imperial sanction, was to procure delay in order to complete the defences of the river. Ten days were at length fixed as the longest period within which a definite treaty should be completed; and that period having elapsed without the fulfilment of the condition, hostilities were recommenced.

The capture of some trading vessels, and the destruction of a masked battery, were the first hostile events following the truce. The 25th of February was the day fixed on for the great attack on the Bogue forts. We shall make no apology to our readers for omitting the somewhat complicated details of the day's operations; a full account of them will be found in the volume before us; and independent of other reasons, we much doubt whether the repetition of events, the results of which were invariably the same, and which only differed in the details of the plan, are of much general interest.

A few hours sufficed for the reduction of these famous defences. The loss on the side of the enemy was 500 killed and wounded and 1,300 prisoners; that of the British consisted of *five slightly wounded.* We must not forget, however, to do justice to the memory of the fine old Admiral Kwan, the Chinese commandant, and a man of great spirit and talents. He was killed by a bayonet wound in the heat of the engagement.

An erroneous impression respecting the courage of the Chinese has been long prevalent in this country. They have been generally stigmatised as cowards. Such, however, is far from the case, as is made best apparent by the immense loss which they invariably encountered, and by the fact of the greater number of the wounds being by the bayonet. The fact is, that their utter want of discipline and ignorance of the civilized mode of warfare, often gave to them a deceptive appearance of timidity: the fact of their natural bravery will become more apparent as we proceed.

We hasten over the events which preceded the arrival of the force at Canton.

The capture and explosion of the Cambridge, an English vessel belonging to the Chinese, was a measure which struck such a panic into the enemy, that Mr. Bernard is of opinion "that the city of Canton would probably have fallen an easy prey had our successes been followed up by a bold dash at it."

The want, however, of accurate information respecting the passage, prevented any such decisive measures; and the passage of the river was not effected without considerable difficulty and delay. We have no space to follow our author through all the small engagements, truces, and diplomacy with which his volumes are filled. On the 18th

of March, part of the force, consisting of the Modeste, Algerine, Starling, Herald, Nemesis, and Madagascar, with a large flotilla of boats, arrived at Canton. The attack, which was entirely conducted by sea, differed little from those of less importance which had preceded. Fort after fort fell with scarcely an appearance of resistance. By evening the city was completely at the mercy of the conquerors; some hundreds having fallen on the side of the Chinese, and one officer and six or seven men wounded, being the list of casualties of the British.

A suspension of hostilities was the immediate consequence of the victory, and some vain hopes appear to have been indulged that a final adjustment would now take place. Yang Fang, one of the new commissioners who had arrived to supersede Keshen, having concluded the treaty. The rage of the Emperor, however, on hearing of the event, speedily dissipated any hopes of peace which might have been formed.

Not content with ordering the unhappy Keshen to be put to death by being "cut asunder at the waist," and that all his relations, and "those officially attendant upon him, whether great or small, or who in any way appertained to him, or were concerned in the arrangement of affairs with him, were to be indiscriminately decapitated," the despot did not hesitate to vent his fury on the whole of the new Plenipotentiaries, only one of whom had had any connection with the last treaty. These worthies, who bore the euphonious names of Zit Shan, Seang Wai and Yang-Fang were degraded and reprimanded, and every officer, of whatever rank, in Canton, was deprived of his official button "until he could make good his delinquencies by efficiency of effort."

With such inducements to exertion, we cannot be surprised that the Chinese should make every effort in their power for the recovery of their lost reputation; and the fear of imperial wrath may serve as some excuse for the treacherous and murderous attack which followed.

On the announcement of a truce, the greater part of the naval force had been withdrawn from the immediate neighbourhood of Canton.

The Nemesis, Pylades, Modeste, however, with some smaller vessels, still continued close to the town; the former being employed in conveying despatches and officers from one part to another. Capt. Elliot still remained in the factories, endeavouring to bring about a satisfactory treaty. But the constant arrival of troops, the evident preparations for some decisive movement, and other signs not easily to be mistaken, gave clear proofs that the Chinese were not yet to be trusted.

By the beginning of May it became apparent that a speedy resumption of hostilities was inevitable. Every preparation was made

on the side of the British to meet the coming storm. The expedition to Amoy, which had been preparing at Hong Kong, was postponed to meet the emergency, and a proclamation was issued by Captain Elliot advising all merchants to prepare themselves to quit at a moment's notice. The Hong Kong force soon commenced its movement up the river,—a measure which brought to a premature crisis the hostile intentions of the Chinese.

From the 21st of May, the marine guard was withdrawn from the factories; the merchants, with the exception of two Americans, had left the town, and the whole squadron was on the alert. Never were preparations better timed. On that very night, the darkness being entire, the truce was violated by an attack on the British squadron by a large force of fire rafts and war junks. The rafts, however, were towed away by the boats and the Nemesis; and some of them drifting on shore, set fire to the suburbs of the city.

By the light thus afforded, an action commenced, which was kept up till morning, but still to the disadvantage of the Chinese.

The next day the Nemesis, which was engaged in chasing a large war junk, came unexpectedly on the whole Chinese flotilla, which was moored in a harbour hitherto undiscovered. The enemy were thrown into such confusion by the unexpected appearance of the "Devil Ship," that the whole of this force fell an easy prey; forty-three war junks and thirty-two fire rafts being destroyed in three hours.

An excellent landing-place for troops was discovered at Tsingpoo on the same occasion.

On the 24th of May, the whole of the naval and military force left Whompoa, a position where they had been concentrated after their departure from Hong Kong. Being towed up the river in boats by the Nemesis, which had the 49th Regiment on board, operations were commenced without delay. The Atalanta had previously conveyed the 26th Cameronians to the factories, which had been thoroughly pillaged after the night action. The remainder, consisting of the 18th Royal Irish, 37th Madras Native Infantry, Naval Brigade, &c., altogether upwards of 2000 men, under the command of General Sir Hugh Gough (the Naval Brigade being under the command of Captain Bouchier, Sir Senhouse Fleming having joined the general staff), being landed on the 25th at Tsingpoo, proceeded on the following day to storm the heights by which the city was commanded. By the close of the day the whole of the positions thus attacked were in our possession, and the speedy fall of the city was inevitable.

In fact every preparation for storming it was made, when the Chinese taking the alarm, entered into negociations with the plenipotentiaries, which terminated in the ransom of the city for six million dollars. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Bernard, "how well the value

of the white flag was remembered whenever the Chinese wished to negociate, or to induce us to suspend our operations, although they thought proper to slight it whenever it suited their purpose." On the occasion in question their perception on this subject appeared to be peculiarly acute.

Another enemy, however, was not long in appearing. The irregular bands of Chinese militia, called "Patriots," had concentrated in considerable force in the rear of our position on the heights. An engagement, which lasted the whole of the following day and night, in the midst of a tremendous storm, terminated in the defeat of this body. The difficulties of this day's operations were greatly enhanced by the weather, the extreme heat of which was peculiarly trying to the troops engaged.

An enemy more formidable than the Chinese began now also to make havoc among the British troops. During these operations, Sir Senhouse Fleming, and many other officers, were carried off by the same invincible foe.

About this time the new plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, arrived from England, to supersede the joint plenipotentiaries, Captain Elliot and Sir Gordon Bremer; and the force leaving Canton, was ordered at once to proceed to Amoy. We regret that our limits will not permit us to give even the most superficial sketch of the subsequent operations of the war. Enough has been said, however, to give some idea of the manner in which it was conducted; and the time to which we have arrived, appears the proper period for bringing to a close our brief summary of the history. We shall, therefore, conclude it by reminding our readers that hostilities were not finally concluded till the 29th of August, 1842; on which day, the pride of the Emperor having at length given way to the repeated defeats which he had experienced, and the fall of Nankin,—the final, satisfactory, and well-known treaty received the assent of the imperial commissioners. We shall devote the small space that remains to a few observations, suggested by the important and extraordinary events which we have been relating.

In taking a review of so extensive a subject, the considerations which suggest themselves are both numerous and deeply interesting. We might fill a large article by commenting on the structure of our steamers and modern instruments of war, the efficiency of which have now for the first time been made apparent. Independent, however, of other considerations, we have no desire to gain a Joinville notoriety by speculations on the probable results of a war in a time of profound peace, nor do we feel ourselves called on in this instance to encroach on the proper province of those more qualified than ourselves to give opinions on matters strictly professional.

Leaving, therefore, to naval and military writers, subjects which more properly belong to their departments, we turn to the more

agreeable, and, we conceive, more generally interesting subject, of the relative effects likely to be produced by the brief struggle in which they have so lately been engaged.

As Englishmen we cannot but feel satisfaction at the triumph of British arms, and the establishment of the British character in a country in which we had been regarded previously as barbarians, and dependent on the imperial favour. Nor can it fail to gratify the curious and scientific, that a vivid image of what was formerly beyond the reach of the most adventurous, may now be seen daily at the price of no further pilgrimage than to Hyde-park corner, and at no other cost than one shilling sterling.

There are other grounds, however, on which, not only as Englishmen but as philanthropists, we are disposed to regard with pleasure the events of the last four years in China. The ignorance and prejudices of our countrymen respecting the Chinese were perhaps only to be surpassed by those entertained in that nation with regard to ourselves; and though the introduction of the two nations has been somewhat rough, we trust that a permanent friendship may be the result. It will at least have the effect of, in some degree, removing the mutual misapprehensions which have so long existed, and we trust of exhibiting good points in the character of each to the other which were not previously supposed to exist.

At so early a period of our acquaintance, it might seem premature to attempt to form any permanent opinions on this subject. Some points, however, illustrative of our remarks, have become apparent in the struggle. The popular opinion which disposes of the Chinese as cowards, boasters, and barbarians, doubtless still rests on strong foundations. We cannot but think, however, that in many instances, that eccentric people have been more sinned against than sinning. Innumerable proofs of their courage and self-devotion were given during the war. Suicides of the most deliberate nature were repeatedly committed by the officers when they perceived all chance to be over; and the numbers who fell by the bayonet in almost every engagement, refute, we think, satisfactorily, the charge of national poltroonery.

The disposition to despise and underrate the resources of their opponents is a failing peculiarly common in the east, and one which increases in exact proportion to the degree of ignorance and imbecility of those to whom it belongs. The constant habit of speaking contemptuously of their opponents is rather a proof of want of knowledge and accurate information respecting them, than of vanity; and such we imagine to have been the case with the Chinese. Many indeed of our own countrymen are now living, who have been trained in the belief that one Englishman is a match for ten Frenchmen.

The most serious charge, that of barbarity, remains, however, still

to be dealt with; and those in any way acquainted with the instruments of torture and modes of execution prevalent in China, have not unnaturally formed a very low opinion of their character in that respect. Mr. Bernard informs us, and we can well credit his statement, that these barbarities are more nominal than real; that the Chinese delight in inventing the most barbarous tortures, but that they are now seldom, if ever, actually put into force. The treatment of the English prisoners who fell into their hands was, on the whole, pretty good; nor must we forget that it would be unfair to try a Chinese on such occasions by the same rules by which we should acquit or condemn the inhabitants of a more civilized nation. The system of giving quarter was to them at the commencement of the war, altogether unknown. If a prisoner was spared on the field of battle, it was only with a view to his exhibition like a wild beast in a wicker cage at the capital; but they appear not to have been slow in learning the advantages of mercy, or in adopting the more humane and civilized customs in that respect.

Cruelty, where any was practised, appears rather to have been the policy of the ignorant and ill-informed rulers, than the effect of any natural disposition on the part of the people.

We are convinced on the whole that many of the common opinions will be found to have been without foundation, and many more capable of considerable mitigation; and that the Chinaman, though spoilt by bad government and ignorance, is, after all, by no means a hopeless subject in cases in which a fair opportunity for instruction and amendment is offered. Such an opportunity has at length arrived. The door which has been so long closed is at length open, and with increasing civilization and instruction we doubt not that a speedy and rapid reform will ere long become apparent. Independent, however, of the invariable effects of a more unreserved communication with Europeans, it is certain that a spirit of reform hitherto unknown, and the consequence of which it is impossible to foresee, has been set on foot among the Chinese themselves. The following facts related by Mr. Bernard may not be uninteresting.

The most remarkable improvement of all, and which shewed the rapid stride towards a great change they were daily making, as well as the ingenuity of the Chinese character, was the construction of several large wheeled vessels, which were afterwards brought forward against us with great confidence at the engagement of Woosung, the last naval affair of the war, and were each commanded by a mandarin of rank; shewing the importance they attached to their new vessels.

After describing the ingenious method by which the vessels were moved, the following passage occurs:—"When once the spirit of change and improvement has taken hold of the Chinese, it is im-

possible to say where it will stop among so ingenious and indefatigable a people."

The great obstacle to improvement in China, self-confidence, has now been effectually removed; and the Emperor has adopted for his creed the very opinions for which he had formerly stigmatised the unhappy Keshen as a traitor and a rebel. Orders have been given for the immediate purchase of British ships, and that others shall be constructed on European models. Peaceful improvements are likely to keep pace with these warlike preparations, and the great imitative power of the Chinese, may in time enable them in some measure to rival their instructors. In an empire of so immense an extent, and with a population so innumerable, it will be long, doubtless, before the refinement and advantages of civilization can materially extend beyond the immediate influence of the capital. Should such, however, ultimately be the case, it will be assuredly a most important step towards that universal peace and civilization which we are encouraged to expect, will at some remote period pervade the earth.

Of the volumes to which we have been indebted for the above rapid sketch, we have little to add beyond what we observed in the commencement of this article—they contain nearly a thousand pages. It is therefore, it will be perceived, no easy matter to reduce them to the necessary compass.

We have, however, done our best to effect this object, and if we have failed in doing justice to the work, express our regret that such is the case; but we disclaimed from the commencement any intention of doing more than endeavouring, as far as in us lay, to give such a specimen of the undertaking as would serve as a recommendation of it to such of our readers as take interest in the subject to which it relates. We feel that we shall best complete that object by concluding our notice of it with a few quotations, illustrative of the manners, &c., of the people, observed by Mr. Bernard.

The following account of a Mandarin may not be uninteresting:—

> One of the principal mandarins came down to pay us a visit, preceded by criers and runners; then came whippers-in and a couple of executioners with chains in their hands, as a sign of their calling; then came the great man seated in a very gay sedan chair; next followed a couple of dirty-looking fellows with gigantic fans; and two or three more mounted on ponies closed the procession. * * * The mandarin was extremely courteous and well-bred towards us, and we observed that he was treated with great deference, and nobody except ourselves dared to sit in his presence.

In the action at Tycoctoo, a somewhat novel weapon was invented by old Admiral Kwan. Having heard of boarding nets, he

determined to try them in his own ships. The use, however, to which he intended to apply them, is sufficiently characteristic.

He very naturally thought that in the position which he had taken up in shallow water, only the boats of the squadron could come close to him, and he hit upon the bright notion of trying to catch them with his nets just as a poacher catches his sleeping game by throwing a net over them. A number of strong fishing nets were fastened all round the sides of the junk, not extended so as to impede any one trying to get on board, but triced up outside over each of the guns, in such a way that when our boats should come alongside, the nets were to be thrown over them, men and all; and thus our jolly tars of course, as he imagined, struck powerless with fear, were to be caught like hares in their form, and handed over with great facility to the tender mercies of the Emperor.

Certainly this scheme had the merit of novelty and ingenuity, but unfortunately for Kwan, men were not hares or rabbits. No sooner did the guns of the Nemesis open fire than the nets were all forgotten in their fear of the shot and the rockets, and long before the boats could get along side, the defenders and men-catchers were glad to be off to avoid being themselves caught.

Here we take our leave of Mr. Bernard, and with many thanks for the amusement and information which he has furnished us; the accuracy and intelligence of his observations will, we doubt not, become fully apparent when a summer trip up the Canton river is the ambition of an enterprising cockney, and Hong Kong is recommended as a pleasant watering place for a fashionable invalid.

Art II.

1. *Report of the Parliamentary Select Committee on Aboriginal Tribes.* Reprinted with Comments by the Aborigines' Protection Society. London: 1837.
2. *Reports of the Aborigines' Protection Society.* From 1838 to 1844.
3. *Eight Tracts relative to the Aborigines.* From 1838 *to* 1842.
4. *The Colonial Gazette and the New Zealand Journal. London:* 1844.
5. *Some Account of the Conduct of the Religious Society of Friends towards the Indian Tribes in the settlement of the Colonies of East and West Jersey and Pennsylvania: with a brief Narrative of their labours for the Civilization and Christian Instruction of the Indians, from the time of their Settlemunt in America, to the year* 1843. Published by the Aborigines' Committe of the Meeting for Sufferings. London: March, 1844.

In the present somewhat divided state of the public opinion as to what is the most politic plan to be adopted in the intercourse which our colonists and emigrants are obliged to have with barbarous tribes, —the native occupants of remote and uncultivated regions,—it may not be amiss to review the facts and arguments adduced by those who advocate the purely philanthropic side of the question. At the same time it would be hardly fair not to notice what is said *per contra* by those who are either doubtful on the point, or who uphold a somewhat opposite principle. The question itself, however, is not a new one. It has been under discussion ever since the early Quakers became colonists of the American provinces. It may have fallen rather into abeyance, indeed, in the interval between that period and recent years; but too great a proof was then afforded of the benefits of conciliation, and the Christian treatment of Aboriginal tribes, to suffer the subject to be entirely lost sight of. The late benevolent Mr. Wilberforce, in the range of his philanthropy, did not forget it,—for, in the session of 1822, he originated in the House of Commons a humane movement in regard to the Hottentots and other natives of South Africa.—And many other philanthropists since his time have followed his example in respect to similar measures; till at length, these gentlemen, combining their efforts for the attainment of the great and laudable objects they had in view, formed themselves, in 1837, into an association called the "Aborigines' Protection Society."

That there are those, however, and some high in authority, who doubt or dissent from, the opinions held by the members of this society with regard to the measures to be pursued when a comparatively re-

fined people come in contact with a barbarous race, is too well known to admit of cavil; and, to be brief, we need only refer to a speech of Sir Robert Peel himself. Lord Jocelyn remarked in the House of Commons some short time ago, that "we should not act like barbarians because dealing with barbarians,—and that we should have pursued the same course towards the Ameers of Sinde, as in civilized Europe;" to which Sir Robert replied:

> There is a ground for making allowances for the conduct of Lord Auckland, or Lord Ellenborough, acting under the circumstances under which *all* Governors-general of British India are always placed. We may in this House lay down what positions we please, with respect to the propriety of observing in our Indian policy the same rules and principles which are observed between European states: we may pass acts of parliament interdicting the government from extending our Indian territories by conquest. But I am afraid there is some great principle at work wherever civilization and refinement come into contact with barbarism, which makes it impossible to apply the rules observed among more advanced nations; more especially when civilization and refinement come into contact with barbarism in an immensely extended country. I doubt whether it be possible, if you wish to increase the security of your Indian empire, that you can rigidly adopt the principle with respect to the nominally independent and small states in India, which is adopted in Europe. * * * Whatever may be the principle which may regulate the conduct of civilized nations when coming in contact with each other, I am afraid that when civilization and barbarism come into contact, there is some uncontrollable principle of a very different description, which demands a different course of conduct.

To this Lord John Russell replied with considerable warmth, and argued somewhat forcibly, that in our intercourse with uncivilized nations, we ought to abide by the international laws of civilized Europe, however imperfect those laws might be. The remarks of his lordship elicited an explanation from Sir Robert, which took off the offensive character of his first speech.

But it is not merely difference of opinion on this subject, that operates as an obstacle to the realization of the views of the philanthropic with regard to the treatment of aborigines; for a committee of the House of Commons declared in its general report, that the manifold evils of the system at present enforced towards the aborigines of the colonies, are mainly attributable to *ignorance* on the part of the government concerning those affairs. That report, reprinted under the sanction and superintendence of the British and Foreign Aborigines' Protection Society, while it discloses many appalling facts in proof of such ignorance, contains also many judicious suggestions, tending to render it one of the most important documents which has ever come before the legislature. Replete

with evidence as to the injustice and cruelty with which the aborigines have hitherto been treated, and the pernicious effects which have resulted to them from their intercourse with European nations, it abundantly proves the necessity of *immediate* legislative interference. Another inducement to the publication of the report in question, as the editors very justly allege, arises from the indifference which still too generally pervades the public mind in reference to the wrongs of the aborigines. It is a mournful reflection, they remark, that among the many philanthropic designs which have recently called forth the active energies of the good and benevolent in this country, no effort, at all commensurate with the magnitude of the object, has yet been made to check the progress of oppression in our colonies. In an age distinguished for its liberality, its enlightened sentiment, and its Christian zeal, atrocties the most daring and dreadful in their character, which, even in a darker era of the world's history would have excited universal horror, have passed unnoticed and unreproved. To a foreigner, acquainted only with the general reputation of the British people, the facts detailed in this report might appear as little other than idle tales, the dreams of an excited imagination. The injuries we have inflicted, the oppression we have exercised, the cruelties we have committed, the vices we have fostered, the desolation and utter ruin we have caused, stand in strange and melancholy contrast with the enlarged and generous exertions we have made for the advancement of civil freedom, for the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind, and for the furtherance of that sacred truth, which alone can permanently elevate and civilize mankind. Accustomed to view with indignation the tyranny of neighbouring states, we have yet by our silence given sanction to a policy not less iniquitous in its principles and destructive in its tendency. Every law of humanity and justice has been forgotten or disregarded. Through successive generations the work of spoliation and death has been carried on, until to the colonial possessions of the most religious nation in the world, the emphatic language of scripture may with truth be applied; they are "the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty."

It would be an idle, as well as a painful task, to trace the motives which may fairly be supposed to have actuated those whose names will for ever be connected with the oppression of the innocent and unoffending aborigines. The policy of Spain was pre-eminent for its hypocrisy. Vainly attempting to conceal her ambition under the garb of piety, she sent forth her armies with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, presenting death or conversion as the only alternatives of the hopeless beings she sought to plunder is destroy. The guilt of our own nation, though equal in degree, or somewhat different in its character. The lust of power, and the love of gain, have, in our case, been the open and avowed incitements

to injustice. While, however, the motives which have influenced the different nations of Europe in their treatment of the aborigines, may have varied with the changing circumstances of the times; the effect of that treatment upon the aborigines themselves, those especially of the western hemisphere, has in all cases been the same. To them the brutal tyranny of Holland, the ferocious bigotry of Spain, and the insatiable cupidity of England, have proved alike degrading and destructive. Destitute, afflicted, tormented, death has been their only refuge from suffering so intense, as almost to justify their curses upon the memory of him, who first published to Europe the facts of their existence.

The commentators on this report attribute the leading causes of those frightful calamities, partly to vicious or mistaken legislation, one of the elements of that ignorance to which we have already adverted; to the preference of the acquisition of new territories, and the advancement of British ascendancy before the claims of justice and sound of policy; and, more than all, to the pernicious character of our commercial intercourse. "The amazing power we possess by means of our commerce," they observe, and we fear with too great truth, "has too generally been employed for the vilest of purposes." The mighty influence with which Providence has invested us, we have made the means of spreading devastation and ruin. The national honour has been tarnished; common honesty has been thrown aside; life itself has again and again been sacrificed, for the mere convenience of trade." It appears that our mercantile enterprise and skill have been productive of effects on the native inhabitants of our colonies scarcely less lamentable than those occasioned by our open hostility. On the mischievous consequences which have resulted from the guilty conduct of our seamen, it would be superfluous to enlarge. By the sanction their example has given to the worst of vices; the diseases they have introduced; the dark and dreadful crimes against property and life which they have perpetrated, the efforts of our missionaries have too often been counteracted, or rendered comparatively useless.

While holy and devoted men have been labouring to disseminate the seeds of knowledge, to extend the light and purity of the gospel, the ministers of evil have also been at work, striving with unwearied assiduity to stay the progress of the truth, to perpetuate the existing ignorance and misery. Which of these antagonist powers has hitherto prevailed, may be gathered from this report. A perusal of its pages, if it accomplish no better purpose, may, at any rate, serve to humble our national pride, to teach us that the feelings of tyranny and bigotry, which once reigned over Europe, are not yet altogether extinct—that the spirit of Cortes and Pizarro still survives.

At first sight, the indifference manifested by the religious public of Great Britain to this painful subject, would seem unaccountable. Our commentators ascribe the prevailing apathy to the general ignorance on this topic. Comparatively little of what was passing in our colonies has been published at home. It has been the almost invariable practice of the colonial authorities, from interested motives, to hide their conduct towards the natives as much as possible from the public view. The principal channels of our information have been the Christian missionaries sent out from this country. Though we think the accounts published by these persons are sometimes justly liable to the charge of exaggeration, yet we cannot deny that to them the cause of humanity is unspeakably indebted. They were the first to expose the evil workings of our colonial policy. And hence they have taken from us the plea of ignorance, with which it has been sought to palliate our neglect of this all-important subject.

It will be well for the interests of justice, continues the remarks of the publishers of this Report—" if the increase of our knowledge produce a corresponding diminution of our prejudices—if it lead us to abandon the false and groundless opinions, which still prevail respecting the claims of the Aborigines. Forgetful of Him " who hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the earth," we have too long been accustomed to look upon the coloured reces as possessing a nature far inferior to our own. To justify our oppression, we have resorted to calumny, and sought to vindicate by falsehood our cruel treatment of those whose existence has been their only crime. The injustice of the allegation is enhanced by the consideration, that the only circumstance which can give to it the semblance of truth, results mainly from our own disgraceful policy. The mere fact, that scarcely one of the native tribes in the British colonies has become civilized,—is sufficiently discreditable to our national character; the dishonour is increased when we attempt to found upon this the monstrous assumption, that they are naturally incapable of improvement. It is obviously unreasonable to expect that men habituated and attached to a roving, unsettled life, should abandon their wandering habits, and engage in agricultural pursuits, when the experience of every day is reminding them, that the cultivation of the soil will, in their case, prove only a preparatory step to its seizure by others. We may look in vain for any marked and decided amelioration in the condition of the yet uncivilized tribes affected by our influence, until a widely different system of government is adopted in our colonies; until we learn to act upon milder and more equitable principles; until we cease to foster prejudices as wicked as they are absurd.

The writer of the preface to this admirable Report, alludes, moreover, to the belief entertained by many of the present day, that the speedy extinction of the aborigines is inevitable,—that their extermination is an appointment of Heaven, and therefore, every effort to avert that extermination must, of necessity, prove utterly unavail-

ing. Again, others have been deterred from an attention to the subject by the apparent hopelessness of the case. "Sickened at the remembrance of the past, and looking onward with dismay to the future, they seek in a gloomy despondency an excuse for their supineness and neglect." But those persons ought to be reminded of the vast amount of good which has frequently been accomplished by a comparatively feeble agency. The abolition of the slave-trade and of colonial slavery, was achieved by no more formidable weapon than the truth. To the same power we owe the recent act of justice towards the native tribes of Southern Africa.

With regard to the objects of the society under whose auspices not only the present report, but several of the other works standing at the head of this article, have been published, the writer proceeds to give us the following information: speaking of the British and Foreign Aborigines' Protection Society, he says,—

> The object of this association is sufficiently indicated by its name. It is established as the protector of those who have no power to protect themselves. In this character, and in this alone, the society makes its appeal to the public for support. The means to be employed for the attainment of its great design are too obvious to need minute detail. By diffusing correct information concerning the character and condition of the aborigines; by appealing to the government, or to parliament when appeal is needed; and by bringing popular opinion to exert its proper influence in advancing the cause of justice, it is hoped that much may be done towards the diminution of those gigantic evils, the continuance of which reflects such deep dishonour on the British name. The society's proceedings will, of course, be mainly guided by the communications of its corresponding members, located in the countries occupied by aborigines. The information they supply, and the suggestions they may offer, will form the ground-work of its future operations. The degree of its efficiency must depend on the measure of its support. Only one thing is requisite to render the society worthy of the cause, that its power be proportioned to the magnitude and importance of its objects."

We have not space to dwell further on this valuable Report, than to declare that to the curious and the philanthropic it contains some very admirable hints and observations on the North American Indians, the Islands in the Pacific, on South Africa, Van Dieman's Land, as well as on the effects of fair dealing, combined with Christian instruction, on aborigines, &c. &c.

The very useful reports of the Aborigines' Protection Society presented at its anniversary meetings in May of each year, since its establishment, ought not to be passed over without notice. At the conclusion of the second of these reports, the committee justly observe, that, "other nations besides our own have much to unlearn, and much to acquire, before their career in rude countries will do

honour to the Christian profession. France, in her intercourse with Northern and Western Africa, is not yet convinced that ways of peace are the surest means of good influence even over barbarians. And at Tahiti, France has to learn that the rights of a people over their soil ought not to be invaded with impunity. In the United States of North America, whilst millions are spent in civilizing expedients, good in themselves, the desire to exclude the red Indians from incorporation with the white citizen, shuts them out from the benefit of equal rights and equal laws, which might even yet avail to rescue hundreds of thousands of those noble aborigines from utter ruin, and avert the wars, of which enormous pecuniary cost is the least evil."

The fourth and fifth reports are more than usually interesting. In the former, the Committee begin by detailing the means which they have employed; they then proceed to the statement of those results which have had time to develop themselves; and conclude by furnishing a report of the present condition of the Aborigines in some of our colonies.

The information derived from the various sources had recourse to for intelligence referring to aboriginal rights and interests, was condensed and published, it appears, in the form of extracts of the society's proceedings, and circulated as widely as possible, for the purpose of engaging public attention. We have seen some of these extracts, and we readily admit that they are calculated to be of great service, more particularly whenever public opinion can be fairly enlisted in favour of the important subject to which they refer. The committee also announce in this fourth report the formation of two auxiliary societies; one called the Tower Hamlets' Auxiliary Aborigines' Protection Society, which from the importance of the district with which it is connected, bids fair materially to assist the parent society, both in collecting valuable information, and in diffusing an availing interest among those who are about to proceed to our colonies or to the South Seas. The other auxiliary was formed in Southwark. But whether these two auxiliaries still continue the active exertions with which they commenced, we are not informed. The committee, however, have strongly recommended their example for general imitation.*

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* In reference to this subject, the "Church of England Quarterly Review" for January, 1840, has the following passage: "We want an institution in which the elements, at least, of every language under the British dominions, whether in the north or in the south, in the east or in the west, should be attainable. One grand abatement from the good the church is capable of doing is the want of the knowledge of the languages of the several races of aborigines in the colonies and settlements of the British

The general results of the establishment of this society were specified as embracing the better principle with which the interests of the native races were regarded in 1841 by both Houses of Parliament, by colonizing companies, and the press, compared to what was manifest only a short time previous. In illustration of this improved spirit, the committee referred to the speech of Lord John Russell, when her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, at the dinner given to his Lordship by the New Zealand Company, when his Lordship is reported to have said:—

I cannot look without anxiety to the future fate of those who are the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand; aboriginal inhabitants, let me say, who are not in that low and mean state of capacity and cultivation in which the natives of some regions have been found, but capable, as I believe they are, of acquiring the arts of civilized life, and of imbibing the truths of religion. Let us all impress deeply upon our minds this fact, that whatever may have passed in former days,—whatever is passing at this time in our own colonies, it is our bounden duty, when founding a new colony, and propagating the doctrines of Christianity there, to see that our precepts differ not from our practice. Let it not be said, that while preaching and professing the precepts of brotherly love that are written in our Bible, murder and pillage form our practice.

Moreover, the committee noticed in this report the improved feeling that had extended to our colonies, where, at length, justice and humanity were finding an auxiliary to their practical tendencies, in the principle of worldly interest operating in those whose hearts were unsusceptible of a higher stimulus. In testimony of this improved feeling, they adduced the sentiments of the independent press and a respectable portion of the public, on occasion of the summary execution of natives of South Australia, and the memorial addressed by a body of the colonists of Port Philip, to Sir George Gipps, praying that reserves of land, and other provision, both physical and moral, might be made for the natives; the neglect of whom, according to the prayer of the memorialists, beside being unjust in itself, entailed serious injuries on the settlers.

This valuable report contains a useful appendix, comprising a series of letters from various individuals, from whom, in detailing the

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empire. The wretched outcasts of Australia, whose hunting grounds are occupied by British enterprise without equivalent to them, are left to the contamination of civilization without any friend who understands to plead for them. A society has indeed been established in London for the protection of the native tribes, who are receding before the advance of the white man; but it is obscure. We can see no objection to supporting this truly charitable institution. This is really a matter of serious importance, and one which calls for the deepest consideration."

state of the Aborigines in Australia and New Zealand, the Committee profess to have derived valuable co-operation and assistance.

In the report for the year 1843, being the sixth, we were sorry to discover intimations of a falling-off in the growth and prosperity of the institution. And this complaint we regret to see continued in the seventh and last report,—the one for the current year. It appears that the state of the Society's finances are such as to render it absolutely necessary to employ considerable retrenchment in that part of its expenditure in which on many accounts it would be the most desirable to be liberal; that is to say, in printing and circulating the publications of the Society." Nevertheless, the society had not been entirely idle during the preceding year: it had had one interview with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, for the purpose of presenting to him a memorial regarding particular occurrences in New Zealand and some other parts of the globe; and it had addressed, and supplied with a selection from the Society's publications, two governors about to embark "for their high stations in the interesting and important Colonies of New Zealand and the Cape of Good Hope." The Report commences its narrative sketch by noticing the Indians of Canada and the adjoining territories of North America, of whom a recent writer has said, that they have exhibited a valour and fidelity of which scarcely a parallel can be found. Well might it be the pride of England to possess such subjects; and yet, as the same writer observes, of the innumerable tribes which a few years since hunted upon their plains, and lived in their forests, numbers have been swept away; of others, the only trace that remains is in tradition, or in the person of some solitary wanderer, the last of his tribe, who hovers like a ghost amidst the sepulchres of his fathers. We are, moreover, informed that the small remnants of Mohawk and other Indians within the settled parts of the provinces, although in many respects a degraded people, appear in some degree to be improving; and evince that just perception of their own situation, which in conjunction with the protection of the Governor, offers the best guarantee for future advancement. In a recent Address to Sir Charles Metcalfe, they say:—"Our nation was powerful and warlike, and our friendship was worth having; but now, like small fragments of the ice floating in the lake at the mercy of winds and waves which are rapidly wasting us, we claim our ancient privilege of approaching you, not, as of old, to offer you the hand of protection, but to ask it of you. A few of those who were driven from their pleasant homes and fruitful cornfields in the valley of the Mohawk yet survive, and their sufferings and losses are too fresh in our minds to require a repetition. We fear the Red Man will be driven again from our loved homes to seek a new place of refuge; but where is that now to be found on this side of the grave? Father, under the

protecting care of the British Government, we and our kindred tribes are beginning to enjoy the blessings of religion and civilization; and it is our earnest wish that these benefits may be increased to our children."

A most interesting account is here furnished to us of the Indians within the territories of the United States, on which we regret that our limits will not permit us to enlarge. One incident, however, we cannot pass by, as being a curiosity most interesting to the reader. "On the subject of Indian education," says the report,—"the following extract from the Report of the American Indian Mission Association is peculiarly worthy of attention:—

> Great encouragement to go forward in this work is also afforded by the fact, that a method of writing and printing books for them has been discovered, so very natural, that an Indian, who had no previous knowledge of letters, can learn to read in his own language in a few days. Not long since, an experiment was made with two Shawarees, which resulted in their becoming capable of making out the meaning of print in the short space of two days.

Of the Natal territory in Africa, and of the Zoolah tribes, the report before us gives a most interesting account. Mr. Grout, the American missionary, resided a considerable time amongst the Zoolahs, and he bears witness to their possessing certain peculiarities not to be found in the character of almost any other savages. He describes them as comparatively honest, and entirely sober. "My property," says he, "was in such a situation, while I was in that country, that if they had been disposed to plunder me, they might have taken every thing I had; and yet I may say that, during the whole nine years, I have never missed articles to the value altogether of half-a-crown. I felt that my cattle were as safe with a Zoolah herdsman as if I had been with them myself. He further observed, that he had never known one of this people become a drunkard. He has known a Zoolah to be entrapped into intoxication, but he could not be caught a second time. When the intoxicating liquor has been offered to them, they have said, 'No, this is fire: it has injured me, and therefore I will not touch it again.'"

With regard to Australia and the system of Aborigines' Protectors, which has been more than once loudly complained of, the committee remark:

> Respecting the Aborigines of Australia, your committee has no cheering prospects to offer. On the part of the settlers, heavy complaints are made against the present system of Aborigines' Protectors. Whilst they incur a great expense upon the Colonies, they effect little sensible good for the

natives; and by the fact of bringing them together in considerable numbers, under very imperfect restraint, they increase the insecurity of property to the settlers, to whose excited passions the natives at times fall a sacrifice. This state of things is, doubtless, as difficult to alter as it is deplorable to observe; but amelioration should not, on this account, be less sedulously sought.

The complicated state of affairs in New Zealand has induced the committee to defer to the conclusion of their sketch this interesting and important colony. In treating it, they confess themselves alike anxious, neither to receive and propagate misstatements, nor to shrink from their duty of espousing the cause of the natives when the right is on their side. To the government they give full credit for the desire to promote the impartial administration of justice, and the equal protection of all classes; and they recognize, in the appointment of Captain Fitzroy, a determination to adjust those matters, which it is to be feared that his predecessor, and those who temporarily held the office after his decease, had not succeeded in bringing to a satisfactory state.

In looking over this Report for the current year, we were more than usually curious as to what the committee would have to say relative to the late fatal affray between the colonists and the natives of New Zealand at Cloudy Bay, which the reader will probably recollect. And we can but acknowledge, that, with small exception, the case is not, on the whole, unfairly treated. The committee observe:—

The comparatively recent event which, from the loss of European life, has produced so powerful a sensation at home, as well as in the Colony, is a painfully practical illustration of these views, which forebode the progressive decline of the natives, conjoined with occasional injury and suffering on the part of the whites. This fatal affray grew out of a disputed title to land, which, whether the apparently weak grounds put forth by the Colonists were tenable or otherwise, the native chiefs were willing to leave to the decision of the officer constituted for this purpose by the British government. This delay, however, would not suit the Colonists, and the preliminary steps for appropriating the land, by surveying and marking it, were commenced; but they were first remonstrated against, and then resisted by the natives; who, after carefully removing the property of the surveyors, proceeded to burn the hut, constructed of materials produced by land which, by hypothesis, was their own. How (it may be asked) could the native chiefs comprehend the charge of arson founded upon such a transaction? and how could they understand the justice of the complaining party, coming from a distance and claiming authority in the midst of their people? They did not, however, advance to repel the intruders, who evidently contemplated resistance, and, by coming with arms, suggested,—and, as it appears, commenced the use of them; whilst the natives not only endeavoured to avert collision, but, by the presence of their women and children, evi-

dently showed, that on that occasion, at least, they did not intend to fight. One of natives, with his Testament in his hand, appealed to the precepts of Christianity which the whites had taught them to profess; and, in the very midst of the firing, renewed the same remonstrance. Instead of being flushed with the superiority which they had obtained, they were prompt to suspend the strife. Many of the natives expressed their regret at the sacrifice of European life; and as a proof how little aggression was to be feared from them, individuals connected with the white party did not hesitate to expose themselves among the natives in their Pahs, a few days after the occurrence had taken place.

But it is time that we should notice the valuable publications standing as the two last on our list; both of which issue from the respectable Society of Friends, who have been found most serviceable and opportune coadjutors of the Aborigines' Protection Society. This religious body has, indeed, furnished an enduring monument of the practicability and usefulness, as well as Christian duty of cultivating an amicable understanding with the natives of colonial settlements. No one is ignorant of the history of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians. And we are happy in having to observe that the descendants of the early Friends have never lost sight of the advantage of adopting and advocating the same feelings and principles that actuated Penn, in their intercourse with Aborigines in general. In the conduct of the Founder and first Governor of Pennsylvania, and of his brethren, the Quakers, since, are happily exemplified the beneficial fruits of pursuing a course, for the most part opposed to that which is now but too frequently pursued in colonizing countries inhabited by uncivilized tribes. The last work on our list gives a most interesting account of this conduct of the Friends, and we cannot but recommend it strongly to the attention of those who feel any curiosity in the matter.

The first of the Tracts appeared in 1838, suggested by a General Committee of the Society having had under its serious consideration the circumstances of the Aborigines of the British Colonial Possessions, particularly the Indians in Upper Canada. In this Tract the Friends are reminded that although the whole class of Aborigines loudly calls for their sympathy and regard, the Aborigines of North America possess a claim of a strong and peculiar character upon their religious society. "For it was with them," remarks the committee, "that William Penn held that memorable treaty, in which he set an example to all succeeding colonists, in purchasing the land of its native and legitimate possessors, after having already received or purchased it from his own government. In that treaty William Penn and the Indians mutually promised each other a friendship and alliance which should continue as long as the sun and moon endure. William Penn followed up the professions which he made at that treaty, by enacting laws, not merely securing to them equal rights

and protection with his imported colonists, but providing against their becoming sufferers from unfair dealing, in consequence of their inferiority in knowledge and acquirements. The Indians, on their part, treated the members of our Society very differently from other settlers, not only refraining from offering them any injury, but preserving their lives by supplying them with food when they had no resources of their own to trust to.* Although the regulations enacted by William Penn, and maintained by Friends whilst the government of Pennsylvania remained with them, have been set aside since it has passed into other hands, the Indians have not ceased to maintain inviolate the friendship which they promised; and notwithstanding the desperation produced by the horrors of war, and the ruined state of their affairs, occasioned, as they well know, by the conduct of the whites, they have not ceased to distinguish the consistent members of our society, protecting them from injury, regarding them as brothers, and looking up to them for counsel and assistance."

The above tract, entitled, "Information respecting the Aborigines in the British Colonies," was followed by another in 1839, from the same society, on the "Effects of the Introduction of Ardent Spirits and Implements of War amongst the Natives of the South Sea Islands and New South Wales;"—to which have succeeded six others, scarcely any one year passing without the publication of at least one tract.

The volume recently and last published, has been compiled from numerous original and authentic documents, and contains many interesting particulars not hitherto published. It proceeds from the same authority as the tracts, namely, the Aborigines' Committee of the Meeting for Sufferings. It seems that one of the chief objects in the publication of this narrative was, that by bringing more into view the great advantages which resulted to the early settlers in the colonies of East and West Jersey and Pennsylvania, from pursuing an upright, peaceable, and conciliatory course towards the native inhabitants, it may incite others to follow the same line of conduct; and that, by exhibiting the gradual progress which the Indian tribes, under the care of the Friends, have made from a state of wandering barbarism to one of a settled and civilized character; and, in many instances, to the full reception of Christianity, it may give encouragement to increased exertions on behalf of this interesting section of our fellow men.

Nor should it be forgotten that this is no new or revived scheme of the Friends. For we are told, and indeed it is well known, that the subject of improving the condition of the Indian tribes in and bordering upon the United States, has, from a very early period of

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* See "Clarkson's Life of William Penn," Vol. 1., p. 357.

their history, been one of correspondence between the American and English quakers, and increasing in frequency for nearly a century past: hence, much information respecting these aborigines has been communicated to their yearly meeting in England, exciting therein a lively interest for the promotion of the various benevolent plans adopted by the American Friends for the spiritual and temporal good of these people.

According to information furnished to Congress a few years since, it appears that there is still an Indian population of 325,000 under the jurisdiction of the United States; besides the large and numerous tribes scattered over the region, extending west from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of Columbia and California; and those located within as well as north and west of the Canadas. So that the field for benevolent enterprise among the native Indian tribes of North America is not only highly interesting, but still very extensive; and it does not appear that the Friends are likely to relax in those philanthropic exertions for which they have long been as a society so remarkable. They honestly tell us, however, in their prefatory remarks to this volume, that, from various circumstances, the number of Indians who have been participants of their Christian labours to any great extent, forms but a comparatively small proportion even of those situated in the Union. "One of the obstacles which have been thrown in the way of extending Christian instruction to them, and of ameliorating their condition for a considerable number of years past, has been the gradual removal of them from their native lands, by unjust and oppressive treaties on the part of the federal Government, to the distant and uncultivated territories of the west, in direct opposition to their own wishes. These removals, or rather banishments, have been carried on to such an extent, that that portion of the country lying east of the Mississippi, which had at one time a large native population, has not at the present time more than a few thousands of them scattered over its wide extent; and fresh efforts, we are concerned to see, are now making for the removal even of these remnants of them."

In illustration of their subject, the authors of this work have introduced two maps, one an aboriginal map of the country east of the river Mississippi, exhibiting the territory which the several Indian nations occupied previously to the settlement of the English colonies in America; the other, a map of North America, showing the territory *now* occupied by the natives. Annexed is a short description of the locality of the various Indian nations east of the Mississippi.

By the treaty which the "Friends" entered into with the Indians for the purchase of lands in West Jersey, in 1677, a principal prevailed to recognise in them the undisputed right and disposal of the soil, which from time immemorial they had occupied; and already there had grown up a feeling of trust and confidence in each other;

and a disposition to render kindly services existed to no inconsiderable extent between them. This excellent understanding and good feeling being, on the part of the Indians in West Jersey, mainly brought about by the treaties which led them into more intimate intercourse with the "Friends," than otherwise, in all probability, would have been the case at this date; it is not reasonable to suppose that the same feeling, to such an extent at least, should prevail with the Indians in other provinces, who hitherto had had no transactions of this kind: be that, however, as it may, we find the Quakers, almost as early as they came in contact with the native tribes of America, and many years previous to the settlement of West Jersey, much interested for the promotion of their good. As early as the year 1659 we find that "Friends" were engaged in Gospel labours among this interesting class of their fellow-beings.

The principal object which the authors of this volume allege that the great Founder of Pennsylvania had in view when he colonized that province and the two Jerseys with the members of his own religious persuasion, is, we apprehend, somewhat novel and singular; at least we are not aware that it has struck any of the generally recognised historians of the Quakers in exactly the same light.

"Great as we know the desires of William Penn were," say they, "for the liberation of his friends from the galling yoke of oppression to which they were subjected in this country, for their adherence to what they apprehended were the requirements of truth, and which, we believe, he was as much engaged to promote as any other individual of his day; and however much, in the tenderness of his feelings for them, he might have been influenced in petitioning for this territory, with a view to provide them with a country where church domination, and the persecution of spiritual courts should be unknown; it is, nevertheless, clear to us, that this was far from being the *main* object which he had in view. In fact, we cannot bring our minds to believe that William Penn, seeing the noble testimony which was now so conspicuously raised to the spirituality of the Christian religion, and the light which shone so brightly forth in the lives of those with whom he was associated in religious fellowship, should, by persuading these devoted people to emigrate to a comparatively obscure and thinly populated part of the globe, thus place this light as it were under a bushel, and remove it far away from among the civilized nations of the earth, for the simple object only of affording them a quiet retreat from a persecution, in and through which, as he had ample opportunity of beholding, the Divine arm so remarkably supported them."

Whatever may be the conjectures of man regarding the object which William Penn had in view, in seeking to obtain the province of Pennsylvania, we are not left in doubt of what he himself aimed at in this great undertaking. In his petition to the crown he states,

that in making the application for the grant, "he had in view the glory of God by the civilization of the poor Indians, and the conversion of the Gentiles, by just and lenient measures, to Christ's kingdom." That this was a most prominent feature in his petition, and apparently the *main* object which he had in view, the preamble to the charter granting the said province to him, fully confirms, and which runs thus, viz.—

Whereas our trusty and well-beloved subject, William Penn, Esquire, son and heir of Sir William Penn, deceased, (out of a commendable desire to enlarge our British empire, and promote such useful commodities as may be of benefit to us and our dominions, *as also to reduce the savage natives, by just and gentle manners, to the love of civil society and Christian religion*), hath humbly besought leave of us to transport an ample colony unto a certain country, hereinafter described, in the parts of America, not yet cultivated and planted; and hath likewise so humbly besought our royal Majesty to give, grant, and confirm all the said country, with certain privileges and jurisdictions, requisite for the good government and safety of the said country and colony, to him and his heirs for ever.

But it is time that we should hasten to a brief notice of the celebrated treaty entered into by Penn with the Indians—a treaty characterised by Voltaire as the only one between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken. The reader will find many scattered particulars respecting this treaty, as collected by Thomas Clarkson, recorded in that gentleman's biography of William Penn. Our limits will only allow us to give, here, the "chief heads" of this transaction, which may serve as a model for the imitation of present and future colonists.

1st. That all William Penn's people or Christians, and all the Indians, should be brethren, as the children of one father, joined together as with one heart, one head, and one body.

2nd. That all paths should be open and free to both Christians and Indians.

3rd. That the doors of the Christians' houses should be open to the Indians, and the houses of the Indians open to the Christians, and that they should make each other welcome as their friends.

4th. That the Christians should not believe any false rumours or reports of the Indians, nor the Indians believe any such rumours or reports of the Christians, but should first come as brethren to inquire of each other; and that both Christians and Indians, when they have any such false reports of their brethren, should bury them as in a bottomless pit

5th. That if the Christians hear any ill news that may be to the hurt of the Indians, or the Indians hear any such ill news that may be to the injury of the Christians, they should acquaint each other with it speedily, as true friends and brethren.

6th. That the Indians should do no manner of harm to the Christians, nor to their creatures, nor the Christians do any hurt to the Indians, but each treat the other as brethren.

7th. But as there are wicked people in all nations, if either Indians or Christians should do any harm to each other, complaint should be made of it by the persons suffering, that right might be done, and when satisfaction is made, the injury or wrong should be forgot, and be buried as in a bottomless pit.

8th. That the Indians should in all things assist the Christians, and the Christians assist the Indians against all wicked people that would disturb them.

9th. And lastly, that both Christians and Indians should acquaint their children with this league and firm chain of friendship made between them, and that it should always be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean without rust or spot, between our children and our children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure.

What, it may be asked, were the consequences of such stipulations as these—stipulations that remained unviolated? And it may be replied with truth, the advantages which thence resulted to the early settlers in Pennsylvania, by adopting a line of conduct in unison with the principles of that religion which breathes "peace on earth and good will to man," form a striking contrast to the melancholy evils which followed as a consequence of a mode of policy adverse to these principles. Bancroft, in his able history of the United States, speaking of the wars that ensued on the settlement of the other American colonies, remarks that "New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence; he had no message but peace, and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian."

ART. III.—*William Caxton: A Biography.* By CHARLES KNIGHT. 12mo. pp. 240. Charles Knight. London: 1844.

A SIMILARITY of tastes induced William Caxton and Charles Knight to take the same road in their journey through life. The first opened the doors of the granary of knowledge by introducing the art of printing into England. The second distributes the *frumenta* to individuals—by apportioning the price to the abilities of the buyers.

No man can say but that at *some* period of his life he may not now possess himself of some one or another of the thousand and one cheap works which come forth annually from the store-house of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and no one can say, however learned he be, or however well-informed, or however talented, or however he may have read, applied himself to knowledge, or accumulated the facts of centuries, or however laboriously brushed the unbidden dust of ages from the volumes of the wise, or however he may have imbibed the principles and virtues of the good by midnight study and midnight contemplation of their works, but that amidst that long array of books which have issued from the house in Ludgate-street, he will find some unexpected fact, some surprising narrative, some astounding event, some unsuspected occurrence, forgotten incident, or novel idea. For there is scarcely any branch of science or any form of literature that has not passed through the crucible of Charles Knight's literary laboratory, and fused and purged of its dross presented to the public in a new form and at a cheap rate. Take for example "The Penny Cyclopedia"—a gigantic work, the literary expenditure on which amounted to the large sum of £33,000, besides the wood-cuts, which were engraved at a charge of £8,000, making in all upwards of £40,000. What would the venerable Caxton, who feared to venture on the publication of *one* book without extorting a promise from William, Earl of Arundel—"to take a reasonable quantity (of copies) of them," and over and above, to give him a yearly fee, of a buck in summer and a doe in winter*—say to this expenditure? Could the old

* In the "Legends of Saints," the wary old printer says: "I have submysed (submitted) myself to translate into English the "Legend of Saints," called "Legenda Aurea" in Latin; and, William, Earl of Arundel, desired me—and promised to take a reasonable quantity of them—and sent me a worshipful gentleman, promising that my said Lord should during my life give and grant me a yearly fee, that is to note, a buck in summer and a doe in winter." This was in the true spirit of commercial enterprise, a hint by the way, typographers have greatly improved.

mercer only have contemplated such a consummation of his darling art, how would his heart have leaped, his spirits have danced within him! Could the little chapel, or ambry at Westminster, where according to Oldys he did "exercise the art, from whence a printing-room is to this day called a *chapel*"—have contained him? But perhaps it is permitted him even at this moment to look down upon the labours both of the biographer and the reviewer, and to glow with joy and exultation as he observes the spread of knowledge and the decrease of ignorance. If so, surely no spirit of all the blest can enjoy greater happiness. For books have this advantage over all other acquaintances or friends;—they are ever ready to oblige, but never intrude. When weary of them we lay them by without offence, and resume them again without apology. Then must that spirit be happy which feels that it is the motor of all this happiness, and all this delightful relaxation.

But if we have supposed that Caxton would have been overjoyed at the prospect of such advancement of the art of printing as the nineteenth century presents, there were others who were not insensible even four hundred years ago to the advantages that the art would confer on the inhabitants of Europe. The Lord Bishop of Aleria in 1468, when the first edition of St. Jerome's epistles were printed, addressed Paul III., in the following words: "It was reserved for the times of your holiness, for the Christian world to be blessed with the immense advantages resulting from the art of printing; by means of which, and with a little money, the poorest person may collect together a few books. It is a small testimony of the glory of your holiness, that the volumes which formerly scarcely an hundred golden crowns would purchase, may now be procured for twenty and less, and these written and authentic ones." Alas! it was not given to the pious bishop to know that a volume cantaining not only a biography of the "Anglice Prototypographus," but a vast deal of extrinsic and valuable matter, would in the process of time, be published, not for "twenty or less" crowns—but even for one shilling.

And here it is natural to ask the question,—does the quality of these cheap books keep pace with the quantity; and is the form and mode of publication equal to those for which larger prices are demanded? It may be replied, that so far as the quality—that is the matter—of the text is involved, it is not only equal, but superior to many works for which higher and more ambitious prices used to be demanded. But with regard to the mode of publication, that is the paper and the external appearance, certainly not. But how could this be expected? And so far as we are concerned, we would much rather have the text sterling, than the binding superb. But there is little fault to be found even with the outside appearance of this volume, which is somewhat in the style of the French novels—but neater.

With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to test the literary merits of "William Caxton: a Biography,"—a somewhat quaint title, but justifiable from the manner in which the biography is written. It is not a dry summary of birth, baptism, and burial, pecuniary struggles and unavoidable failures, but it is a rapid and vivid glance not only of the first efforts, and subsequent progress of typography in England, but there is intermingled a syllabus of the labours of Guttenberg, Fust, and Schœffer, the very discoverors of the art. Incidentally, too, we have sketches of the Court of Burgundy in the time of Philip the Good, and of his son Charles Le Téméraire, whose extraordinary meeting with Louis in the castle of Peronne, Sir Walter Scott so graphically describes in "Quentin Durward."

We have also references to Edward the Fourth, and his memorable flight, attended by a handful of his chivalry; and so poor as to be forced to leave his mantle or cloak lined with martens on board the vessel in which he crossed the channel, for his passage-money.*

"At Bruges," says our author, "did this fugitive remain nearly five months, when he again leaped into his throne, in the following April, with a triumphant boldness which has only one parallel in modern history,—that of the march of Napoleon from Elba. In May, 1471, he addressed a letter in French to the nobles and burgomasters of Bruges, thanking them for the courtesy and hospitality he had received from them during his exile." (p. 108.)

Then we have this very pleasant gossip about Bruges, and the anger of the Condé, and the marriage of Margaret, sister to Edward IV., to the Duke of Burgundy:—

At the Midsummer of 1468, Bruges presented a scene of magnificence that was probably unequalled in those days of costly display. On the occasion of the approaching marriage, the nobility of Charles's extensive dominions arrived from every quarter. Ambassadors were there from all christian powers. It looked like an occasion on which men should forget that there was such a thing as war in the world; and when despotism should put on

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*Edward made his escape from Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, not long after Warwick had imprisoned him there under the custody of his brother, the Archbishop of York (Lingard), and Philip de Comines says, he was "attended by seven or eight hundred men without any clothes but what they were to have fought in, no money in their pockets, and not one in twenty knew whither they were going." After having been chased by privateers and escaping almost by a miracle, he arrived at Bruges so poor that he "was forced to give the master of the ship for his passage a gown lined with martens."

its blandest smile and its most courteous reverence for all orders of men. The Duke of Burgundy anxiously desired the presence of the Count de St. Pôl, the great constable of France. The constable arrived surrounded with every pomp that his pride could devise,—with trumpets and banners, with pages on foot and crowds of horsemen, and a naked sword borne before him as the symbol of sovereignty. Charles was irritated beyond measure, and refused to receive the great Lord, who from that hour became his deadliest enemy. But there was something more tragic to be enacted in the midst of a population looking only for high triumphs and royal pleasures. One of the Chamberlains of the Duke of Burgundy was an illegitimate son of the Lord of Condé; he was very young, of exceeding beauty, and the most agreeable manners. He had fought by the side of the Duke at the battle of Montlhéry, and was one of his most especial favourites. The youth, with that ferocious self-abandonment which was not incompatible with the gentlest manners in courts and the noblest honours in camps, committed a murder under circumstances of extraordinary aggravation. He was playing at tennis, and the fairness of a stroke being doubtful, a bystander was called upon to decide. Deciding against the bastard of Condé, the young man swore that he would be revenged. The bystander, who was a canon of the Church, fled to his home, and the furious youth pursued him. The canon escaped, but his brother encountered the madman. Some victim must be offered up to appease his selfish rage, and the brother was in his path. The wretched man fell on his knees, and clasping his hands, begged for mercy. Those uplifted hands were cut off in an instant, and the sword that had been honourably drawn at Montlhéry, pierced the breast of an unoffending citizen. Such a murder could not pass unnoticed; and yet the young man's friends did not doubt that he would go unpunished, for he had committed the crime in his father's lordship. Such crimes were often committed with impunity by the great and the powerful; and even the commonalty were unprepared to expect any heavier punishment than a pecuniary recompense to the relations of the murdered man. The duke, however, had taken his determination. The bastard of Condé was held in arrest at the house of the gate-keeper of the city of Bruges. Charles was solicited on every side for pardon, and even the relations of the deceased having been moved by suitable presents, supplicated his release; but the duke kept the matter in suspense till Bruges was filled with his subjects from every part of his dominions, and especially with the most powerful of his nobles. At the instant that he was ready to depart to meet the lady Margaret at the neighbouring port of Ecluse, he commanded that the young man should be taken to the common prison, and the next morning led to execution. Even the magistrate of the city to whom this demand (command?) was entrusted, thought it impossible that the duke should execute one so highly connected, as if he were a common offender. The execution was delayed several hours by the magistrates, in the hope that the duke would relent; but no respite came. The youth was carried through the city to the place of execution, amidst the tears of the people, who forgot his crime in his beauty. He was beheaded, and his body was divided into four quarters. The Lord of Condé and his adherents left the city vowing vengeance. The nobles assembled felt themselves outraged by this exercise of absolute power. Even the citizens attributed the stern

decree of the duke to his indomitable pride rather than to his love of justice. Such was the prelude to the bridal festivities of the Court of Burgundy. (pp. 92, 93, 94.)

Such are the stirring legends of the olden time, and of an almost lawless state of society, which Mr. Knight has so cleverly interwoven in the biography of the old printer of the Ambry; and possibly, it will be agreeable to the generality of our readers, if we conclude the narrative of the nuptial festivals at Bruges on the marriage of Margaret of England with Charles of Burgundy. Mr. Knight derives his information from the Paston* Letters, Hall's Chronicle,† and Comines' "Memoirs of his own Times;"‡ and we shall, therefore, condense the text, so that this article may not be protracted to an inconvenient length. Paston, who is writing to his mother, and whose imagination and fancy seem to have been in the inverse ratio of the love of good cheer, tells us that he had *no news* to tell,

Saving that my Lady Margaret was married on Sunday last past, at a town that is called the Dame, three miles out of Bruges, at five of the clock in the morning; and she was brought the same day to Bruges to her dinner, and there she was received as worshipfully as all the world could desire; as with procession with ladies and with lords, best beseen of any people that ever I saw or heard of. Many pageants were played in her way in Bruges to her welcoming, the best that ever I saw, and the same day my lord the Bastard took upon him to answer twenty-four knights and gentlemen within eight days at jousts of peace; and when they were answered, they twenty-four and himself should tourney with other twenty-five the next day after, which is on Monday next coming; and they that have jousted with him unto this day have been as *richly* beseen, and himself also, as cloth of gold and silk, and silver, and goldsmiths' work might make them; for of such gear and gold, and pearl, and stones, they of the duke's court, neither gentlemen nor gentlewomen, they want none; for without (unless) that they have it by wishes, by my truth I heard never of so great plenty as here is. (p. 95.)

This is not very graphic, and were it not for other writers who possessed greater talents for description, or were inspired by the pomp and circumstance of this princely union, posterity would have had but a faint idea of the pageantry, and display of cloth of gold, and the array of jewels, which graced the Court of Burgundy during this festal week, and dazzled the eyes of the astonished old Chronicler

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* Original Letters, written during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. By Sir John Fenn. A new Edition by A. Ramsay. 2 vols. 1840.

† The Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster. Folio. London. 1548. There was a reprint in 1550, and 1809.

‡ Translated by Uvedale. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1712.

who wrote a description of the fete in Latin, and dogmatically informs us that "the sun never shone upon a more splendid ceremony since the creation of the world"—an affirmation which might fairly be disputed by the readers of Livy and Suetonius, or of our own chroniclers of the same period. No doubt the conscientious scribbler believed what he wrote. Hall, the historian of the wars of York and Lancaster, shrunk from the task "as if overpowered by the gorgeousness of this especial ceremony," says Mr. Knight (p. 95): "What abundant fare and delicate viand was served at the feast; with how rich hangings the house was garnished and trimmed; with how many cupboards of gold and silver the palace was adorned; with how many garnish of silver vessels the companies were served; what jousts, what tourneys, what banquets, and what desports were at this nuptial feast—I neither dare nor will write." This was at least a convenient mode of dispensing with the performance of an onerous duty. What would be said of the reporter of a morning paper, if he were to shrink from his task of describing the Lord Mayor's annual procession, under the plea that he neither dared nor would write? The old chronicler was under no fear for his daily bread, it is presumed, and therefore could not only afford to leave, but did leave undone what he ought to have done. But as Mr. Knight remarks, the annalists of Burgundy dealt less in generalities than the English chroniclers. From these we learn that Charles and Margaret were affianced at Ecluse, where they remained a week, when Margaret proceeded in a richly decorated barge by the canal to Damme, or as Paston writes it, *Dame*, where the marriage was solemnized at five o'clock in the morning, a fact which strangely contrasts with the present custom of bridal observances. She then continued her journey to Bruges, seated in a litter, attended by sixty ladies of England and Bruges mounted on horseback. This, if we consider the picturesque costume of the period, (a plate of which Mr. Knight has inserted in this biography,) must have been the most interesting portion of the processional pageantry. Bruges was entered by the gate of St. Croix, and the streets through which the procession past were hung with the richest tapestry and the most gorgeous cloths of gold, silver, and purple; and at intervals stages were erected covered in the same manner, "irrespective of expense," (as George Robins would say,) with the dazzling fabrics of the looms of Burgundy, France and Flanders. On these stages, representations, or mysteries as they were then called, of Adam receiving Eve, Cleopatra offering her hand to Antony, or Dido and Eneas, Priam and his Queen, and such allegories and mythological subjects as were then new to the people, and consequently fashionable, were enacted. Nor could the representations of such histories and fables have been otherwise than imposing and pleasing. Jewels, and stuffs of gold and silver, and silk and satins of costly manufacture and vivid colors, in a bright sun produce agree-

able impressions on the senses, and elevate the mind notwithstanding the cold prudence of the political economist, or the calculating selfishness of the 19th century. They add to happiness by multiplying objects of interest in the mind of the wearer, while those who are only permitted to behold them, are excited to the labour of application by the hope of possession. The present cold and even mean appearance of royalty and nobility, compared to what it was in the day of Charles of Burgundy, has tended to destroy that sentiment of respect and reverence in which royalty and nobility were formerly held by the middling and lower classes, and have transferred it to the guards about the persons, and the footmen behind their carriages. A display of power, or wealth, or influence is alway necessary, and let philosophy condemn, or political economy denounce grandeur and equipage, and term them in the one case barbaric and in the other extravagant, they will never lose their effects upon the human mind; for man has not changed since Jacob made a coat of many colours for his son, or the wise men presented gifts and gold and frankincense at the nativity.

Amidst this dazzling welcome, preceded by musicians, and enlivened by mummers, Margaret arrived at the palace of her future lord and master, where having rested, and made those little alterations in her attire with which females in all ages have sedulously complied, dinner was announced, of course consisting of "every delicacy of the season," served in dishes of gold, amidst music and laughter, and jest and joke, to the edification of the courtiers and the gratification of the guests; and though some of the articles, as *seals* and *porpoises*, *wild bulls* and *ipocrasse*, scarcely enter into the cuisine of our modern gourmands, they were no doubt highly relished by the Burgundians and English of the period.* The business of eating concluded, the Court adjourned to the lists which had been erected

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* The Annalists have not been so minute in their description of this feast as to enumerate these very articles which we have named; but in the account of "the goodly provision made for the Installation Feast of George Neville, Archbishop of York, 1466"—they are carefully itemed. The following is the list of "the goodly cheer:"—300 qrs. of wheat; 300 tuns of ale; 1 *pipe of Ipocrasse*; 104 oxen; 6 *wild bulls*; 1,000 (!) muttons; 304 veales; 304 porkes; 400 swans; 2,000 geese; 1,000 capons; 2,000 pigs; 400 plovers; 1,200 quails; 2,400 fowles, called rees; 104 peacocks; 4,000 mallards and teals; 204 cranes; 204 kids; 2,000 chickens; 2,000 pigeons; 4,000 conies; 204 bittors; 400 heronshaws; 200 pheasants; 500 partridges; 400 woodcocks; 100 curlews; 1,000 egrits; 500 stags, bucks and does; 4,000 (!) pasties of venison, cold; 1,000 dishes of jellies: 3,000 plain dishes of jellies; 4,000 cold tarts, baked; 3,000 cold custards baked; 1,500 hot pasties of venison; 2,000 hot custards; 308 pikes and breams; 12 *porpoises and seals*; spices, sugared delicacies and wafers, plenty. This curious bill of fare, says Wade, affords some idea of the mag-

on the Grande Place, to witness the feats of arms of the celebrated Bastard of Burgundy, Anthony Count de la Roche. The fiction was this:—Early in the morning, a pursuivant at arms presented a letter to the Duke, purporting to come from the Princess of the Unknown Isle, in which she promised her grace and favour to the knight who would deliver the giant that she had committed to the care of her dwarf. This giant was observed chained by the middle to a gilded tree in the midst of the lists, while the dwarf watched over him. We forgot to say that the spectacle was founded on the ancient "Legend of the Tree of Gold,"—whence the gilded tree. Shortly after the Court had taken their seats, the knights in their gayest attire began to arrive, and trumpets and clarions rent the air, while the knights addressed the most hyperbolical harangues to the happy Margaret. At length, all due formalities having been observed, the signal was given and the knights engaged in the jousts. But though they were many skilful and valorous knights, they all yielded to the Bastard of Burgundy. He was the hero of the field. For he broke the greatest number of lances, accomplished the adventure, and bore away the ring, while loud shouts rent the air, the ladies waved their scarfs, and "the shrill clarion spoke." In the meanwhile, though day wore insensibly away, the courtiers were not yet wearied with pleasure, for the most splendid of the entertainments, diversified with shews and enlivened with music, was yet to come. This was the evening banquet, for which, whatever the ingenuity, or taste, or caprice of the age could invent was lavishly expended. There were maskers and mummers and musicians; jesters and tumblers, and troubadours; knights, ladies and esquires, and "a golden lion that sung songs in honour of the shepherdess of England; and a mighty unicorn that bore a golden leopard* carrying the English banner." And all this mirth and maudlin freaks and right merry-making continued to a late hour,—to that period of endurance of fatigue in the human body, when sleep steps in and asserts his empire, and wakefulness abashed retires, and yields the body to the custody of slumber. In short, until every one—courtiers, maskers, knights, ladies, and the duke and duchess could no longer delay the period of repose.

But the morn which had been ushered in by revelry only served to prolong the general rejoicing, and for eight days this scene of enchantment threw a wild gaiety over the whole city of Bruges. On the eighth day a huge whale, sixty feet long, rolled into the ample

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nitude of ecclesiastical feasts in the reign of Edward IV. And it must be remembered that this was the bridal of Edward's sister. (*Vide Wade's Brit. Hist.*) Warwick the King-Maker, entertained 30,000 persons daily!

* Three Leopards were then the insignia of England.

hall of the palace. Its dimensions were colossal, for a man on horseback could have hidden within his capacious maw. His vast fins and tail moved with alacrity. His eyes were two huge mirrors, and when he opened his wide mouth, troops of syrens and knights, singing, dancing and fighting, leaped forth. All was enchantment and pleasure on those eight glorious and happy days.

It was then at the Court of Burgundy, that the careful and painstaking mercer, as Mr. Knight supposes, and we think correctly, imbibed those ideas and sentiments of chivalry which distinguished his labours in "the chapel," and continually incited him to the printing and publication of works connected with that exciting subject. For he tells us in his "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," that after he had written five or six quires, he despaired of finishing the work and laid it by; but that the Lady Margaret having accidentally sent for him "to speak with her good grace of divers matters," he informed her of the progress he had made in the work, when she commanded him to shew her the MSS. When she had read them and corrected some of his English, which he confesses required correction, she commanded him to finish the remainder immediately—"Whose dreadful commandment," says the old printer,

I durst not in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and labored in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning (ability), all so nigh as I can following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady, that of her benevolence list to accept and take in gree (take kindly) this simple and rude work*.

We shall now retrace our steps back to "The Weald of Kent," which is the title of the first chapter of this very entertaining volume. Here Caxton first breathed the air of heaven about 1412.†

Who or what his father was, no one seems to know with any certainty. Mr. Knight thinks that he was a landed proprietor, but that would have scarcely elevated him in the estimation of his con-

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* A copy of this work, "The Recuyell of the Histoyres of Troye," sold at the Duke of Roxburgh's famous sale in 1812, for £1,060 10s. It was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire.

† This is according to Lewis and Watkins. See *Life* by Lewis, 8vo. and Watkins's *Biog. Dict.* Bellchambers, who has published a very convenient portable Biographical Dictionary, in 4 vols. 48mo, Glasgow, 1840, says he was born in 1410; and Mr. Knight seems to agree with other biographers that he was apprenticed about 1428; Watkins says he was apprenticed at fifteen. If so, the year of his apprenticeship must have been 1427. These discrepancies are fortunately not of importance.

temporaries, since according to Mr. Knights' own shewing, the Weald of Kent at the period of his birth "was a wild district with a scanty population; its inhabitants had little intercourse with the towns, the affairs of the busy world went on without their knowledge and assistance; they were more separated from the great body of their countrymen than a settler in Canada or Australia is at the present day." (p. 1.) A "landed proprietor" in such a district would have very little more influence with his neighbours than a New Zealand chief with the Duke of Wellington. So that on this score, even supposing his family were landed proprietors, that fact would not add to the dignity of William Caxton, who fortunately stands indeed in no need of ancestry or heraldry to recommend him. Moreover, Lambarde, who was a justice of the peace for Kent, says in his "Perambulation of Kent" (1570), published 150 years after Caxton's time, "that it was a great while together in manner nothing else but a desert and waste wilderness, not planted with towns or peopled with men as the outsides of the shire were, but stored and stuffed with herds of deer and droves of hogs only;" and he goes on to say, that "although the property of the weald was at the first belonging to certain known owners, yet it was not then allotted into tenantcies." The Weald of Kent came to be taken, he continues, "even as men were contented to inhabit it, and by piecemeal to rid it of the wood, and break it up with the plough." (p. 2.) A land-proprietor in such a district could have been a man of no weight, and consequently any attempts to prove Caxton's father one of these semi-savage personages is an idle labour. It is certain, however, that Caxton's family were reputable, and possibly of a superior order to the generality of the rude natives by whom they were surrounded; for Caxton was taught to read and write, accomplishments (in those days) for which he piously tells us in his life of "Charles the Great," published in 1485, that he was "bounden to pray for his father's and mother's souls, that in his youth set him to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, he got his living, he hopes truly."

In this part of his volume Mr. Knight diverges from the main facts of Caxton's biography, and enters somewhat at length into the state of education in the time of Edward III., about 50 years before Caxton was born—an episode to which, though exceedingly interesting, we cannot do more than allude.

In Higden's "Polychronicon" particular mention is made of the method pursued in the instruction of youth at this period; and John de Trevisa his translator refers to the same facts, and tells us that Sir John Cornewaile "changed the teaching in grammar schools."*

* Higden was a Benedictine of St. Werbergh, at Chester, where de died at an advanced age in 1360. Caxton printed his "Polychronicon," in 1482,

It was owing, therefore, to the change of French for English in the schools, that Caxton expresses a diffidence in his abilities for translating English out of French. To this circumstance Mr. Knight particularly alludes at p. 12.

We pass to the second chapter, which is entitled "The Mercer's Apprentice." Here Mr. Knight, after telling us that Caxton's master was Robert Large, a member of the Mercer's Company, a sheriff in 1430, and Lord Mayor in 1439-40, enters into a very interesting statement of the condition of the law as to the instruction of youth*, about the time of Caxton's apprenticeship. It would seem

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folio; the translation being by John de Trevisa. The latter tells us that French was no longer taught in the schools as heretofore, and that all the constructions were made in English, by which he says they learned grammar the sooner, but with the disadvantage that they learned no French, "which is hurt for them that shall pass the sea."

* Wade (Brit. Hist. p. 101) says, "it was not till the reign of Henry VI. that villeins, farmers, and mechanics were permitted by law to put their children to school, (7 Hen. IV. cap. 17); and long after that they dared not educate a son for the church without a licence from their lord." Notwithstanding this gothic law, however, there was a very great desire felt and indulged in from a very early period—say from 1216 to 1461—for the advancement of literature. For, at Oxford, University College was founded 1249; Merton College, 1264; Baliol College, 1268; Exeter College, 1315; Oriel College, 1324; Queen's College, 1340; New College, 1366; Lincoln College, 1430; All Souls, 1437; and Magdalen, 1458; At the same period there were founded and endowed at Cambridge, Peter House, Michael, University, King's Hall, Clare, Pembroke, Corpus Christi, Trinity, Gonvil Hall, King's College, Queen's, and Katharine Hall Colleges; besides these, Winchester College was founded 1387; and Eton in 1441. During this period, also, Greathead, Bishop of Lincoln, flourished. He was the author of "*De Sphæra*," and "*De Cessatione Legalium*;" see life by Dr. Pegge, 1793, who writes Greathead *Grossetete*, and Watkins *Groseteste*, and Wade *Groutehead*. Surely these authors might have observed similarity in their orthography. Roger Bacon, Michael Scot, Duns Scotus, William Oakham, John Wickliff, Mathew Paris, Thomas Wykes, Walter Hemmingford, Robert de Avesbury, Nicolas Trivet, Gower, Chaucer, Littleton, Fortescue, James I. of Scotland, the Earl of Worcester, Lord Rivers, Caxton himself, Wynkyn de Worde and a host of other learned and ingenious men whose works, though superseded by more modern treatises, were nevertheless of value and utility to the age in which they wrote, in laying the foundation and clearing the way for the immense number of books which have since accumulated on the shelves of our public and private libraries. In comparison, then, the cycle which we have included in this rapid glance, was more *learned* than a similar number of years at any other given period of our national history—the present age only representing the utility, or results of learning, in its application to human happiness. But though

from this, that a statute of the 6th Hen. VI., prohibited the sons of labourers in husbandry and the poorer classes of the yeomanry, from being instructed in the knowledge of trade and handicraft. And

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learning was beginning to exercise a decided influence on the public mind, it had scarcely softened the manners, and in no way mitigated the sanguinary temper of the times. Violence and bloodshed were but ordinary, daily, almost hourly occurrence. It was almost an age of robbers—from the prince to the peasant. Nothing was sacred. One desperate outlaw embroidered his name, character, and mood in silver letters upon his coat:—"I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers; an enemy to God, without piety and without mercy." In Hampshire they were extremely numerous, so much so that no jury could be prevailed on to condemn them. Henry III. complained bitterly that when he travelled through the country they plundered his baggage, drank his wine, and treated him with indignity! This was the climax to royal misery. Though covetous and penurious as he was pious and predatory, he seemed to forget his loss in the contempt of his person. Thus the man who could ruthlessly plunder the Jews even to one third of their property (1229), seize the person and treasures of his chief justice (Hubert de Burgo), without compunction, and submit to be called a *liar* to his face by the Earl of Leicester without taking those steps which as the chief of his nobles and knights he was bound to do—actually admitted that a villain like "Captain Warner" could hurt his feelings! This is almost as bad as George IV. condescending to ask Brummell, the son or grandson of a footman, to invite him to a ball! The public executions of the period were also horrible. We can but recal to the remembrance of the reader, the horrors of cutting off the hands and feet of rioters in London in August 1221, and the terrible executions of the incendiaries of Norwich at which Henry III. was present in person in June 1272,—because we wish to conclude this note with an extract from Lingard, by which it will be seen, that the acquisition of the liberal arts, which the poet tells us, softens men's manners and suffers them not to be brutal, had hardly commenced. The historian describes the execution at Oxford of Sir Thomas Blount, who was involved in the unsuccessful rebellion in 1400 to restore Richard II. to his throne. He quotes from the MS. of a contemporary writer: "He was hanged; but the halter was soon cut, and he was made to sit on a bench before a great fire, and the executioner came, a razor (!) in his hand, and knelt before Sir Thomas, whose hands were tied, begging him to pardon his act as he must do his office. Sir Thomas asked—"Are you the person appointed to deliver me from this world?" The executioner answered, "Yes, sir, I pray you pardon me!" And Sir Thomas kissed him, and pardoned him his death. The executioner knelt down and opened his belly, and cut out his bowels straight from below the stomach, and tied them with a string that the wind of the heart should not escape, and threw the bowels into the fire. Then Sir Thomas was sitting before the fire, his belly open, and his bowels burning before him. Sir Thomas Erpyngham, the King's Chamberlain, insulting Blount, said to him in derision, "Go seek a master that can cure you!" Blount only answered, "*Te deum laudamus.* Blessed be the

another law of 7th Hen. IV., about two-and-twenty years before this conjectural period of Caxton's apprenticeship, is alluded to, and some extracts made from it. (p. 25.) By this it was enacted, that no one unless he possessed land of the yearly value of 20s., should apprentice his child to any craft whatever; of this iniquitous law, the citizens of London procured the repeal in the 8th Henry VI., about the time of Caxton's apprenticeship. It is probable, Mr. Knight thinks, that Caxton would not have been affected by this law. Perhaps not, but we can hardly think that he would have been exempt for the reason Mr. Knight advances (p. 26), namely, that "his master was a rich and distinguished mercer."

Viewing Caxton merely as the apprentice of a mercer, his position does not seem favourable to the acquisition of knowledge. But mercers in those times conducted their business in a very different manner from that in which it is now done. Mercers were then essentially *merchants;* and as books were costly and expensive luxuries, in their traffic with the continent, and especially with the Low Countries, they became the agents for the sale of valuable MSS. Hence Caxton's first knowledge of books (p. 28.) And John Bag-

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day on which I was born, and blessed be this day, for I shall die in the service of my sovereign Lord, the noble King Richard!" The executioner knelt down before him, kissed him in an humble manner, and soon after his head was cut off, and he was quartered."—Vol. 4. p. 381. See also an account of the decapitation of John Earl of Worcester (named in the foregoing part of this note among the literary characters of the period), in the *Dublin Review* for May 1843, No. xxviii. The statement is taken from the 1st vol. of the *Spicilegium Romanum* of Cardinal Mai, *Typis Collegii Urbani*, 1839-42, 8 vols. roy. 8vo. The Earl, on his way to the place of execution, being told by one of his confessors, a Dominican monk, that he was brought to that bad end in consequence of his cruelties, especially putting to death two most innocent children not a year old, replied "that he had done it for the state's sake." When the Friar replied, that "for the state we may do what is just and honorable, but nothing else." "These ultra-montanos," says the biographer, Vespasiano (a writer in the 15th century, highly commended by Muratori [*Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, tome xxv. p. 251], who laments the supposed loss of this very work now first brought to light by the indefatigable Cardinal Mai, as an irreparable injury to the history of the 15th century,) "have very great devotion, and especially in all matters of religion. When Duke (Earl) John was about to be beheaded, he turned to the headsman, and prayed him to cut off his head in three strokes, in reverence of the most Holy Trinity, though he could have cut it off in one. The headsman did as he had promised, and took off his head in three strokes." The cruel murder of the Duke of Suffolk at sea in April 1450, is also another horrible tragedy of these "good old times," as well as the hanging and quartering of Bolingbroke, a priest, for witchcraft, in May 1441.

ford, originally a shoemaker, but afterwards a bookseller, printer, and collector of curiosities, who was employed by the Bishop of Norwich and the Earl of Oxford to collect scarce MSS., tells us in his life of Caxton, written in 1714, but still in MS. in the British Museum, that "kings, queens, and noblemen, had their particular merchants, who, when they were ready for their voyage into foreign parts, sent their servants to know what they wanted, and among the rest of their choice many times books were demanded, and there to buy them in those parts where they were going." And Caxton, in his "Book of Good Manners," informs us that he had the French copy from "a special friend, a *mercer* of London, named William Praat." We think this reasoning of Mr. Knight conclusive as to the means which were afforded Caxton of improving himself in a knowledge of books. He says, "this commerce of books could not have been very great; but it might have been so far carried on by Robert Large, the wealthy master of Caxton, that a lad of ability might thus possess opportunities for improvement which were denied to the great body of his fellow apprentices." (p. 29.) This is very probable; and the wonder ceases when this is known, that the mercer's apprentice should have cultivated a taste for literature—it was a part and parcel of his education as a mercer. Besides, apprentices in Caxton's time, were a superior class to the apprentices of the present day. They were fed poorly and clad coarsely; but they were of "gentle blood." Here is what Mr. Knight says of them:—

> The apprentices were a formidable body in the days of the Tudors, sometimes defying the laws, and raising tumults which have more than once ended in the prison and the halter. (p. 32.)

We come now to consider the third chapter, which is named "The Young Mercer's Book-knowledge." In this a review is taken of the condition of literature and the modes of obtaining and preserving its fruits in Caxton's time. Of this it will not be necessary to say more than that it will be found a pleasant and "chatty" chapter, in which our old poets Chaucer and Gower, and Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, are severally alluded to, and certain anecdotes and facts connected with their writings or lives are complacently set forth. We have also extracts from Froissart, Warton, and Caxton himself, all of which will be found worthy of a careful perusal. Mr. Knight concludes the chapter thus:

> We have thus briefly recapitulated the popular modes of acquiring something of a literary taste in the early days of William Caxton. Books were rare, and difficult to be obtained except by the wealthy. The drama did not exist. The preachers, indeed, were not afraid to address an indiscriminate audience, with the conviction that although the majority were unlettered,

they had vigorous understandings, and did not require the great truths of religion and of private and of social duty to be adapted to any intellectual weakness or infirmity. The national poetry, which was heard at the high festivals of the city traders, and even descended to so lowly a popularity as that of the village circle upon the ale-bench under the spreading elm on a summer's eve, had no essentials of vulgarity or childishness, such as in later days have been thought necessary for general comprehension. We were ever a thoughtful people, a reasoning* people, and yet a people of strong passions and unconquerable energy. A popular literature was kept alive and preserved, however imperfectly, before the press came to make those who had learnt to read self-dependent in their intellectual gratifications; and what has come down to us of the old minstrelsy, with all its inaccuracy and occasional feebleness, shews us that the people of England, four or five centuries ago, had a common fund of high thought upon which a great literature might in time be reared. The very existence of a poet like Chaucer is the best proof of the vigour, and to a certain extent of the cultivation of, the national mind, even in an age when books were rarities. (pp. 50, 51.)

With much of what Mr. Knight says we are inclined to agree; but for "a national literature" we look in vain. There is literature, and God knows enough of it, and equal to any literature either ancient or modern. But it is not "national." We have class literature, as we have everything else; but anything like the "Iliad," or the "Odyssey," or "Ossian," or the poems of Burns, or of Hafiz, or of Schiller, we look in vain. Even Shakspeare, who has written more for the "people" than all other English writers put together, is still not the poet of "the people."

It is difficult to find a reason for this, except in the frequent conquests, and consequent changes in national legends and traditionary lore, and in the foreign influence which has always swayed the higher classes in England, thus making one literature for the court and another for the nation. Even in the days of Shakespeare, at a time when foreigners had no influence at court, when the court went to the Globe, the people went to the cock-pit. There was and there is no common bond of union either in the thoughts, or feelings, or sentiments of the people as connected with literature. And at a very early period we find the government of the day taking advantage of this want of unanimity, and bond of connexion, and turning it to its own advantage. Hence history and poetry became party weapons. What can be more in point than the case of Richard III., whose character has never been considered in its true light, though Walpole's "Historic Doubts" has somewhat ameliorated the harsher

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* We heartily wish Mr. Knight could have written a "*reasonable* people." But this is more than he would venture on.

shade.* There is only one point in which England as a nation is characteristic, and that is in the wonderful and extraordinary perseverance of her people, which has at one time incurred the odium intended for obstinacy, while at others it has assumed the honours awarded to fortitude. With this quality of perseverance we have been enabled to perform what other nations have only proposed to do. In all other things we are essentially led by the prevailing fashion of the day, whatever that may be; and in nothing more than in literature—hence the absence of anything like "national literature."†

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* Our author speaking of Richard III. (p 179) says, "There is a controversy whether Richard III. was a deformed man or not. It is held by many that it was one of the scandals put forth under his triumphant successor (which scandal Shakespeare has for ever made current,) that Richard was

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd.

It strikes us that Caxton would scarcely have ventured, in the first year of King Richard III., to exhibit the print of a hump-backed Esop (for any print was then a rare thing) if his dread sovereign had been remarkable amongst the people for a similar defect. This remark alludes to Caxton's wood-cut to "the Subtle Histories and Fables of Esop," published 1474. Is it possible that Caxton might have published the print of Esop in *compliment* to Richard? Defects of great men have been imitated. Alexander's courtiers are said to have affected to carry their heads on their right shoulders, because the Macedonian monarch was afflicted with spasms of the muscles of the right side of the neck. And many of the parasites of Louis XIV. pretended that they had fistula because he had. In our times, when "untoward circumstances compelled a Princess Royal to wear her waist under her arms—all our women from the highest to the lowest followed the fashion, though they all had not the same cause. It is a question therefore if Caxton, who was a wary, calm, calculating man, did not (having first ascertained if it would be agreeable) engrave the print with a view to compliment Richard. A hump-backed man is generally shrewd and quick, and is sometimes called "my Lord." This soubriquet shews that the deformity was not despicable, at any rate.

† For national, possibly "popular" might be substituted; because what we wish to convey to the reader is, that there exists no single poem or prose work which is read equally, and appreciated equally, by all classes of the community, as for example Schiller in Germany, Dante in Italy, Ossian in the Highlands, and Burns in the Lowlands of Scotland. Shakespeare of all our poets and philosophers—for philosopher he was in the broadest acceptation of the word—is most popular. But his popularity is not a part and parcel of the people, it is not an integral portion of their mind's property—it does not enter into their every-day matter-of fact business, nor is his name "familiar as household words." We would venture to lay a heavy wager

In the fourth chapter, entitled "The Mercer Abroad," we have an account of the death of Caxton's master, Robert Large. This respectable citizen left him twenty marks—a considerable sum in those days, and for twenty years after he resided abroad. This chapter is curious and valuable as shewing the commercial condition of England at this period; and is written somewhat in the free-trade spirit, though the author cannot help remarking, after enumerating the number of things prohibited in those days,—"This is a considerable list of things with which England now supplies the world; and the question would naturally arise, whether the absolute prohibition of foreign goods did give such an impulse to the native manufacture, as prohibitors in all ages have contended, and still contend, is the good of prohibition." (p. 61.) Assuredly a man of Mr. Knight's extensive knowledge of the world, could have readily answered this question. Whether prohibition be good in the abstract we will not contend—but that *practically* it has been highly beneficial to England cannot be a question. It is a fact, *and a great fact.* In the fifth chapter, "The New Art," much of what Mr. Jackson, in his work on wood-engraving, has already presented to the public, will be found under a new form, besides a very graphic and interesting account of the inauguration of the statue of John Guttenberg at Mentz in August 1837. This was a sight highly congenial to the feelings of the author, and well has he described the pageantry and the ceremony, for he was present. The sixth chapter, or "The Court of Burgundy," we have already anticipated. The seventh, or "The Royal Service," is comprised chiefly of extracts and reasonings to shew that Caxton enjoyed a place of confidence and trust near and about the person of Margaret of Burgundy. In the eighth chapter, "A Sojourn in Cologne," the place in which Caxton learned the art of printing, is considered; and the statement of Richard Atkyns, the unfortunate typographer who died in the Marshalsea for debt in 1677, relative to the prerogative of printing, roughly handled. We cannot exactly agree with Mr. Knight in his sweeping censure of Atkyns. From the very circumstance of Caxton having been in the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, from the fact of his having occupied the "chapel" at the abbey, from his connection with the unfortunate Lord Rivers, the brother of Margaret

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that of twenty of the *rural* population taken indiscriminately about London —say a periphery of ten miles,—nineteen would be unacquainted even with the *name* of Shakespeare, were the question to be put to them. Rationally speaking therefore we have *no* national literature—though of *class* literature, we exceed, it must be conceded, all the other nations of Europe. *Non Apollinis magis verum atque hoc responsum est.*

and Edward the Fourth, and from the patronage of Milling, Abbot* of Westminster, we conceive there is *primâ facie* evidence that printing was brought into England under royal patronage, and consequently that the practice of the art was a royal prerogative. This of course is *only prima facie* evidence, and the document of which Atkyns speaks not being accessible, or not in existence, the allegation must fail for want of proof; but that does not alter the merits of the case. What is justly true, is not always legally true, if we are to be governed by the laws or rules of evidence. That it would have been a misfortune to the country, and indeed to Europe, had Atkyns succeeded in establishing the claim of the royal prerogative, there can be but one opinion, and we rejoice that he did not succeed. But this does not affect the merits of the question, and Atkyns, if only for his misfortunes, might have received gentler usage from the hands of Charles Knight, whose benevolence and liberality are said to be unequalled except in his knowledge of books and his industry of compilation. We express this opinion notwithstanding what Dr. Conyers Middleton says, that "Atkyns, a bold vain man, might be the inventor" of the narrative of Robert Turnour, "who was then of the Robes to the King"—and who taking "Mister Caxton, a citizen of good abilities," disguised himself and went with him into the Low Countries,—Caxton being in his proper dress—to obtain a knowledge of the art of printing. (p. 117.) And Middleton thinks that he might have done this, because he had "an interest in imposing upon the world, to confirm his argument that printing was of the royal prerogative, in opposition to the stationers; against whom he was engaged in expensive law-suits, in defence of the king's patents, under which he claimed some exclusive powers of printing." (p. 121.)

Now it is as unjustifiable in Middleton to suppose that Atkyns invented the story to suit his purposes, as it was dishonest in Atkyns, admitting Middleton's supposition to be correct, to attempt such an imposture. Good feeling in reviewing the conduct and favourable construction of the motives of each other, should distinguish the lucubrations and writings of every citizen of the republic of letters. Without these goodly virtues, literature is but a barren calling, since these sentiments of respect and esteem are all the laborious scholar or the faithful historian demands or expects. Besides, it savours of arrogance to sit in judgment upon the motives of other men, of which none but themselves and the God of Heaven can be judges. That Caxton by common consent is admitted to have introduced the art of printing into England, is sufficient to appease his manes, and ought to have been enough to satisfy even the fastidious. "Oldys,

* Dugdale says Esteney was the abbot—but we shall speak of him presently.

who complains most bitterly of Richard Atkyns, "how unwarrantably he robbed master Caxton of the honour wherewith he had long been, by the suffrage of all learned men, undeniably invested, of first introducing and practising this most scientific invention among us." But Mr. Knight does not seem after all to care much whether Caxton be considered the first English typographer or not; for he says:

But had this story been true, Caxton would not have been robbed of his glory. He would still have been what Leland, writing within half a century of his death, calls "*Anglice Prototypographus*"—the first printer of England. For it is not the man who is the accidental instrument of introducing a great invention, and then pursues it no further, who is to have the fame of its promulgation. It is he who by patient and assiduous labour acquires the mastery of a new principle, sees afar off the high objects to which it may be applied, carries out its details with persevering courage, is not deterred by failure nor satisfied with partial success, works for a great purpose through long years of anxiety, is careless of honours or rewards, and finally does accomplish all and much more than he proposed, planting the tree, training it, rejoicing in its good fruit,—he it is that is the real first introducer and practiser of a great scientific invention, even though some one may have preceded him in some similar attempt—an experiment but not a perfect work. We may well believe that for some ten years of his residence abroad, the knowledge that a new art was discovered, promising such mighty results as that of printing, must have excited the deepest interest in the mind of Caxton. He says himself in his continuation of the Polychronicon, "about this time (1445), the craft of imprinting was first found in Mogunce in Almayne." During his residence at the court of Burgundy he would see the art multiplying around him. Italy, where it most extensively flourished before 1470, was too distant for his personal inspection. Bamberg, Augsburg, and Strasburg, brought it nearer to him. But Cologne, where Conrad Winters set up a press about 1470, was very near at hand. A few days journey would place him within the walls of the holy city of the Rhine. Cologne, we have no doubt, fixed the employment of the remainder of his life, and made the London mercer, whose name, like the names of many other good and respectable men, would have held no place in the memory of the world but from the art he learnt in his latter years;—Cologne rendered the name of Caxton a bright and venerable name;—a name that even his countrymen, who are accustomed chiefly to raise columns and statues to the warlike defenders of their country, will one day honour amongst the heroes who have most successfully cultivated the arts of peace, and by high talent and patient labour have rendered it impossible that mankind should not steadily advance in the acquisition of knowledge and virtue, and in the consequent amelioration of the lot of every member of the family of mankind, at some period, present or remote." (p. 123.)

In the ninth chapter—"A Trade to be Learnt"—Mr. Knight enters upon the subject of the works printed by Caxton at Cologne, the first of which (in English) being the "Recueil of the Histories of

Troy"—though the imprint does not say any thing of the matter. The reasoning by which he arrives at the conclusion that Caxton did print at Cologne is conclusive, and therefore need not detain us. We have also a very distinct account of the first methods or processes of printing, some of which were familiar to us in our youth, such as the dabbers and the screw-press, together with the earlier and laborious attempts to make the line on one side of a page fall on the corresponding line of the other, called by printers "register." We have also the following curious extract from the petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz, two Germans who settled in Rome, and printed many beautiful editions of the Classics. The petition was presented to the Pope in 1471.

"We were the first of the Germans," say the petitioners, "who introduced this art, with vast labour and cost, into your holiness's territories, in the time of your predecessor; and encouraged by our example, other printers do the same. If you peruse the catalogue of the works printed by us, you will admire how and where we could procure a sufficient quantity of paper, or even rags, for such a number of volumes. The total of these books amounts to 12,475,—a prodigious heap, and intolerable to us, your holiness's printers, by reason of those unsold. We are no longer able to bear the great expense of house-keeping, for want of buyers; of which there cannot be a more flagrant proof than that our house, though otherwise spacious enough, is full of quire books, but void of every necessary of life. (p. 137.)

This chapter then may be said to be dedicated to an explication of the difficulties attending the introduction of the printing press into general use. We arrive now at that period when Caxton established himself at Westminster. This is treated of in the tenth chapter—"The Press at Westminister." Here Mr. Knight admits that it is not very clear what was the exact period at which Caxton introduced the art of printing into England. He says,

Several of his books, supposed to have been amongst the earliest, are without date or place of impression. The first in the title of which a date or place is mentioned is "the Dictes and Sayings of Philosophres," translated by the Earl of Rivers from the French. This bears upon the title "Emprynted by me William Caxton, at Westminster, the yere of our Lord M.CCCC.lxxvii." Another imprint, three years later, is more precise. It is in "the Chronicles of Englond," which book the printer says was "Emprynted by me William Caxton, in thabbey of Westminstre by London &c., the v. day of juyn, the yere of thincarnacion of our lord god M.CCCC. lxxx." In 1485, "A Book of the Noble Hystoryes of Kynge Arthur" was "by me deuyed into xxi bookes chaptred and emprynted, and fynysshed, in thabby Westmestre." The expression "in the abbey of Westminster" leaves no doubt that beneath the actual roof of some portion of the abbey, Caxton carried on his art. Stow in his Survey of London," says, "in the Eleemosynary or Almonry at Westminster Abbey, now corruptly called the Ambry,

for that the alms of the Abbey were there distributed to the poor, John Islip, Abbot of Westminster, erected the first press of book-printing that ever was in England, and Caxton was the first that practised it in the said Abbey." The careful historian of London here committed one error; John Islip did not become Abbot of Westminster till 1500. John Esteney was made Abbot in 1474, and remained such until his death in 1498. His predecessor was Thomas Milling. In Dugdale's "Monasticon" we find, speaking of Esteney, "It was in this abbot's time, and not in that of Milling, or in that of abbot Islip, that Caxton exercised the art of printing at Westminster. He is said to have erected his office in one of the side chapels of the abbey, supposed by some of our historians to have been the Amry or Eleemosynary." Oldys says, "whosoever authorized Caxton, it is certain that he did there, at the entrance of the Abbey, exercise the art, from whence a printing-room is to this day called a chapel." When we consider the large extent of building that formed a portion of the Abbey of Westminster, before the house was shorn of it splendour by Henry the Eighth, we may readily believe that Caxton might have been accommodated in a less sacred and indeed less public place than a side chapel of the present Church. There were buildings attached to that Church, which were removed to make room for the chapel of Henry the Seventh. It has been conjectured that the ancient Scriptorium of the Abbey, the place where books were transcribed, might have been assigned Caxton, to carry on an art which was fast superseding that of the transcriber. Nor are there wanting other examples of the encouragement afforded to printing by great religious societies. As early as 1480, books were printed at St. Alban's; and in 1525 there was a translation of Boetius printed in the monastery of Tavistock, by Dan Thomas Richards, monk of the same monastery. That the intercourse of Caxton with the Abbot of Westminster was on a familiar footing, we learn from his own statement, in 1490: "My Lord Abbot of Westminster did shew to me late certain evidences written in Old English, for to reduce it into our English now used." (pp. 139—41.)

It is not probable that any "chapel" in the abbey would have been set apart for a printing room. Chapels in abbeys were generally speaking the erections and gifts of pious individuals, who endowed and dedicated them to their patron saints. In Protestant cathedrals, chapels mean nothing; but they are significant in Catholic places of worship, and venerated accordingly. If Caxton printed under the roof of the abbey, or only, as is more probable, in one of the buildings connected with it, it must have been in the Scriptorium, the fit and in fact appropriate place.

Before passing to the next chapter, we may notice the explanation of a word by Mr. Knight, the etymology of which has doubtless puzzled many of our readers. That word is *pye*-or *pie*, and the expression is used by printers when types by accident or design are mingled together without regard to their combination into words, or their distribution in the cases. In the Romish Church, there was a service called the Pye, which consisted in reading certain prayers,

not in the regular order printed or written, but according to certain rules which varied every feast and festival; consequently no little judgment and memory required to be exercised in the performance of this duty. Accordingly, forms were printed to assist the priests. Some of these were issued from the press of Caxton, a fact which, however, is only arrived at from the accident of one of Caxton's hand-bills, just such another as a publisher would circulate at the present day, having been preserved and placed in Mr. Douce's Collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Mr. Knight therefore, struck with the similarity of the word, says, "it is a curious fact that printers, even at the present day, call a confused heap of types *pye;* and whilst no one has attempted to explain the origin of the word, we may venture to suggest that the intricacy of this Romish ordinal (office ?) might lead the printers to call a mass of confused and deranged letters by a familiar expression of contempt derived from the Pie which they or their predecessors in the art had been accustomed to work upon." (p. 142—3.) We think this conjecture very probable, as it is supported by the preface to the Litany of the Church of England, which explains what a Pie was. "The number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifest changings of the service, was the cause, that to turn the book only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there were more business to find out what should be read, than to read it when it was found out." (Pref. to the Lit. Church of England.)

From the "Liber Festinalis," printed in the Abbey by Caxton, Mr. Knight extracts the Lord's Prayer as a specimen of the English of those days:—

> Father our that art in heavens, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come to us; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; our every day's bread give us this day; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and let us not into temptation, but deliver from all evil sin, amen." (p. 143.)

In the eleventh chapter, named, "Work for the Press," Mr. Knight "proceeds to notice some of the more remarkable characteristics of the books issued from Caxton's press, rather regarding them as curious illustrations of the state of knowledge and the manners of his time, than as mere biographical curiosities, in which point of view they have been generally regarded." For this view, Mr. Knight is entitled to the thanks of all reading men. There is not, perhaps, a more barren or worthless study than that of bibliography, when it is confined exclusively to the knowledge of dates, editions, errors, binding, or scarcity of copies. Books were meant for other purposes than to be converted into objects of curiosity, or to be valued only for their type, their binding, or some other extrinsic cause. It is their contents, not their covers, that wise men covet; and we are

much inclined to look upon mere bibliographers as we do upon two-penny postmen, who indeed receive a number of letters, but have no further acquaintance with them than the seals and the superscriptions. Of these books printed by Caxton at Westminster, Mr. Knight enumerates "The Histories of Troy;" "The Book of the whole Life of Jason," and "The Game and Play of the Chess," which is supposed to have been the first work printed in England. Some extracts are made from this work; the origin of the game of chess glanced at, and a few remarks added concerning the state of wood-engraving from the time of Caxton to the present. The fac-simile of the knight in Caxton's volume is given, which though conveying a very mean idea of the state of art in the 15th century, discovers some bold outlines, as if they were the semina of future greatness. We like this grotesque old print, and can almost fancy Master Caxton's long nose under the closed beaver.

The twelfth chapter, "More Work," is embellished with an ancient wood-cut, representing Earl Rivers presenting his book to Edward IV. This was the "Dictes, or Sayings of Philosophers," which, Lord Rivers tells us in the preface, being at sea, and "lacking sight of all lands," a worshipful gentleman brought him to read. The work pleased him, and consequently he determined to translate it. The chapter upon Women in this work was not translated, however, by Lord Rivers, but by Caxton—his reasons for doing which he gives in the preface. Mr. Knight has reprinted this. (p. 166.) Lord Rivers, besides the "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," contributed to Caxton's press, "The Moral Proverbs of Christine de Pisa," and the "Cordial." Mr. Knight says—

> The book named Cordial is clearly described in a prologue by Caxton. It was delivered to him, he says, by Lord Rivers, "for to be imprinted and so multiplied to go abroad among the people, that thereby more surely might be remembered the four last things undoubtedly coming." Caxton, in an elaborate commendation of his patron, of whose former "great tribulation and adversity" he speaks, says, "It seemeth that he conceiveth well the mutability and unstableness of this present life, and that he desireth, with a great zeal and spiritual love, our ghostly help and perpetual salvation." Lord Rivers had indeed borne tribulation since the time when the flower of Edward's court. he jousted with the Bastard of Burgundy in Smithfield in 1468. In the following year his father and brother were murdered by a desperate faction at Northampton. When Lord Rivers, conceiving the mutability and unstableness of life, wrote the book called "Cordial," he was only six-and-thirty years of age. Three years after Caxton printed the book, the translator was himself murdered at Pomfret by the Protector Richard." (p 170-1.)

The other works printed by Caxton, and referred to by Mr. Knight, are "The Chronicles of England," "The Description of

Britain," "The Polychronicon," "The Image or Mirror of the World," "History of Reynard the Fox," "The Subtil Histories and Fables of Esop," "The Golden Legend," (of which three editions seem to have been published;) "Godfrey of Boulogne," "Ovid's Metamorphoses,"* (these two latter are merely recited as having been printed by Caxton;) "The Book of Tully of Old Age," "Tullius his Book of Friendship," "The Book of Eneydus," (the Eneid), "The Book called Cathon," (Cato's Morals,) and "The Consolation of Philosophy," by Bœtius.

The thirteenth chapter—"Work to the End"—treats of the printing of sundry editions of Chaucer, and of the important uses to which printing now began to be applied—namely, in printing the Statutes of the Realm, some fragments of which made in the first year of Richard the Third, still remain. Mr. Knight then considers the nature of those works, "to the undertaking of which he seems to have been moved by his familiarity with the frequenters of the Court." These were "The Fait of Arms and Chivalry," "Histories of King Arthur," "The Life of Charles the Great," "History of King Blanchardine and Queen Eglantine, his Wife," and "The Art and Craft to know well to Die." And here, as fitting he should, our author closes the curtain on the worthy old mercer and printer.

It would appear that he *worked* till the last day of his life upon a book of pious instruction—and when the angel of death appeared he was not found idle. The following entries are to be found in the Churchwardens' account of the parish of St. Margaret. From May 17, 1490, to June 3, 1492, there is:

> Item; atte bureynge of Mawde Caxton, for torches and tapers ..... iiii *s.* ii *d.*

And in the second year of the period above mentioned:—

> Item; atte bureying of WILLIAM CAXTON for iii torches. vi *s.* viii *d.*
> Item; for the belle at same bureyng. ..... vi *d.*

Thus closes the Biography of William Caxton; for another chapter, headed "The Chapel," treats of the posthumous acts of Wynkyn de Worde, William Machlinia, Richard Pynson, and their coadjutor or companion Letton, the four being the compositors of the deceased mercer—how they held "a Chapel," or consultation, and determined to carry on the printing business—and how they conjec-

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* No copy of the Metamorphoses exists; but in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, there is a MS. containing five books of the Metamorphoses, purported to be translated by Caxton. (p. 183.)

tured, and anticipated, and prophesied the subsequent universality of the printing art, and how they lamented and bemoaned the death of their worthy old master. It is impossible to read this chapter without fancying oneself in the midst of this learned conclave (for printers were then learned), and being affected by their simple but touching reflections; but we must draw no longer on the reader's patience, and therefore refer him to the volume itself. With regard to "The Progress of the Press in England," which is condensed in a Postscript, there is a great deal of information for the general reader, but nothing new that in any way adds to our already accumulated knowledge on the subject, and it may consequently be dismissed without further examination, or further precognition.

And now as to our opinion of this entertaining, interesting, and instructive volume, it will be easily conceived and readily admitted by all who read this review. It has been said, that genius now and then produces a lucky trifle—that we still read the Dove of Anacreon, and Sparrow of Catullus; and that a writer naturally pleases himself with a performance which owes nothing to the subject*; but this cannot be said of Mr. Knights' biography of Caxton. He has chosen, perhaps, the most important biography, and the most important subject with which as Englishmen we are acquainted. The press, the liberty of the press is more to us than all the charters, and all the guarantees and acts of parliament, and all the fortresses and standing armies, of all forms of government, whether republican, monarchical, constitutional, or autocratic put together. And the memory of him—he who first raised up that great power, he who first sowed the seed, and watered the roots of the tree—must be ever dear to us—must be ever uppermost in our thoughts. And the manner in which Mr. Knight has performed the task of tracing his initiation, progress, consummation, and final success in typography, is as highly honourable to the adventurous and liberal spirit of William Caxton, as it is demonstrative of the talents, energy, and industry of Charles Knight. It is not a "pretty composition"—for Mr. Knight knows, that compositions merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful; they are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms to be valued only as they foretel fruits*; but it is a work that is lasting and permanent, calculated at once for the relaxation of the scholar, the instruction of the yeoman, and the amusement of the gentle, the noble, and the prince.

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* Johnson's Life of Waller.

ART. IV.—*Poems by* COVENTRY PATMORE. 12mo. pp. 157. C. Moxon. London.

THE utmost that can be achieved, or pretended, says Sir William Temple, by any rules in the art of poetry, is to hinder some men from being ill poets, but not to make any man a very good one; and Swift says in his own way, Try a good poem as you would a sound pipkin; and if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it. If the first of these sentiments be just, criticism or canons for writing verses are at best but so much lumber in the storehouse of the Muses, which it would be more in accordance with the utilitarian spirit of the age to dislodge than to augment. But if, according to Swift's receipt, we find a new poem ring well—for he says further, "Verse without rhyme is a body without soul"—then it may be permitted "The Monthly Review" to offer an opinion upon these really beautiful little coruscations of a young and ardent, a pure and spotless mind. Not so much with a view of making poets, as of shewing in what manner these verses of Coventry Patmore may be made auxilliary to some useful and necessary hints to the nascent poets of this very remarkable era—which is, as it were, the still-water time of some tremendous moral tide. For, who can say that there has been any previous period in history, or any previous age, or any previous empire distinguished as England now is, not only as the greatest political and commercial nation on the face of the earth, but (with all due deference to "Young Germany") as the greatest literary, scientific, and philosophical entity that the world ever saw?—at least so far as authentic records enable us to determine, and it being granted, that England is placed so as to command by the advantages which we have seen she enjoys, the future destinies of generations yet unborn, (and principally through her writers,) let us consider the weight of responsibility which attaches to poets and to men of genius—and Coventry Patmore is both a poet and a genius, —who should write not alone for the present, but for the future; who should instruct while they amuse, exalt while they improve, and dignify while they touch the most ordinary, the most trivial, and the most common-place subjects. Let us only reflect upon the mischief which the philosophy of Voltaire inflicted upon the French nation, and through it all Europe—what the romances of Lewis, and what the poems of Byron (and we may add of Shelly) upon the literary character, and even moral feelings of the present generation! There are thousands whose minds were unutterably polluted by a perusal of "The Monk"; thousands who became licentious through the bewitching fascinations of "Don Juan;" and thousands who having borne away with them so much of the blasphemous beauties of

"Queen Mab" as they could understand—and by the way, the poet "when he would be very fine" is not always very intelligible,—have steeped their souls in the very gloomy waters of the cold creed of materialism, which turns into stone the hearts of all that embrace it.

Had Voltaire not found himself a wit, he never would have been a scoffer: wit, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master; and without judgment is valueless and even pernicious. For whatever pretensions may be set up for wit—we mean of course that sort of wit of which Voltaire was the architect,—afer all, it is but a very sorry substitute for knowledge, however the vanity of the possessor may be flattered by the applause of the vulgar, or his self-love gratified by the defeat and subjugation of his rivals. It is much easier to say a clever thing, than to induce a meritorious sentiment. What Voltaire could not understand, he laughed at, and fools took his laughter for philosophy; the morality that Lewis and Byron could not appreciate, they did not deem worthy of possessing—hence we have a "Philosophical Dictionary" which teems with popular prejudice and ignorance; a "Monk" in which all sense of virtue and religion is outraged; and a "Don Juan" who without very much of the honour or principles of his countrymen, exhibits all their depravity and all their sensualism.

Now here we speak not of the genius or talents of these authors. Gifted and talented they all were—but oh! how were their talents prostituted and abused! How was the "talent" committed to their care buried under a heap of ruins—sparkling and splendent it must be admitted, but still ruins,—ruins of the pure and priceless gem of virtue, and that Holy Faith which was, and is, and will be, to those who rightly prize it, the prop and stay of life on earth, and the guide and passport to life in Heaven!

Now these remarks bring us to the point upon which we are most desirous of expressing a strong and decided opinion. It is this—that our men of talent and genius should choose ennobling and exalting themes—not inferior and subsidiary subjects. They should place their standard of virtue on the impossible, rather than the possible, on the heroic rather than the prosaic, because however ardent, or however continuous a man may be in the pursuit of good, he will always fall short of the coveted standard. When a poet's soul catches the inspiration of the moment, and the bright thoughts come upon him thick and fast as sunbeams through a latticed bower, his first effort is to shape, to hew them into language: this is his metre. His next is to form a vehicle, or moral, on which to carry out his ideas: this is the fable. Now this should be on the scale of the purest, the most exalted, and the most imposing model that the whole range of the human sympathies and affections can command. Has Coventry Patmore in these poems always adhered to this which we deem the most essential item in "the great ac-

count"? We shall see as we proceed. The first poem is entitled "The River," and thus commences.

THE RIVER.

PART. I.

It is a venerable place,
  An old ancestral ground,
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
  Within its lordly bound;
And all around that large expanse
  A river runneth round.

Upon a rise, where single oaks,
  And clumps of beeches tall,
Drop pleasantly their shade beneath,
  Half hidden amidst them all,
Resteth, in quiet dignity,
  An ancient manor hall.

* * * *
* * * *

The ivy'd turrets seem to love
  The murmur of the bees;
And this manor-hall hath seen
  The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
  Its wealth of swelling trees!

It is the leafy time of Summer, (so sings the poet)—"the yearling lambs are strong," and the river flows "contentedly along." He then introduces a pretty description of green hills, and a metaphor which is extremely appropriate. Another verse which tells us that the hills,—

There, shadows from the setting sun
  Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound in the silent night
  Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear, at *every burst of barks*
  The hills bark back again.

This is extremely beautiful and happy. But it only prepares us for,—

Where the merry butterflies
  Float * *
There amid starry jessamines,
  And clasping passion-flower
The lady of this peaceful place
  Is seated in her bower.

This lady loves—loves the "pale Witchaire"; but on that morning he had come hurriedly and—

He talked of common things, and so
  Her eyes are steeped in dew.

Here, then, is the commencement of the interest of the poem. A lovely and interesting girl loves and is beloved—but some trifle, some look, some one cold word, in unaccustomed tone, meaningless to all but *her*, to whom his very step conveyed a meaning, has parted them coldly, it may be for ever, and she weeps! Here the first part of the poem closes, and prettily closes.

In the second part, we are told that—

..... Through strong belief
  Of disregard—or pride—
Or passion cooled—or causes that
  The intricate heart doth hide,
The lady hath her promise given
  To be another's bride.

It is—

November and the rains are come;
  The River, once so bright,
Is foul and black, and gloomily
  Makes known, across the night;
In far-heard splash, and hollow drench,
  The passage of its might.

It is at this period of the year that the bridegroom is hurrying through the park, for it is the bridal eve—the guests are assembled—

The hall is liker noon than night;
  From side to side they toast the bride,
Who blusheth ruby light:
  For youth and age, for clown and sage,
It is a cheerful sight!

But the poet avoids this glare of light, this noise and revelry—and returns to the park.

The silent park, where a figure stands
That's darker than the night—Witchaire,
Leaning against an aged tree
By thunder stricken bare.

While leaning in this melancholy and despairing mood,

Mournfully through the muffled air
Cometh the laughter shout;

and everything seems to betoken misery to the luckless and forsaken lover—

The treble of the women's voice
Seems heightened to a wail;
The stream behind the matted grove,
Is shining ghastly pale,
White glimmering through the cedars dark.

Suddenly a thought seems to strike the distracted youth—his forehead clears—he raises himself—he stands erect, and looks "too calm."

He turneth from the bridal hall;
His bare breast scarcely heaves;
He paceth towards the gloomy wood,
Through which he breaks and cleaves;
His measured footfall dies away
Upon the withered leaves.

The third part opens with a description of the succeeding portion of the same night—the "sickly moon" is among the clouds, slowly loitering, and sometimes "left quite bare," and again,

Merely like
A pallor in the sky.

The lonely stars are here and there,
But weak and wasting all;
The winds are dead; the cedars spread
Their black arms like a pall;
The guests have vanished, one by one,
Out of the bridal hall.

The moon is looking through the mist,
Cold, lustreless, and wan;
How wildly past her dreary form
Those watery clouds rush on!

By a natural transition, the poet returns again to "The River:"

> Beneath the mossy ivy'd bridge,

slipping past. The current is still, but deep, and

> There's something in its quietness
> Which makes the soul aghast.

A figure stands upon the bridge,—you see—

> The pale cheeks in the dark.

It watches "the stars race on in the stream," but heeds them not. It meditates destruction. Another moment—

> A plunge!—a thin hand through the froth—
> A stifled gurgling sound:—

and then

> The waves once more
> Resume their silent swell.

The waters have closed over the forsaken but not forgotten Witchaire. He no longer lives. He has anticipated the dart of death. He has hastened unbidden into the presence of his Maker.

In the meanwhile, the bride and bridegroom pillowed on each other's arms are wrapt in sleep—suddenly

> "Wake! Wake!" meanwhile the Bridegroom calls
> Aloud to his sleeping Bride.
> "O God! I saw thee, pale and dead,
> Roll down a silent tide!
> He claspeth her hand—"How chill thou art!
> Why tremblest thou, my bride?"

The bride does not reply, but brings to mind him

> "Who last night was no guest:"

She exclaims mentally—

> "Sweet Heaven!—and for me?—I dream!
> Be calm thou throbbing breast."

And after a solemn prayer, sleeps again. The third part concludes with the following characteristic verse:

Along, along, swiftly and strong,
The river slippeth past;
That current deep is still asleep,
And yet so very fast!
There's something in its quietness
Which makes the soul aghast!

The fourth part opens very exquisitely:

The morn hath risen: wildly on
The waters glide to-day;
Outspread upon their pallid face,
Lank grass and rushes play;
But the spell that clung to the murky stream
Has broken and past away.

Time runneth on: the park is bare:

The year is scant and lean;
The river's banks are desolate;
The air is chill and keen;
Yet now and then a sunny day
Bringeth a thought of green.
Amid blear February's flaw,
Tremulous snow-drops peep:
Erect and sharp the crocus starts
Up from its winter sleep;
The river buds, in starry hosts,
Ride on the water deep.

* * * *
* * * *

The summer's prime is come again;
The trees are out anew;
The current keeps the dreadful Past
Deep in its bosom blue;
And babbleth low, *through sleeping fields*
Grey with the falling dew.

We then have three verses, which are perhaps as true and as natural a description of summer as can be found in any poet, while the language in which it is couched is infinitely superior to that in most lyrical poems. The sentiments are refined and delicate, the epithets appropriate and chaste, and the imagery such as could only have been embodied by a young and ardent imagination teeming with beings and essences, which evade description, escape comparison, and impoverish language, however refined or delicate, acceptable or pertinent that language may be. Are not these visions and dreams in the poetic temperament glimpses of that life

to which we are all hastening, and to which our present being is but the bridge? We do not know where a youth like Coventry Patmore, who has barely attained his majority, who has passed the greatest portion of his life in London, and we believe is a Londoner,—found such thoughts as are scattered throughout this volume; for they are not such as readily and commonly occur to youth anywhere, much less in the midst of the turmoil and business, the struggle and almost mortal throe of a London life. For example:—

> The bees boom past; *the white moths rise,*
> *Like spirits from the ground;*
> The grey flies hum their weary tune,
> *A distant, dream-like sound;*
> *And far, far off, to the slumberous eve,*
> *Bayeth an old guard-hound.*

It is at this period of the day, when it may be supposed the spirit of the submerged lover, if permitted to "re-visit the glimpses of the moon," would gaze upon the spot where once the lady of its love was wont to stray and gather wild-flowers from the field, and drink deep of love's intoxicating chalice from the sweet font of hope that she comes forth—and

> ——————————walks
> Beside the gentle Stream;
> She marks the waters curl along
> Beneath the sun-set gleam,
> And a doubtful influence moveth her,
> Like memory of a dream.
>
> Her pulses throb more palpably;
> Her spirits droop and fail,
> *As they did that night when the Bridegroom thought*
> *He saw her dead and pale;—*
> She knoweth not what moveth her:
> *The stream hath told no tale.*

Here it is that the author has exhibited a knowledge of deep psychological feeling, which we in vain look for in the early poems of the first of poets—Coleridge perhaps excepted. He shews an intimate acquaintance with a law of sympathy which extends on all sides from the very verge to the centre of creation, but which the *amor nummi*, the spirit of gain, of ambition, of pleasure, of pride or poverty interrupts or breaks or nullifies in its senseless race after the things that are visible and corporeal, in contradistinction to the things that are invisible but substantial. It is this intuitive faculty—the *afflatus* of the ancients, that distinguishes the poetic from the di-

dactic temperament, and which in an especial manner characterizes the vein of sentiment and feeling that runs through, permeates, and diversifies this volume.

We have shewn then, we think satisfactorily, that the author lays claim to high poetic talents, and to those qualities of mind seldom found in connexion with youthful genius, namely, an ethical and metaphysical, in place of an amatory or sensual disposition. Of love, of course there is the usual quantity. But it is the love of Petrarch, not of Moore; it partakes rather of the sentiment of Cowley (who by the way the author somewhat resembles) than the sensualism of Byron; of the abstract of Coleridge, rather than the concrete of Walter Scott. The thoughts are always natural, sometimes startling, and not seldom ennobling and exalting, even in this poem which is by no means the best in the volume.

Having said thus much of the talent of the author, let us inquire next, if his judgment in the choice of a subject equals the art with which he handles it. Let us ask, is the fickleness of woman and the suicide of lovers proper subject for the pen of a youth like Coventry Patmore, and who was born for nobler and worthier purposes. We say not. If nature be the foundation of all our sentiments and feelings, emotions and passions, those qualities or accidents which pertain to nature, and are persistent, should be first sought after, and not those which are factitious and conventional, derivative and occasional. Love is natural, exigent, universal. The Laplander loves with the same ardour, though possibly not with the same impetuosity as the African; the Esquimaux gazes on his bride with the same emotions, if not with the same refinement, as the Persian; and all nature acknowledges that

Omnia vincit amor;

and consequently, to find a young poet feathering his first shafts from the wing of Love himself is what might have been expected —nay it is what we could have wished. But why add to that which addition cannot increase, or epithet exhaust, or description weary, or repetition disgust, or genius over-estimate, or the soul itself exceed,— a something which is not necessary, which does not add, but rather subtracts from the interest; which is not accession but defection; which shocks and is therefore exitious to those feelings of delight and admiration with which we would have otherwise risen from the perusal of this most beautiful poem? We allude of course to the suicide of the lover. And again, the incident is unfortunate, because it wounds our sensibility; and superfluous, because it leads to no results. It neither awakens dormant love in the bosom of the unfaithful mistress, nor calls forth from the deep founts of her sorrowing heart, one exclamation of grief, of repentance, or regret. But we do not dwell upon this with any other but the kindliest feelings to

the young poet, and with the most anxious desire for his future eminence—as eminent he will be. Again, as we have panegyrized his epithets, we must notice two which have struck us (seeing he is generally so happy in their choice) as incorrect. In the line, p. 16, the sixth from the top of the page, we have the fields

Grey with the *falling* dew.

Now to make the fields *grey*, the dew must have "fallen,"—that is it must have been deposited according to the present theory of dew,—before the fields could have appeared "grey." We suggest, therefore, that "fallen" is the more appropriate epithet. In the next page (17), eleventh line from the top, the poet speaks of a "doubtful influence." Surely that influence was not "doubtful" which moved—

Like memory of a dream.

We therefore think that "mystic," or "secret," or some synonyme expressive of something unknown and unsuspected should be substituted. We are not actuated by any but the best intentions in pointing out these *lapsi* to our author. Great results are not obtained but by frequent and repeated efforts.

"True ease in writing comes from *art*, not chance;"—*Pope.*

and the most laboured of poetry has ever appeared the most natural. Not that it requires labour to be natural; but to throw off conventionalisms, and vulgar, and daily, and improper epithets, and modes of expressing our thoughts. Even Pope, correct and labored, and artificially natural at last, did not at first attain the perfection of his art. Johnson, speaking of the "Essay on Man," says, "The subsequent editions of the first epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

'Expatiate freely o'er the scene of man,
A mighty maze, *of walks without a plan.*'

For which he wrote afterwards,

'A mighty maze, *but not without a plan.*'

The other alteration was of these lines:

'And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite,*
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right;'

but having afterwards discovered, or been shewn, that the "truth," which subsisted "in spite of reason" could not be very clear, he substituted

'And spite of pride, *in erring reason's spite:*'

"To such oversights," continues Johnson, "will the most rigorous

mind be liable when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.*

It is therefore no detriment to Coventry Patmore to place him in the same category with the translator of "The Iliad," and the author of "The Rape of the Lock."

Of the second considerable poem in the volume, "The Woodman's Daughter," we must apply much of the preceding criticism; only we think that the incident upon which Maud's insanity is made to turn, is not happily chosen. And with this remark we gladly quit the ungracious and indeed unpleasant, and to us extremely painful duty of reprehension, and give one or two extracts which will show that the poem is one of great beauty and pathos. Here is something very beautiful. It is the commencement of the tale of Maud's "strange grief," as the villagers suppose for the death of her father:

—— —— In that sweet age,
When heaven's *our side the lark*,
She used to be with Gerald, where
He worked from dawn to dark,
For months, to thin the crowded groves
Of the ancient *manor park*.

She went merely to think she helped;
And, whilst he hack'd and saw'd,
The rich Squire's son, a young boy then,
For whole days, as if awed,
Stood by, and gazed alternately
At Gerald and at Maud.

He sometimes in a sullen tone,
Would offer fruits, and she
Always received his gifts with an air
So unreserved and free,
That half-feigned distance soon became
Familiarity.

Therefore in time, when Gerald shook
The woods at his employ,
The young heir and the cottage girl
Would steal out to enjoy
The music of each other's talk,
A simple girl and boy.

They past their time, both girl and boy,
Uncheck'd, unquestion'd: yet

* "Lives of the Poets."

They always hid their wanderings
By wood and rivulet,
Because they could not give themselves
A reason why they met.

—It may have been in the ancient time,
Before Love's earliest ban,
Psychëan curiosity,
Had broken nature's plan;
When all that was not youth was age,
And men knew less of Man;—

Or, when the works of Time shall reach
The goal to which they tend,
And knowledge, being perfect, shall
At last in wisdom end,—
That wisdom to end knowledge;—or
Some change comes, yet unkenned;—

It perhaps may be again, that men,
Like orange plants will bear,
At once, the many fine effects
To which God made them heir—
Large souls, large forms, and love like that
Between this childish pair.

All this is extremely natural and effective. But results, which from the relative position of the parties, the worldly-minded will instantly understand, followed the unrestrained wanderings of the girl and boy, and of course misery and unhappiness followed. She listens, is won, and is forsaken. She sets out from the cottage, and—

Merrily now from the small church spire
Ringeth a noisy chime;
The larks climb up through the heavenly blue,
Carolling as they climb;
And lo! in her eyes stands the great surprise
That comes with the first crime!

She throws a glance of terror round:
There's not a creature nigh.
But behold! the Sun, that looketh through
The frowning western sky,
Is lifting up one broad beam, like
A lash of God's own eye.

She sees it; and, with steady fear
At what she dares not shun,

Still gazes: her astonished heart
Faints down, for she hath done
An act which to her soul hath made
A spy of the great Sun.

Now all this is really sterling good poetry. We read it at first for the rhythm—then we look for the sentiment—and then we read again to see how aptly and fitly the one corresponds with the other.

"Lilian" is the most ambitious of the poems. It turns, as might be anticipated, on the sentiment of love. The author receives a visit from an old school-fellow, whose looks are altered, but he perceives—

A kind of pleading sweetness
Play about his eyes, that told
Of too precocious passions,
Which had made him early old.

With a delicacy which cannot be too deeply appreciated, the poet refrains from asking the reasons for his absence, which perceiving, he says—

Abruptly, "It is long since
We have met. You think me changed?
And you shall hear the causes;
But not now.

However, by accident he takes up a book which the poet had been reading—it was a French romance—which he no sooner opens than he dashes down and denounces—and not this alone, but—

That mighty brothel France.

Which violent burst of indignation the poet gently placates by shewing its unreasonableness. This is cleverly and appositely done. To defend himself, the friend relates the story of his love, and of his defraudation by a friend—but here let the poet speak, for we cannot tell the story half so well:—

He now began his story;
And believing as I do,
That the sum, the mighty total,
Of mankind was never worse
For acts well meant towards it,
I embalm his tale in verse,
With all its windy passion,
Thoughtless thinking, speech uncouth;
For some will bear within them,
A wild harmony of truth.

The tale is told in another metre ; and an extract or two will serve to shew that the author's forte does not lie entirely in the alternate rhyme. He thus describes the love of Lilian.

She loved ; words, all things told it ; eye to eye, and palm to palm,
As the pause upon the ceasing of a thousand-voiced psalm,
Was the mighty satisfaction, and the full eternal calm.

She could see me coming to her with the vision of the hawk ;
Always hastened on to meet me, heavy passion in her walk ;
Low tones to me grew lower, sweetening so her honey talk,

That it filled up all my hearing ; drown'd the voices of the birds,
The voices of the breezes, and the voices of the herds ;
For to me the lowest ever were the loudest of her words.

A paleness as of beauty fainting through its own excess....
But how discourse of features whose least action could express
What, while it made them lovely, far surpass'd all loveliness !

While the dreamy youth is thus feeding on raptures, a " formerly loved companion," who was " fresh from sprightly France," arrives. He soon displaces the ardent boy—for he tells us he was scarcely eighteen,—in the heart of his mistress, and hence his altered looks, his distress, his misery, and bitterness against France. The story is simple, prettily told, and effective. The description of Winton, the " false friend," is exceedingly energetic and original. We feel on reading it, that we are reading something new. *Videlicet :—*

When free, all healthy study was put by, that he might rush
To his favourite books—French chiefly—that his blood might boil and gush
Over scenes which set his visage glowing crimson—not a blush.

His heart, placed right by Heaven, was to Heaven once akin ;
Now changed to stone ;—less, truly, by degrading act, than in
Too curious contemplation of the sole Medusa, sin.

To this effect, however, those who knew him best were blind ;
Feeling, so suddenly frozen, left its lineaments behind ;
And passionate language, working a deceit but half design'd,

And lips, still more expressive, though deform'd with quoting French,
Were tools that texts of all sorts from their proper aims could wrench—
Clothing after Gallic models, baseless thoughts in words that clench.

These extracts will be sufficient to shew that these poems are not ordinary poems, and that they take a high stand in their order. But

we cannot quite concede some of the opinions expressed by the author, especially that of the labouring man going home to read his paper. Because, with very few exceptions, the papers that fall into the hands of the labouring man who *can* read, are such as should be read by no class of persons: they perpetually hold up the rank and family of the kingdom to derision and scorn, mock at the church, sneer at the courts of justice, affect independence, rail at the crown, and even religion itself is not respected. We really cannot see what a labouring man has to do with a political newspaper. It unsettles his mind, and induces him to believe that he is most cruelly treated because he has not a voice in the election of a knight of the shire, or the representative of a borough! Or it sets him agog upon some impossible theory of free-trade, corn-law, or church-extinction, to the detriment of his interest and the peace of his mind. Whatever may be said to the contrary, and however strongly, ardently, devotedly we may wish it were otherwise, the lot of the majority of mankind, nay of *all* animated nature, is subjection. Take the herds of wild horses, the flocks of birds, or the droves of buffalo that range the inexhaustible prairies of America; or look at the bees, or the ants, are they not subject to a power, to some chief head among them, which guides, directs and governs, while the multitude obey without question and without cavil? How then is it, that men are found so silly as to steep their pens in ink merely to display incongruities in theory, and to perpend impossibilities in practice, as to man's equality in mind, state, and station on God's earth? Let it be admitted that this is viewing the newspaper merely as a political vehicle, and that this is not the point to be discussed in connexion with a literary review of poems, essential, ethical, and sentimental. But it cannot be denied that the principal business of a newspaper is with politics, and that it is upon this traffic that it chiefly depends for support; how then, in speaking of a newspaper, can we divest ourselves of its concomitant, concurrent, and essential characteristic? However, let us drop the subject of politics, and consider the contents of a newspaper such as the labouring classes read. For the most part they consist of police reports, of cases of seduction, adultery, and divorce—of murders with all their agonizing details—of incredible depravity—infantile violation—horrible destitution—and rascalities, both of the prize-ring and race-course. If an essay be attempted, it is such as tends to make them discontented with their situations in life, and consequently miserable.

It is an agreeable and dignified task, to descant upon liberty, and freedom, and constitutional government—but there are no such things in existence in the sense in which poets use the words. A state of high civilization, is a state of high injustice to the mass; it is the price we pay for quiet, peace, security, and even happiness. There is no way of escaping this dreadful alternative. The lot of

man is that of suffering and toil. It is the fruit of early, and continued disobedience. This is but a tentative state, a being preliminary to the true and real existence of the world to come. He who, therefore, anticipates his age, who struggles for that which is unattainable, who seeks to elevate human nature above humanity, sows barren hopes, and will reap no harvest but sorrow, regret, and disappointment. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

And the anecdote which has been so frequently told of the Brahmin and the microscope, with a little allowance for climate and government, is applicable to the labouring man, who unfortunately for himself and the state, looks through the lens of newspapers only to see his own arbitrary lot more hopelessly and more painfully displayed. It is not possible in our opinion to elevate the public mind of *any* nation to the point even of bare mediocrity, unless the people constitute themselves a college of cynics or a society of stoics. In which case, what becomes of that which is the modern Godhead of Edinburgh Reviews, the theme of political economists, and the worship of caustic utilitarians—commerce? Wherever we look, on whatever side we turn, and with whatever eyes we gaze, with the warmest feelings, and with the kindest hopes, and with a full determination to take only the better side of the question, we are forced to admit, that knowledge does not confer content, or science augment happiness.

That notwithstanding our admitted, our acknowledged superiority over the ancients and our ancestors in the *useful* arts, the sum of human happiness has not increased, nay, we believe it has diminished; since the lamp of learning has only shewn the darkness with which we are surrounded, but has not opened the gate to our escape. Philosophically and charitably speaking, the poor man is happier in his ignorance than the scholar in his learning; the labourer than his employer, and the workman than his master; and all attempts to enlighten men through the medium of the present newspaper system, is only opening sources of pain, for which we can offer no cure, and scarcely any alleviation.

What then,—would we condemn the poor to the night of everlasting darkness—to all the errors, and all the evils of ignorance? Should we never attempt to elevate the character of the people, expand their minds, multiply their ideas, and increase their mental relaxation? We answer—our object and our duty are to render them happier, not cleverer; wiser, not more learned. And neither the one nor the other is to be obtained by the present system of newspapering, which is pursued without any principle of national improvement, which follows where it ought to lead, and panders where it ought to check that unnatural lusting after the strange, the monstrous, the horrible, and the incredible.

But we are not without hope when we see such young men as Coventry Patmore come forward in the might of their goodness, in the light of their own purity, and in the fulness, and ripeness, and richness of intellect glowing with virtue and honour, dedicating it to the advancement of the moral good of mankind.

Of the other poems in this volume, it is now permitted us to say but little, as the space we have already occupied precludes any further analytical notice. It it sufficient to say that "Sir Hubert"—not only from the more pleasing construction of the fable, but the poetic justice with which it concludes, is decidedly the most agreeable to our taste in the volume; and we have no doubt will be found so too, by all who may peruse it.

In conclusion, we cannot lay down our pen without expressing in the most forcible language at our command, the strong feelings with which we close this review. They are those of unmingled pleasure and gratification, for the amusement and instruction afforded us; and of deep admiration and respect, for the talents of one so young, so amiable (as his poetry proves him to be), and so likely to be an honour to the literary world, while we congratulate the parents, *natum habere tali ingenio præditum.*

ART. V.—*Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne.* Par le Comte A. RACZYNSKI. 3 vols. 4to. Paris, 1836—1841.

IT is of but a very recent date that a taste for the labours of the more ancient masters of the German school has been revived. This taste, at first confined to amateurs, and exhibited in rescuing from destruction and preserving in private collections, pictures which for two centuries had laid unnoticed in the dust of garrets and churches, has extended itself from the collectors to the producers, and bids fair to give a fresh impulse to German art, which may bring back the remembrance of Albert Durer and Holbein. The following particulars will indicate how much has arisen out of very small beginnings towards the realization of such a desirable result.

In the year 1803, two young Germans, (the brothers Boisserée) then at Paris, struck by the richness of the Museum of Antiquities, which the rapine of Napoleon and the taste of Denon had formed in the French capital, determined to return to their native city, Cologne, and commence there, on a scale suited to their means, a collection of the same kind. They knew that Southern Germany was rich in ancient specimens of art, and knew also that such things, though singly of little value, would, when united at one point, become objects of public curiosity and of real utility, because they would

throw a great light on the history of German art during the middle ages.

In this enterprise they were stimulated and guided by the counsel of the celebrated Frederic Schlegel, who sought, also, in various publications, to awaken attention to a subject which he deemed of national importance. An old painting, representing the crucifixion, was the first obtained for the Boisserée collection: its author was unknown, but it was found afterwards to bear a great resemblance to the pictures of Van Meckenem, whose works, in style and execution, are very similar to the early productions of art, such as it was practised by the Byzantine Greeks. The discovery, in 1806, of a great many paintings of the same character, and in 1808, of an altar in the half-ruined church of St. Clare, ornamented with carvings in wood, and pictures, and bearing the date 1306, led to the conclusion that the arts found their way to the banks of the Rhine about the same time that they were transported from Constantinople into Italy. The Boisserée collection was soon after enriched by the acquisition of a picture, attributed, with much show of reason, to William of Cologne, a painter who enjoyed great reputation in the fourteenth century. Then came the Death of the Virgin, by Schoreel; the Presentation, by John Van Eyck; the Christ of Hemmeling; a picture of Luke Van Leiden, and many productions of other painters of less note, each of which, however, formed a link in this chain of art. The Boisserées removed to Heidelberg in 1811, and their gallery became an object of interest, not merely to artists and amateurs, but to the public at large. The taste for old pictures became a sort of mania, and many private collections were formed, none of which, however, equalled in size and value that of the brothers Boisserée. Kings vied with each other for its possession, and after some negotiation, it fell into the hands of the King of Bavaria, and is now to be seen at Munich.

Count Athanasius Raczynski, a nobleman of taste and fortune, has found employment for both in writing and publishing a history of the foundation of the new schools of painting (for it is of this art that we particularly speak) at Dusseldorf, Munich, and Berlin; and of the progress made by the founders and their pupils in creating a purer taste, and bringing back the artists of Germany to those right principles of composition from which, for more than two hundred years, their predecessors had strayed. The work is in three large volumes, enriched by numerous engravings, which furnish sufficient evidence of the genius and talent of the renovating school.

In his introductory chapter, the author explains the motives which induced him to compose his work. It seems that, having been long devoted to the study of the arts, he wished to methodise his knowledge, so as to make it available; and for that purpose committed to paper the reflections to which his study had given birth. The result

of thus examining and arranging his mental impressions on the subjects of painting and sculpture, was a full faith in the existence of positive beauty in nature, and in the applicability of those rules by which natural beauty is found and judged to productions of art. The Count's disquisition on the "Beautiful," presents the following conclusion: "Beauty exists for each of the senses, and through them operates on the mind. That which acts on the sense of sight resides in form and colour; grace, symmetry, and expression are its attributes." And from the above is deduced the corollary, that "he alone can ever be great in the arts, who is able to perceive the beautiful in nature, and to represent it with such truth of imitation, as to awaken in the mind of the beholder those emotions which a view of the reality would produce."

It is with the second chapter, containing a preliminary view of the state of art in Germany, previous to the foundation of the existing schools, that the interest of the Count's work begins. The first artist who seems to have been dissatisfied with the beaten road, and anxious to return to that which, originally travelled by the old German masters, had since their time been suffered to lie disused, was Carstens, a native of Holstein. With the true feeling of a poet, he sought to idealize his art. He had discovered that a strong conception must always precede the excution of a picture; and that unless the painter had before his mind's eye a vivid sketch of the scenes and characters he wished to delineate, and was gifted besides with a thorough intelligence of the emotions intended to be produced, his work, however excellent in a merely mechanical point of view, would always be deficient in the higher artistical requisition. The beauty of the heathen mythology appears to have made a strong impression on the mind of Carstens, for from this source was his inspiration drawn. Nature had refused to him the talent of colouring; and aware of his own defect, he limited himself to pencil sketches. Many designs made by him are at Weimar, indicating in their author a profound knowledge of the art of composition, and unbounded powers of imagination. Strangely enough, Goethe, who devoted a volume to the glorification of Hackert, a less gifted artist, appears to have known nothing of Carstens, who, like many other men of genius, does not seem to have been justly appreciated by the public for whom he laboured, until death had placed him beyond the reach of either praise or censure.

The next name of importance is that of Shick of Stuttgard, a pupil of the French painter David. Dissatisfied with a school which, however excellent in many respects, was yet led too often to mistake exaggeration for greatness, the young German left France for Italy, and gave himself to the study of the works of Raphael, with an attention and success visibly impressed on all his productions. But Shick, though an imaginative man, was wanting in religious

feeling; the plague-spot of infidelity, so often fatal to men of high intellectual power, was fixed upon his heart; and as the source of pious emotions became dried up within him, he failed in the conception and execution of all subjects in any way connected with religion. Still, the works which he left behind, having been cut off at the age of thirty-one, entitled him to a place among the restorers of German art.

About the beginning of the present century, several young German artists, among whom was Overbeck, were dismissed from the Academy of Vienna, for an alleged violation of the laws and usages of that ancient and enlightened institution. It is difficult to refrain from laughter, when we learn that the youthful contempt of established authority, which was punished by expulsion, consisted in seeing with other eyes than those of the masters, and in studying nature more closely than the venerable heads of the Viennese Academy deemed to be proper or useful. It must be confessed, however, that Overbeck had some singular opinions on the subject of art; he believed that the use of the model was injurious to the ideal conception of character; and, relying on his extraordinary knowledge of anatomy, and on his power of delineating with accuracy, from the images in his mind, figures in every possible position, seldom or never had recourse to models, unless for the purpose of giving a graceful arrangement to the folds of drapery. The danger of this method, though less visible in his works, became very apparent when it was adopted by men of less natural power or acquired knowledge. The sketches of the young men whom his example had influenced were always superior to their finished performances; for, as the pictures advanced towards completion, the difficulty of moving without guide or support was greatly increased. In 1809 Overbeck removed to Rome, where he lived in a state of isolation, revolving in his mind and reducing to order those principles of art which he afterwards so successfully put in practice. The ensuing year he was joined by Peter Cornelius and William Schadow, men of a similar turn of mind, full of talent and ambition, and in whom he found able coadjutors.

Cornelius, who had then concluded his illustrations of Faust, brought with him to Rome the reputation of genius. Driven from Dusseldorf, as Overbeck had been from Vienna, by the envy or ignorance of men who could not appreciate his powers, he opened a school at Frankfort, and soon drew around him a number of young men of talent who felt that there was much in German art that required reform and amelioration, and saw in Cornelius one whose genius and perseverance were likely to effect both. A critical study of the works of John Van Eyck, Albert Durer, and other Fathers of the art, first led Cornelius to believe, that since their day, all those qualities which make painting something more than a mere application of colours to canvas, had greatly deteriorated. This belief derived

great strength from a visit to Rome, which brought him acquainted with the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and others. He united himself to Overbeck, and both were employed by the Prussian consul Bartoldi, in executing several frescoes, the subjects of which were taken from the life of Joseph; and which served not only as the measure of their practical ability, but as a test of the value of their theoretical principles.

Schadow, the last of this triumvirate, with less imaginative power than his associates, was superior to both in mechanical execution. He came to Rome a mere portrait painter; but natural talent, assiduity, and the counsels and examples of his two friends, soon enabled him to ascend, with firmness and security, to the higher regions of art.

These three men formed a centre around which the young German artists who visited Rome about this time were accustomed to gather. They were apostles of a new faith, and could not long remain without disciples. Hitherto the theatre had furnished to painting its models, and the attitudes it loved to represent were closely copied from the nymphs of the ballet. But the association now formed under the auspices of Overbeck and his friends, rejected all false and feeble exaggeration of movement or expression, and assuming a religious character, announced as one of their fundamental doctrines, that piety was the true source of poetic inspiration. Strangely enough the devout feelings which led them to look to heaven for the higher impulses of art, and which had proved in the beginning their strongest bond of union, was fated to become the cause of their final separation. Overbeck, Schadow, Vogel, and others, born in the Protestant faith, were led, conscientiously, no doubt, to renounce the creed of their fathers, and return to the bosom of the Romish Church. There is so much affinity between the faith of Rome and the practice of the arts, that one can scarcely be astonished at the conversion whose professional enthusiasm rendered more easy; but those among the new school, who adhered to their religion, did not witness the renunciation of Luther and Calvin, by a part of the brotherhood, with that composure which more philosophic tempers would have evinced. Though believing that religious sentiment must form the foundation of every thing excellent in this world, they still thought that they could paint the images of saints without praying for saintly intercession, and decorate the interior of a chapel, without admitting the infallibility of the pope. The new converts were stigmatized by the name of Nazerini.

The hour of separation was now at hand. Overbeck remained at Rome, Schadow and his pupils returned to Berlin; and the high reputation of Cornelius induced the King of Bavaria to offer him the direction of the academy at Dusseldorf,—the same which the artist had left some years before in disgust and disgrace. This institution,

founded in 1767, had existed from that time until 1819, with little or no distinction. In that year, Cornelius, who had been engaged by the King of Bavaria, to execute a series of fresco-paintings at Munich, the cartoons of which had been prepared at Rome, was appointed to give a new organization to the decayed institution. In consequence of his prior engagement, he was unable to make Dusseldorf his residence, and give to the interests of the academy the full benefit of his personal superintendence, until 1821. No sooner was his arrival announced, than the number of students, then amounting to forty, was more than doubled. The four years which he subsequently passed at Dusseldorf, were years of continued improvement in the arts; but, in 1825, an institution of greater national importance, that of Munich, claimed his services; and Schadow was invited, in his stead, to preside over the academy.

Schadow, after leaving Rome, had returned to his native city, Berlin, and opened a school with eminent success. On being appointed to succeed Cornelius at Dusseldorf, he prevailed upon many of his best scholars to follow him thither. If his predecessor laid the foundation, Schadow may be said to have raised the superstructure. It is under him that Hübner, Hildebrandt, Lessing, and Sohn, great names in art, first learned to trust their own strength. The following extract from Count Raczynski's work contains a just tribute to the merits of Schadow and his pupils, and may be considered as offering no ill specimen of the discriminating talent and of the tone of the historian of the arts in Germany:—

Schadow has now been seven years at the head of the Academy at Dusseldorf; four years have passed since scholars formed by him first exhibited their works, and already have they won a high place in public estimation. Schadow is a man of cultivated and reflective mind; his imagination is easily excited, and his impressions are quick and lasting. A true German, his cold and reserved exterior hides a heart full of generous sensibility.

The relations of the master with his pupils, and the pupils with each other, are full of interest. Schadow loves his scholars, and praises their productions with all the warmth of partial friendship; the scholars repay him in kind, and acknowledge that to his care and attention are due, the fortunate direction taken by the school. Schadow is a *director* in the fullest sense of the word; he is the soul of the academy; his care extends to the slightest details as well as the most important matter, and, without him, his pupils probably would never have become what they are. He is one of those men, who, full of profound feeling and love of the arts, find great difficulty in reproducing, in a manner satisfactory to themselves, those great and noble thoughts which their souls dearly perceive. Though led by taste to the selection of religious subjects for the exercise of his pencil, he is not less happy in the representation of those of a different character. Whatever he undertakes, he endeavours to bring to the highest point of perfection of which it is susceptible. His liberal mode of thinking has created in his

school a perfect unity of feeling and a remarkable aptitude for any sort of artistical labour.

The artists of Dusseldorf mutually consult and assist each other ; advice is never without being learnedly, loyally, and benevolently given. The fullest confidence reigns among them, and it is with equal readiness that Schadow gives counsel to those who ask it, and receives it from those whom he thinks worthy of being consulted. Hübner is the one to whom he has recourse most frequently ; and this artist certainly possesses great power of thinking and maturity of judgment.

When the labours of the day are ended, familiar conversation, discussions without envy or bitterness, a walk, or a game of quoits, are sufficient to the simple tastes of those simple men. How much does such an existence differ from that of Italian painters during the time of the Medici !—when Titian laboured with a sword by his side—when Georgione painted in a public place, clad in armour of proof—when Domenichino fled from Naples on account of the threats of his rivals, and Barocco died of poison.

What is most admirable in this academy, is, that none of the qualities by which each individual member is particularly distinguished are lost to his companions. Schadow is the tutelary genius of Dusseldorf; Lessing the source of mysteries and melancholy inspirations ; Bendemann the poet of the Old Testament, full of vigour and enthusiasm ; Stilke is the painter of the middle ages ; the palette of Hildebrandt furnishes the truest and purest colours ; and, whilst Hübner, a judicious critic, exercises that influence which is founded on taste and reflection, Sohn shows us all the resources that grace and true colouring can yield. In their works, purity and depth of sentiment are more frequently discoverable than strength or greatness ; yet, when they are great and strong, it is without effort or exaggeration ; they are nearer to nature than to the antique, and never presumptuous or extravagant—in a word, they are poets, inspired by pure feelings, and who have learned to be modest in the midst of success.

A few brief notices, giving particulars of some of those artists, who by their works have conferred the most honour upon the Dusseldorf school, must suffice in our hurried glance.

Historical painters, according to received opinions, occupy the highest rank in art. The reason is obvious : they stand in the same relation to their feebler brethren that epic poets do to the writers of fugitive pieces ; because the meditation and execution of their works require a higher degree of expenditure of thought than are demanded by subjects of trivial order, or such as do not address themselves to our higher sentiments and intelligence. The landscape painter has to copy what nature spreads before him ; he who confines himself to the delineation of domestic scenes, may find his models in any castle or cottage, or by every fireside,—a true eye and a sure hand are sufficient. But the artist who successfully embodies in colours the actions of some great event, requires a knowledge of human character and passions, and a power of expressing these, which heaven has given only to genius of the highest range.

Among the young artists of Dusseldorf, who, conscious of their own strength, have chosen history for their province, the first in our author's list is Lessing, a grand nephew of the celebrated poet of that name. Already favourably known by the production of several admirable paintings, he gave a proof, in his Trial of John Huss, that his mind and pencil were equal to the highest artistical composition. The countenance of the principal figure is a masterpiece of expression,—doubt and fanaticism, terror and obstinacy, the sickness of the soul produced by the contention of fierce and warring passions, are depicted with startling truth. Finely contrasted with the agonies of the doomed victim, are the calmness and the fixed determination of his remorseless judges. It is easy to discover that the sentence has already been pronounced in their hearts; that, though willing to hear what the accused may offer in defence or in extenuation of his crime, it is not with the intention of permitting anything which he has to say to interfere with the stern behests of vengeance. The members of the council seem curious, for the throes and struggles of human agony are subjects for their curiosity; they are calm, for hatred is not accompanied by outward expressions of violence, when its victim is bound and cannot escape his fate. The deepest emotions are seldom evinced by violent gestures or distorted features,—a truth which mediocrity does not comprehend. In Lessing's design, every individual, save one, whose pale brow and unquiet eyes bespeak nervous agitation, is outwardly tranquil; and yet the fire of demoniac passion, burning under this apparent iciness of exterior, is not to be mistaken. The unforgiving spirit of the Romish Church at that period is faithfully represented,—the production of a mind too just not to feel horror for a power untempered by mercy, and too philosophic to mistake a fanatic for a saint. "This work is unintelligible," says Count Raczynski, "if the convictions of the artist had been favourable towards the Church of Rome; and if, on the other hand, he had believed that the doctrines of Huss were the first step towards salutary reformation, he would have given to the reformer a different expression. Lessing shows here an entire freedom from party spirit: his composition springs neither from religion nor passionate zeal. I saw in it a faithful representation of *factious fanaticism*, crushed by the pitiless iniquity of an all-powerful tribunal."

Bendemann, a native of Berlin, became first known by his picture of "The Exiled Jews,"—an admirable work produced at an early age. The subject is taken from a verse of the One hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm:—"By the waters of Babylon we sat down when we remembered thee, O Zion;" and the picture was completed before the artist had attained his twentieth year. Two years after, this first-fruit of his genius was succeeded by another of even greater

excellence, and in which, if the judgment of contemporary criticism may be relied on, Bendemann has approached very nearly to the ancient masters. The subject of this picture is "The Prophet Jeremiah." The drawing resembles in its style that of Fra Bartolomeo, and the colouring is vigorous and true. Bendemann delights in subjects derived from the Old Testament, and the powerful poetry of the Scriptures acts strongly on his imagination; the many serious and tragical situations which they offer, appear to harmonize with the peculiar character of his talent.

Hübner has painted Boaz and Ruth; Christ reclining on a Cloud; the Fisherman and Nymph, from the poem of Goethe; and Roland rescuing the Princess Isabella from the robber's cave. Ariosto has furnished the subject of this last work; it is a cabinet picture, and though of small dimensions, proves, more than any other, Hübner's capacity for historical painting. His Christ, though admirably drawn and as admirably coloured, is a work that awakens no feeling, probably because it was painted with none. The draperies also are stiff and badly thrown, and there is a want of harmony between the principal figure and the four Evangelists who are placed beneath it. The Count's judgment of this artist is summed up in the following words: "Hübner appears to possess a noble organization. He is an original thinker, and will always avoid presumption and pedantry, two rocks on which many a fine talent has been wrecked."

Sohn accompanied Schadow from Berlin, and soon took rank among the ablest artists of Dusseldorf. His reputation, founded on his painting of "Rinaldo and Armida," was greatly extended by the exhibition, in 1830, of "Hylas carried away by the Nymphs." He is the German Albano, distinguished by the exquisite grace of his figures, and a finish which often reminds the amateur of Carlo Dolce. The subjects which he delights to represent are either mythological, or derived from the poets and romances of Italy and Germany. In placing him among the historical painters, reference has been had more to his style of execution than to the nature of the subjects for which he has a predilection.

Hildebrandt may be considered as standing between the historical painters on one side, and those whose subjects are found in the ordinary occurrences of life, on the other. His Judith and Holophernes, in style and execution, bears a strong analogy to the works of Rembrandt; and though the great labour and exquisite finish which he has bestowed on the accessories of this picture, are not such as are usually given to such things in historical paintings, yet it deserves, on account of its great merit in other respects, to be ranked among the higher artistical productions of the age. However, "one swallow does not make a summer," and the rank of Hildebrandt must be determined by the general character of his works, which entitle him only to the honour of a "middle station."

The school of Munich must now engage us for a moment. King Louis of Bavaria is an extraordinary man. His love for the arts began early in life, many years before he ascended the throne; and though the political storms which followed the French revolution, prevented him from gratifying his refined tastes as early as he would have done, he lost no time, after the return of peace, in taking measures for the restoration and the cultivation of the arts in Bavaria. Palaces and other public buildings were planned and constructed at Ratisbon and Munich: ancient statues purchased, and sculptors of merit employed in making busts and basso relievos; valuable collections of old paintings sought for, and bought at liberal prices; and German artists who were slowly making their way to fortune and renown, invited to decorate with frescoes the walls of the newly erected edifices.

Peter Cornelius was brought from Rome to Munich; and to him, more than to any other, must be attributed the rapid progress of the new German school. Fortunate was the selection which drew the greatest painter in Europe, perhaps, from comparative obscurity, and placed him in a position which gave additional force to his precepts and example. His influence over art is not limited to Bavaria, but pervades every part of Germany.

During his residence at Rome, in addition to the frescoes of the Sala Bartholdi, which were executed in conjunction with Overbeck, Schadow, and others, Cornelius sketched the illustrations of Dante for the Marquis Massimi, and prepared those drawings, the subjects of which were taken from the poem of the Nibelungen. In 1819 he was invited to preside over the academy at Dusseldorf, as already stated; but previous engagements carried him for a time to Munich, where he began those great works to which he gave ten years of life, and which in return have given him immortality. The subjects of the first series of frescoes executed by him in the two principal rooms of the *Glyptotheque*, were borrowed from the mythology and from Homer; and never were gods, demi-gods, and heroes portrayed with a bolder or more correct pencil. Then followed the composition of the cartoons of twenty great pictures, which represent the most remarkable events in the lives of distinguished painters, especially designed as decorations for the walls of the Royal Gallery, a building which was not then completed.

This celebrated man, who seems to find time, such is his facility of production, for works the most various in extent and character, was in 1838 engaged on a design, the subject of which brought him in competition with the greatest of ancient masters; for he who could "sustain his spirit to a flight" once taken by Michael Angelo, may well lay claim to the title of the first of modern artists. "The Last Judgment" of Cornelius will, when completed, (we are not attempting to carry our glance of modern art in Germany down to a later date

than as guided by Count Raczynski,) occupy a space sixty-two feet by thirty-six. The upper part has already been transferred to the wall, and of this and the remaining unpainted cartoons our author thus speaks with his usual discrimination and unreserved impartiality:—

The first view of this great composition did not answer my expectation. Rumour had spoken so highly of the cartoon before its arrival, that it was difficult that the hope excited should be entirely realized. High sounding praises too often do this ill service to the best of works. I was the prey of a fatiguing uncertainty; I sought to analyze my impressions, but without success. The groups appeared to me to have been formed in a manner unfavourable to the general effect; the properties of the figures seemed to agree little with each other; and I could not discover the leading thought, the source of inspiration of the picture. Such were my feelings, but the impressions were too vague to lead to a final judgment.

I find more fault with myself for not having understood Cornelius, than with him for not making himself fully intelligible. This great work of the artist is doubtless destined to form a marked point in the history of art, and will certainly be the subject of one of those Judgments which generations transmit to succeeding generations, and which public opinion receives with respect. What will this Judgment be? The future will know. Nevertheless, let it be permitted to me to offer a sketch of this picture, and dwell upon the many great beauties which a close examination of its various parts has enabled me to discover.

Christ, on the judgment-seat, occupies the upper part of the scene; the proportions of this figure are more full than those of the other personages. The Holy Virgin and John the Baptist are kneeling before him, and seem to supplicate his clemency. On each side, and on the same line, are the apostles, the prophets, Moses, David, and the principal personages of the New and Old Testaments. Angels bearing the symbols of the passion surmount this principal group and float upon clouds. A group of angels, who sound the trumpet, and in the midst of whom is he who holds open the book of judgment, occupies the centre of the picture. On the pages of the book are the words "eternal life, eternal death." To the left, the elected, accompanied by angels, rise up to heaven; on the right, the damned, with attending demons, are confounded together in a mass which reminds one of the compositions on the same subject, of Rubens, Lignorelli, and other painters. Lucifer occupies a throne in the corner of the picture. The lower part of the cartoon presents different episodes, in which bad passions and vices appear to await punishment, and virtues and good actions to hope for and receive eternal rewards. In this immense number of figures, those which are the most remarkable, if not the most beautiful, are, an angel striking an iron buckler with a sword, and another struggling with a demon for the possession of a soul.

Among the elected, who rise to heaven, are many admirable groups; the two monks, approaching the throne of Lucifer, are profoundly thought and full of character. I trust, however, that their production is not an homage to the ideas of the time, or an emanation of vulgar prejudice;

Cornelius should be above such things, and his pure pencil should never be prostituted to party. In the many episodes, by which this work is enriched, may be discovered beauties, which prove to what point the imagination of the painter is rich and powerful.

In the remarks which we next quote, relative to the frescoes representing the destruction of Troy, we find the same disposition on the part of the discerning author, to blame what he thinks to be wrong, and to praise what he deems to be right:—

Notwithstanding my high respect for the talent of Cornelius, some of his works have made upon me an unfavourable impression. They remind me too frequently of the Brutuses or the Leonidases, which I have seen elsewhere; and the positions of his heroes are sometimes very near exaggeration, although not as faulty in that respect as many of the productions of the David school. At times we perceive an affected boldness of style, and an evident intention, in the expression given to the faces, of exciting the spectator's terror or imagination. For instance, Neoptolemus, in the destruction of Troy, is a hero whose position might be admirable on the boards of a theatre, but in a picture seems not a little ridiculous. Priam, also, in the attitude of a man whose reclining body sinks with its own weight, strikes me disagreeably; but Cassandra, on the other hand, is nobly conceived, and nobly expressed.

It would not be astonishing, if, after having been encamped for ten years with the Greeks, before the walls of Troy, Cornelius should find some difficulty in tracing the semblance of soft emotions, divine love, and Christan faith. Nevertheless, when he does treat subjects of a religious nature, it is with a dignity that lends a peculiar charm to his pictures. If he cannot be pious, he is always poetical.

Cornelius is no hypocrite; without vanity, but not without pride, in the highest sense of the word, he never strives to appear what he is not. His artlessness is happily allied to vigour of character. He is true, passionate, strong, yet no stranger to kinder feelings. Energy is the characteristic of his talent and of his nature. His opinions on the subject of art are fixed, and he maintains them with the boldness of a man who is sure of being in the right. He is a reformer, and, like all reformers, tolerates neither contradiction nor obstacles.

At an early age he gave proofs of the facility with which he could reproduce and give form to his ideas; then, as now, the study of nature and the technical part of art, occupied him less than the desire of expressing his thought with strength and boldness. I carry away with me, after inspecting his works, an impression of great power in the artist, but of power not always regulated by good taste.

It would be surprising indeed, if, in the immense number of compositions which have sprung up under the pencil of Cornelius, the critical eye could not note many figures defective in form, in grace, or in expression; but notwithstanding these "spots in the sun," light and

warmth enough remain to quicken into life the germs of German art. Schnorr, it is true, himself a man of genius and originality, has marked out a path peculiarly his own; yet, it may be believed, that if Cornelius had not existed, Schnorr would not have been what he is. It is from Cornelius therefore that the great influence to which we refer, appears to be principally looked for.

Schnorr is a native of Leipzig, and began his education in the school of Vienna, then under the direction of Zauner. The ruling principles of this school were, to imitate the drawing of Raphael, the colouring of Titian, and the effects of light of Correggio; the result of the combination of such excellent things being the production of works distinguished for little but poverty and bad taste. Schnorr had too much talent, discernment, and independence, to tread on the dead level of mediocrity. In the study of nature, and of the Italian and German painters who had preceded Raphael, he sought to forget old and false principles, and to acquire new ones.

At the age of twenty-three he visited Rome for the first time, and a year afterwards, 1817, was presented to the prince royal of Bavaria. His earliest works of importance were the frescoes which he painted for the Marquis Massimi, the subjects of which were drawn from Ariosto, and well suited to the romantic and imaginative character of the young painter's mind. "For richness of composition, skilful grouping, and exquisite grace," says the Count, "few works surpass them."

In 1827 he removed to Munich, and was employed, in connection with Cornelius, in illustrating the poem of the Nibelungen. It is upon this series of paintings, German in their subjects, and executed with German spirit, that the fame of Schnorr rests.

Henry Hess, a pupil of Cornelius, is the one that shows most the power of religious sentiment. His frescoes, in the chapel of All Saints, are emblems of the purest faith. The Bible is the source of his inspiration, and the mighty truths, which he feels deeply, he has learned to express with majesty and grace. It is easy to recognise in his frescoes a resemblance to the style of Giotto.

William Kaulbach is that painter on whose merits Count Raczynski appears to dwell with most satisfaction. Though one of the younger members of the academy, he has already won for himself an enviable reputation, and every step which he takes is a step in advance. His career began in poverty and sufferings, circumstances which might have prevented for ever the developement of his genius, had he not been endowed with a force of intellect and love of art, which rise superior to privations.

He was employed, on one occasion, to decorate with paintings the walls of a church belonging to a lunatic asylum; and the reward of the artist consisted in a daily allowance of bread and cheese, just

enough to prevent his dying of hunger. The remembrance of the wretched specimens of humanity deprived of reason, among whom he passed many days, haunted his imagination, until at last he fixed it upon canvas, in a composition which, for truth and variety of expression, has never been surpassed. Fate at last relented, and Kaulbach knew better times; but the gloom which early sufferings had cast upon his mind never entirely passed away. He followed Cornelius to Munich, and, singularly enough, though often employed by his master to paint after his cartoons, never could succeed in pleasing Cornelius or himself. It seems that he cannot give developement and expression to the thoughts of another; and it is only when heated by the fire of original composition that Kaulbach brings his hand to execute with fidelity what his mind conceives with force.

His first great works at Munich were,—a representation of Apollo and the Muses; allegorical pictures of Bavaria, and the four great rivers of Germany; and sixteen compositions, the subjects of which are in the fable of Cupid and Psyche. Passing over other productions, we notice his fresco illustrations of Goethe's poems, and the Battle of the Huns. This last great picture our author appears to consider "the most perfect that art has ever produced,"—high praise certainly, and from a high scource; but those who have looked at Kaulbach's work with other than German eyes will have something to say in modification of the judgment. A legend contained in a fragment of Damascius, furnished the subject. The Huns, led by Atilla, are said to have given battle to the Romans under the walls of the imperial city; and, like the Kilkenny cats, the two armies devoured each other. When the life had ceased in the forms of flesh, the souls of the dead encountered in the air, and continued the fight for three days and three nights. Still, whatever may be the admiration due to the genius of this painter, or the respect due to the critical dictum of the Count, there surely is room to dissent from both as respects the fitness for artistical representation of this earthly and unearthly combat, thus combined.

Munich is not only well supplied with historical painters, but with those whose genius is better adapted to the delineation of familiar scenes, or landscape subjects. But these, and indeed whatever does not come properly under the head of the most important branch of the art, we must pass over; hastening to observe, that while Cornelius and his disciples were illustrating the arts at Munich, and Schadow was pursuing at Dusseldorf the good work which his predecessor had there begun, Wach and Begas were striving, and not ineffectually, to give to Berlin, that city famed for swords and sword-knots, another and a better kind of renown.

An academy of fine arts had been founded in the Prussian capital by Frederick the First, in 1699, but this monarch was of a nature too

rude to give to the arts anything more than a nominal protection: Frederick the Second, with much more pretension, had, if possible, still less taste than his grandfather, and in the invasion of provinces and the fighting of battles found an occupation more in accordance with the peculiar turn of his extraordinary intellect, than the peaceful encouragement of painters, sculptors, and architects. In 1814, however, the impulse given to German art elsewhere began to make itself felt in the city of Berlin. Prussia was sick of wars, and the desire to deface and destroy was succeeded by the wish to create and embellish.

If the seed of art was slow in germinating on the banks of the Spree, it must be admitted that it produced at last a plant of vigorous growth. Our author has drawn a distinction in one respect between the institution at Berlin and the similar establishments at Dusseldorf and Munich; he denies that the name *school* can be given to the collection of artists in the first-named city, because these artists acknowledge no common principles in composition or colouring, but follow each the peculiar bent of his taste and genius. But this distinction is too nice for our present purpose, and must not trammel us. Wach and Begas, like Cornelius and Schadow, were members of the society at Rome, who, dissatisfied with the direction which the art of painting had taken, resolved to shake off the influence of the French or theatrical school, and adopt as their models in future, nature, and the sober and dignified compositions of the German and Italian predecessors of Raphael. So far the restorers of art at Berlin were governed by the same motives, and followed the same principles as the heads of the institutions at Dusseldorf and Munich; so that the three are but schools from the same root, and collectively considered might be best distinguished from the French, Italian, and English schools.

Wach, the recognised head of the artists of Berlin, received his first professional education in the studio of Kretchmar. He had taken care to build on a solid foundation, having previously applied himself to those studies connected with art. The war of deliverance, which called every fiery-hearted German to the battle-field, put an end to his pursuits until the year 1815, when, having entered Paris as an officer of the Landwehr, he took advantage of his residence in that city to obtain from the celebrated painter Gros, all the instruction Gros could give. From Paris he went to Rome in 1817, and uniting himself with Overbeck, Cornelius, Schadow, and Schnorr, became, like them, an apostle of Reform in German art. On his return to Berlin he was employed, by the Government and by individuals, in executing several works of magnitude. His drawing is correct, and colouring vigorous; and such is his skill in imitating the ancient masters, that when he had completed his copy of Raphael's Ezekiel, at Florence, the Grand Duke directed the original to

be affixed to the wall by iron chains,—a precaution more complimentary to the talent than to the honesty of the artist. Wach was the first painter who opened a school at Berlin for the reception of students: the number and excellence of the works produced by young men who owe their instruction to him prove the great capacity of the master. As an *ornamental* painter he has no equal. His arabesque and symbolical compositions possess a grace and originality peculiarly his own.

Next to Wach, and not inferior in talent, is Begas. Like many others who have earned a high name in art, he became a painter in opposition to the will of his parents. But nature proved stronger than the authority of a father, who may, however, be excused for opposing the inclination of his son to embrace a profession which at that time was not held in much honour. The interposition of judicious friends afforded to young Begas an opportunity, at the age of eighteen, of following the strong bent of his genius. He was sent to Paris and entered the studio of Gros. His manner was necessarily influenced by the example and precepts of his master, and perhaps some affinity to the French school may still be discernible in his style, though much modified by his after familiarity with the works of the old Italian masters, and by an assiduous study of the frescoes of Cornelius. "He is," says the Count, "the first portrait painter in Germany, and his colouring bears much analogy to that of the old Venetian school."

We might lengthen our list of Berlin artists by the mention of many names entitled to respect; but however deserving of approbation may be the works of Herbig, Henning, and Fielgraff, or of others, we do not know that their fame is sufficiently strong to bear exportation.

Count Raczynski's work is not limited to an historical and critical survey of the schools of Dusseldorf, Munich, and Berlin. Wherever art exists in Germany, the sagacity, perseverance, and industry of our author, bring it to light, and accord to it a due share of praise. Dresden and Vienna, Stuttgard and Ratisbon, are each, in turn, made the subject of examination, and the number of artists whose productions have been named and described amounts to several hundred. Indeed, his desire to neglect no one has caused what is most objectionable in the book, the appropriation of many of its pages to notices of men whose merits cannot certainly deserve his attention, unless Germany be more prolific in great artists than all the rest of the world. Nor is our author satisfied with a critical examination of the state of painting, sculpture, and architecture in his own country. At different periods of his life he visited neighbouring states, and, wherever he went, he seems to have looked around him with the eye of a connoisseur, and to have sought, through every channel, precise and accurate information. Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, and

England, have in this way each contributed their quota to enrich these volumes. To America even a place is allotted in the gallery of the indefatigable Count.

ART. IV.—*Illustrations of Masonry.* By the late WILLIAM PRESTON, Esq., Past Master of the Lodge of Antiquity, acting by Immemorial Constitution;—with additions and copious notes by GEORGE OLIVER, Vicar of Clee, P.G.C. for the County of Lincoln. Fifteenth Edition. London. Whitaker & Co. 1844.

"THE Science of Masonry!" Such is the theme of the above work, and upwards of four hundred and fifty pages are consumed in glorifying the "mysteries" of the "craft," in displaying the "symmetry" of its constitution, the beauties of the Masonic Society, and in pourtraying as well its solemn grandeur as its benignant influence on those within its constitution.

It would perhaps be an unwarrantable proceeding, to designate any system as absurd and ridiculous, which has received at least the tacit approval of many centuries, and claims "immemorial constitution;" and to which, undoubtedly, many celebrated men, have at different periods attached themselves, without first inquiring into its principles; but, after a careful inquiry into the matters of which this Hand-Book or Guide to Freemasonry treats, we are unable and unwilling to concede what the author demands,—an admission that any benefits of a public nature have resulted from its establishment. That it is harmless may, we think, be admitted, but it is too much to place it above every system of religious or moral government, or to claim for it any more than a negative approval.

The work before us is divided into three "Books," the first of which is intended to "display the excellency of masonry!" We are favoured in the first section of this "Book," with a dissertation "on the symmetry and proportion in the works of nature, and on the harmony and affection among the various species of beings," which is meant (no noubt) to form one of the bases of the masonic temple, but gives but a faint and miserably weak idea of the subjects it professes to explain.

We are inclined to agree with our author, that "advantages result from friendship," as he asserts in section second, but it is rather startling to describe that feeling as "*rising into the noble flame of patriotism, aiming destruction at the heads of tyrants, thundering for liberty,* and courting danger in defence of rights!" It is hardly doing justice to "Friendship," and considerably perverting the

use of that (as we consider) *pacific* virtue, to describe it as a blustering votary of Mars, armed to the mouth, and eager to take the field against Hannibals and Bonapartes.

It would be unfair to describe in any other than the author's words, "the origin of masonry and its general advantages," as it would be decidedly at the risk of misrepresentation that we endeavoured to interpret the following pages.

From the commencement of the world, we may trace the foundation of masonry! Ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our order has had a being. During many ages, and in many different countries, it has flourished. *No art, no science preceded it.* In the dark periods of antiquity, when literature was in a low state, and the rude manners of our forefathers withheld from them that knowledge we now so amply share, masonry diffused its influence. *This science unveiled, arts arose, civilization took place,* and the progress of knowledge and philosophy gradually dispelled the gloom of ignorance and barbarism. Government being settled, authority was given to laws, and the assemblies of the fraternity acquired the patronage of the great and good, while the tenets of the profession diffused unbounded philanthropy.

Masonry coeval with the world's creation! What additional lustre must have been thrown upon the completion of the grand work of the Almighty by the perfection of the masonic scheme! As, however, it is not pretended to claim a divine origin, we look rather for an authority to prove that the occupiers of Paradise met in solemn conclave, and elected a Grand Master, in order to warrant the claim to such extreme antiquity as the creation of the world. Beautiful indeed must be the plan, and perfectly complete the scheme, to which can be traced the advent of civilization; but we respectfully differ from our author, when he points to freemasonry as such.

In short, according to Mr. Preston, no benefit, political, civil, or religious, national or private, has ever been produced, without the aid of freemasonry! A common observer would remark, that it is somewhat strange, that neither in sacred nor profane history, can we find the slightest allusion to any such mighty agent.

After the specimen just given of the peculiarity of masonic reasoning, we are not unprepared for the paradox which follows:

Wherever arts flourish, there it flourishes too! Add to this, that by *secret and inviolable signs, carefully preserved among the fraternity,* it becomes an *universal language!*

It may be an idiosyncracy of freemasons to reconcile contradictions; and therefore we leave it to such to prove that secrecy is compatible with universality.

We are told, that although the lapse of time, the ruthless hand of ignorance, and the devastations of war have laid waste and destroyed many valuable monuments of antiquity, and the Temple of Solomon escaped not the unsparing ravages of barbarous force, freemasonry has still survived. Condoling with the writer on the destructive operations of those fierce enemies of man—time, ignorance, and war, we congratulate him on the reflection, that masonry has risen, like a phœnix, from the ashes of temples and nations, and smiles benignantly on a ruined world! But then, how humiliating the thought,—bakers and butchers may exult in the like reflections, and point to the symmetry of penny loaves and legs of mutton, with as much reason to boast of the glorious antiquity of their more humble occupation, as our brethren of the plummet.

It appears the following is the best "idea" we can gather of the design of the masonic institution:

> The mode of government observed by the fraternity, will give the best idea of the nature and design of the masonic institution.
>
> Three classes are established among masons, under different appellations. The privileges of each class are distinct, and particular means are adopted to preserve their privileges to the just and meritorious. Honour and probity are recommendations to the first class, in which the practice of virtue is enforced, and the duties of morality are inculcated: while the mind is prepared for a regular progress in the principles of knowledge and philosophy. Diligence, assiduity, and application are qualifications for the second class; in which is given an accurate elucidation of science, both in theory and practice. Here, human reason is cultivated by a due exertion of the intellectual powers and faculties: nice and difficult theories are explained: new discoveries are produced, and those already known beautifully embellished. The third class is restricted to a selected few, whom truth and fidelity have distinguished, whom years and experience have improved, and whom merits and abilities have entitled to preferment; and from them we learn the necessary instructions which dignify the art and qualify the professors to illustrate its excellence and utility.
>
> Such is the established plan of the masonic system. By this judicious arrangement, true friendship is cultivated among different ranks of men, hospitality promoted, industry rewarded, and ingenuity encouraged.

How delightful! how "symmetrical!" how "masonic!" It is a consoling proverb, that, "a good man struggling with difficulties, is a sight worthy of the gods;" and seeing that all Lodges are held at the "Dog and Duck," or the "Pig and Tinder-box" of the district, we can feelingly appreciate the great misfortune of any worthy man, just "initiated" and made "a free and accepted mason," cultivating his intellect, "explaining *nice* and difficult theories, beautifully embellishing others, elucidating science," or progressing in the principles of philosophy, in a room reeking with gin and redolent of

tobacco, himself (it may be, by way of a whetter to his bargain) under the potent influence of "milk punch" or "mountain dew," or yielding merely to the more benign sway of a tankard of "home-brewed."

Our author then, on recovering his senses, scattered as they undoubtedly were, by a full view of the vast majesty, "symmetry," and proportion of his idol, asks himself a very proper question :—

If the secrets of masonry are replete with such advantage to mankind, it may be asked, why are they not divulged for the general good.

We were, indeed, beginning to have hopes on the matter, and looked forward with delight to the general illumination of the whole world, but—

"Too much familiarity breeds contempt;"

and we are immediately answered, by an hypothesis being put, which is doubtless very well founded, viz., that if the secrets of freemasonry were divulged, they would instantly be valueless and disregarded! (p. 11.) How tender must be the plant that requires so much nursing and coddling in a tap-room,—unfit for the strong, vulgar gaze of common men; only to be heard of, not seen; if seen, —at a distance.

Impossible as it is to discover the real essence of masonry, we are unable to gather, by inference, *what it is not!*

Did the essence of masonry consist in the knowledge of particular secrets, or peculiar forms, it might indeed be alleged, that our pursuits were trifling and superficial! But this is not the case, they are only the keys to our treasure, and having their use, are preserved; while from the recollection of the lessons which they inculcate, the well-informed mason derives instruction; he draws them to a near inspection, views them through a proper medium, adverts to the circumstances which gave them rise, and dwells upon the tenets they convey. Finding them replete with useful information, he prizes them as sacred; and being convinced of their propriety, estimates their value by their utility.

Now, "friendship," in its proper use, being by no means a selfish quality, and much in vogue with "free and accepted masons," it seems very inconsistent, that boasting so much of the excellency of their secrets, of their use to mankind, and the benefits resulting therefrom, they should not, in the exercise of the benevolence and charity of which they talk so much, disclose them to their benighted and ignorant fellow-creatures, without the payment of thirty or forty pounds entrance fees, and a considerable annual contribution!

It is strange that our author (after dwelling so fondly on the per-

fection of freemasony, its blessed results, and the lofty studies of each class of its members) should think it necessary to pen an apology for the excesses and the irregularities of his brethren. His only defence is a *tu quoque* one: "Few societies are exempted from censure," and therefore do not blame us freemasons, for "burying ourselves in the cup of ebriety!" How glaring must be the abuse, which thus early called forth a voluntary admission of guilt!

After this temporary digression and bewailment on the sins of his "Brethren," Mr. Preston attempts to monopolise the exercise of charity to the body of freemasons; with what reason or success may be easily conceived.

It is unnecessary to follow the writer through his minute and detailed account of the ceremonies performed on the occasions of installation of a member, the opening and closing of lodges, &c. &c., which are totally devoid of interest to the uninitiated.

We turned with some curiosity to the "History of Masonry in England," and find that in consequence of some Roman Emperor about A.D. 300, having built a wall round the city of Verulam (now St. Albans), "it cannot, therefore, be supposed that freemasonry could be neglected under so earnest a patron."

From the account of Freemasonry in England, subsequent to that period, it appears, it underwent various vicissitudes and was cruelly ill-used and neglected by the kings before the Conquest; but on the advent of the Norman prince, "the Fraternity were employed in building the Tower of London and London Bridge;" and on the authority of the writer, a *Bishop* was made "a patron of the masons!"

The history of masonry from the period just mentioned, up to the present day, is nothing more than an account of the several public buildings and noblemen's palaces built in the intervening time.

It is difficult to deal fully with a system, the peculiarities of which, it is said, are carefully hidden from those without its influence, though in sober seriousness, the idea that freemasons are, or ever were, in possession of any extraordinary or exclusive secrets, is too ridiculous to be maintained. To suppose that the many thousands of men, (drawn from all classes of different habits, tempers, and characters) who have belonged to this society, would or could all keep the secrets and mysteries (if any), however strong the chains with which they voluntarily bound themselves, is impossible: and the fact that no such disclosures have ever been made, may be considered conclusive on the point. From Mr. Preston's mode of writing, it would appear that they alone possess the knowledge of some facts or deductions in science, arts, politics, religion, and morals, of the greatest importance, upsetting (it may be) all the commonly received and recognised notions upon these different topics. Who

will say that masonic genius cannot prove that the discoverer of the Solar System was an idiot, and that we are believing in a vain shadow? Who will venture to support the deductions of a Newton, or give praise to the labours of a Davy, so long as freemasonry cultivates the arts and dives deeply into philosophy and science, and secretes within the bosoms of its members, or the walls of its lodges, their nice discoveries?

From this history of the masonic institution, it would appear that it was originally nothing more than a trades' union, such as is now formed in almost every trade, for mutual protection and benefit. That it has by steps become a fashionable society, is to be attributed to the fact, that great men have had here an opportunity of a relaxation from aristocratic stiffness and formality, and of mixing with men of all classes in a convivial and social manner.

This work is closed by an appendix of "Masonic Poetry," containing a very miscellaneous collection of odes, anthems, and songs.

As a sample of the extravagant hyperbole of the odes, take the following one to Freemasonry:

Thou fairest type of excellence divine,
Whose social links the race of man combine,
Whose useful mandates coward vice control,
And breathe thro' nature one enlightened soul;
From thy mild sway benignant virtues rise,
Pour on the heart, and emulate the skies;
From thy sage voice sublime instruction springs,
While knowledge waves her many-coloured wings,
And star-eyed truth, and conscience, holy zest,
Enthroned true feeling in the glowing breast.
Then deign the labour of thy sons to guide!
O'er each full line, in nervous sense preside,
Adorn each verse, each manly thought inflame,
And what we gain from Genius, give to Fame!

"Brother Kelly," who appears to be blessed with a great spirit of prophecy, pours forth his predictions in

A SONG.

Mountains may fall, and rocks decay,
And isle on isle be swept away,
But masonry's *primeval truth*
Unbroke by force, unchanged by time,
Shall bloom in renovated youth
And energy sublime.

The last two verses of the following song, we cannot but view as positively objectionable, upsetting the revealed word of God, and

impudently placing freemasonry in the place of the Christian religion:

Ere God the universe began,
In one rude chaos nature lay;
And wild disorder over-ran,
Nor knew of light, one glimmering ray;
While in darkness o'er the whole,
Confusion reigned without control.
* * * *
Then man he called forth out of dust,
And formed him with a living soul;
All things committed to his trust,
And made Him ruler of the whole;
But, ungrateful unto Heaven,
The rebel was from Eden driven.
From thence proceeded all our woes;
Nor could mankind one comfort know,
Until Free-Masonry arose,
And formed another Eden here.
'Tis only on masonic ground
Pleasure with innocence is found!
'Tis here the purest fountains flow;
Here nought corrupt can enter in;
Here trees of knowledge stately grow,
Whose fruit we taste, exempt from sin.
In friendship sweet we still abound,
While guardian angels hover round.

Many other songs and sentiments of the like objectionable nature are scattered throughout the work: and we find Bacchanalian songs strangely intermingled with what, we conclude, are intended as prayers or hymns to the deity, or the "Genius of Masonry."

For ourselves, we are content with ignorance of the Masonic arts and sciences, confident that quite sufficient may be learnt without the aid (?) of such a society. Friendship, Benevolence, Charity and Kindness, of which Freemasons make so much boast, are more likely to be exercised in a pure and healthy manner, by acting on the suggestions of religion and the brotherly love which it enjoins, than by any meetings at the social board, however frequent, where professions of friendship and attachment (remarkable as well for their being repeatedly and strongly associated, as for their fruitless and unprofitable character) are made, under the genial influence of a full stomach. The principles of Honour and Virtue too, rest upon a very unstable foundation, when merely enjoined during the circulation of the "Jolly full bottle," or brought into notice by forms and ceremonies, howsoever grand they may be.

Societies of this sort (and what village or hamlet has not its body of Freemasons or Odd Fellows?) undoubtedly do good in promoting a shew of friendly feeling and kindness towards each other, amongst different stations, prejudices, and opinions, between whom the asperities of business and politics would otherwise create dissensions; but to claim for them the credit of cultivating any of the more refined feelings of human nature is absurd.

The work itself, in a literary point of view, is miserable in every respect; indeed, an utter want of all idea of the rules of composition, in some instances of words, is glaring; while the inflated would-be-grand-if-I-could style in which it is written, is ridiculously amusing; but as a record of the customs and proceedings of the large body of Freemasons, it is not wholly devoid of interest and amusement.

Art. VII.

1. *I Monumenti d ell' Egitto e della Nubia, etc.* Dal J. Rosellini. Pisa, 1843. 5 vols.

2. *Beiträge zur Kenntniss des alten Ægyptens, etc.* Von G. Seyffarth. Leipzig, 1843.

When *Niebuhr* was first made acquainted with the reading of the Egyptian characters, he had no hesitation to declare the discovery as "the crown of the nineteenth century." This far-sighted archæologer thought not only of the magnitude of the object itself, but also of the vast results likely to accrue from that discovery, in the region of literature at large. It is certainly not one of the least merits of our age, to have solved a question which had in vain for 1800 years perplexed the ingenuity and research of the philosopher and antiquarian; the discovery is, however, rendered still more important by the circumstance, that the whole literature of one of the most remarkable people of remote antiquity, has thereby been brought to light even in a *grammatical* point of view.

Ever since the end of the last century, innumerable writings of the ancient Egyptians have been found on rolls of paper, on the walls of temples, in catacombs, grottos, rocks, monoliths, sarcophagi, mummy-cases, obelisks, statues, and utensils of all sorts. To enumerate alone the whole of the literary legacy of the ancient Egyptians which is now open to public view in the various museums of Europe, would occupy more than a hundred folio volumes; and it is generally assumed, that the ancient Egyptian literature—as far as it is known at present—contains more text than all the classical writings of ancient Greece taken together. Though it were absurd

to compare the latter with the former in an æsthetical point of view, as an Ilias could only have been produced in Greece alone, yet can we not help awarding to the graphic antiquities of Egypt, a far more important value, for being the oldest writings in creation, and containing the most authentic sources for the earliest records of history. Moses wrote 1900 B. C., while the inscriptions of the Egyptians ascend as far back as 2100 B. C. No literature of any other nation reaches so early a date; at least, it cannot be proved, that it had descended to us in its original purity; while Egypt's *library* consists of genuine autograph documents. Moreover, as the literary remains of the Egyptians belong to the earliest times of antiquity,) and the views, customs, and manners of this people, down to the time of Constantine, embracing a period of 2400 years, in which all the Egyptian writings fall—have upon the whole remained unchanged,) no other literature can enable us better to become acquainted with the moral and religious life of the ancients in general, than that which has been preserved for us on the banks of the Nile. If we date the origin of the foundation of states 600 years after the origin of our history, we find in Egypt descriptions of a time not full 600 years after Peleg. The interval is not so great as that between Romulus and Augustus; and we might thus be justified to carry our judgment to a few centuries more back. Indeed, no country in the world can provide us with better and more authentic materials than ancient Egypt, to cultivate the archæology of the primitive nations of our known world.

These and similar thoughts crowd upon the thinking mind so naturally, that ever since the discovery of the inscription of Rosetta, many learned men have deemed it worth the trouble, to cultivate most assiduously this new field of literature; and their ranks are swelling yearly in every country of the civilised world. Within the last forty years, more than 160 works have appeared from the press with regard to the graphical antiquities of Egypt. There is, perhaps, no parallel in any other history of literature, of the immense interest the subject has excited in the learned world. But as these numerous writings are not known to many of our readers, and more especially as in the conflict of the various schools, the merits of the one or the other have been either greatly over or under-valued, the readers of these pages may therefore not find it uninteresting to see before them a full and critical survey of all that has hitherto been done in that new region of general philology and archæology, from the discovery of the first Egyptian letter, to the present day.

The whole of the literary remains of ancient Egypt which has descended to us until now, may be divided into four classes. To each belong thousands of *MSS.* and inscriptions. The same division is also observed by the ancients. Clemens Alex. (Strom. v. 555,

sq. 16,) appears, it is true, only to mention three of them, but his allegorical hieroglyphics, which he distinguishes from the rest, are probably one and the same with the *typical*, which Herodotus (II. 136, 138, 148, 153) saw on the walls of the temples, and which he does not include among the common modes of writing of the Egyptians. (II. 36.) The most simple writing seen on the Rosetta stone and on the monuments from the time of the Greeks, together with Greek *sub*scriptions, is called according to the Rosetta inscription, *enchoric*; according to Clemens, the *epistolo-graphic*; and according to Herodotus, the *demotic*. The hieroglyphic copies of sacred subjects of the Egyptians, are well known. In the middle between the hieroglyphics and the *demotic* writing, stands the *hieratic* or sacerdotal writing. In expressing an hieroglyphical figure by a line without abbreviating it in the demotic way, we have an element of the hieratic writing. The typical inscriptions of hieroglyphics, such as seen on the temple walls, monoliths, and sarcophagi, are series of larger figures sketched from human life and nature, to which are usually joined small groups of hieroglyphics.

We are obliged to distinguish, first, these four classes of the graphical monuments of Egypt, before we can arrive at a clear survey of the discoveries that have hitherto been made in that new field of literature. Neither must we lose sight of the results, lexical, grammatical, and hieroglyphical, that have ensued from those discoveries. The latter comprehends the principles and rules, by which the Egyptian writings in general are to be decyphered. In the same way, may we speak of Phœnician hieroglyphics, containing the few rules lying at the foundation of the Phœnician hieroglyphics in the Semitic language, viz., to be read from the right to the left, to omit the vowels, to consider the letters as mere abridged figures of certain subjects, the names of which begin with those letters, &c. The Egyptian hieroglyphics are, on the other hand, more comprehensive, because of the various several modes of writing, and consequently of a more complicated manner of expressing thoughts. They must, therefore, be distinguished from the *grammar*, and be considered as a peculiar department of Egyptian philology. With regard to the lexical and grammatical discoveries, the distinction is too obvious between the two, to need much explanation. A work may contain a correct translation of a number of Egyptian groups, without however fixing the sense of their elements or roots, and *vice versa*. After these premises, we shall now proceed to the discoveries or contributions, the various authors have respectively made in that region, in the three departments,—*hieroglyphic, lexicon, and grammar.*

After the discovery of the inscription of Rosetta, having at its side a Greek translation of the demotic and hieroglyphical text, the first question that naturally suggested itself was, what language lies at

the foundation of the literary monuments of Egypt. That language was then supposed to have been an *ideal*, not *real* one. *Silvester de Sacy* was the first who advanced the hypothesis,* that the Coptic language predominated in those writings; this view he, however, only confined to the demotic text, but without in the least noticing the hieratic and hieroglyphical. Besides, the three words on which he rested his view, proved nothing at all, they being falsely explained both in the lexical and grammatical point of view. Almost at the same time, *Akerblad*** entertained the same opinion. A close inspection of the characters in the proper nouns, disclosed to him seven Coptic words, the greatest part of which have afterwards been confirmed. He soon observed, however, that the Coptic language greatly deviates from the ancient Egyptian. Two years after, *Palin*† published his explanations of the hieroglyphic inscription, in which he in so far refers to the Coptic, as he thinks that the names of some of the hieroglyphics, if Coptic, convey a lexical sense‡. To the same result has also come the Arabian, *Ahmed bin Abubeker bin Wahshil*||.

In 1808, *Quatremère* proved (Recherches critiques et historiques sur la langue et la littérature de l'Egypte) that the language of all the Egyptian monuments could only be the Coptic alone. His proofs, however, are not drawn from the inscriptions themselves; and he is, besides, of opinion, that many words had been altered in the sacerdotal language. But the first who truly entered into the spirit of the Egyptian inscriptions was *Dr. Young*. In nearly eighty demotic groups he believed to find Coptic roots. Yet with regard to the hieroglyphical and hieratic writings, he was even at a later date¶ of opinion, that, with the exception of the proper nouns, the fundamental language was *ideal*. He translated, however, several hieroglyphics into Coptic, to explain and determine thereby their alphabetic and syllabic value in the proper nouns. Independent of the above

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* Lettre au citoyen Chaptal, Min. de l'in. cet, au sujet de l'inscription Egyptienne du monument trouvé à Rosette. Paris, 1802.

† Lettre sur l'Inscript. Egypt, de Rosette, adressée au C. Silv. de Sacy. Paris, 1802.

‡ Lettre sur les Hiéroglyphes. Dresden, 1804.

§ Annalyse de l'Inscript. en Hieroglyphes de monument trouvé à Rosette.

|| Ancient Alphabets and Hieroglyphic characters Explained, &c., in the Arabic language. London, 1806.

¶ Extracts of Letters and Papers relating to the inscription of Rosetta. Cambrigde, 1814.

** Egypt. (Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. IV.) London, 1820.

writings, *Spohn**, after having obtained the London fac-simile of the Rosetta inscription, has composed a grammatical reading of the same, showing the language of the Egyptian inscription in general to have been Coptic. In keeping too closely and strictly, however, to the similarity of the signs, all he proved was merely the similarity of the radicals, but not of the derivatives; since most of the Egyptian words seemed to differ both in vowels and consonants from the Coptic. He has nevertheless proved this his assertion better than any of his predecessors, by the single word *methrue, testes,* MARTUOSZS (Coptic *methrew*), which he afterwards found in the Cazatic papyrus† before the discovery was made of the Greek translation of the document. The same relationship between the Coptic and the ancient Egptian tongues he found to exist in the hieratic writings. *Champollion,*‡ however, maintained afterwards, without knowing the works of *Young* and *Spohn*, that both the hieratic writings and hieroglyphics were *ideo-graphic.* About the same time, *Sickler*§ advanced the hypothesis, that the language of the Egyptian writings was not Coptic; but a cognate dialect of the Semitic stock. His arguments were, however, not drawn from the monuments themselves, but from historical proper nouns, to which he gave roots from various Semitic dialects in a very arbitrary and loose way. *Champollion* altered his previous opinion in 1826,*|| when he maintained the Coptic lies at the bottom of many of the hieroglyphics. This view was combatted by many sages, and more especially by *Pfaff*¶ and *Ricardi,*** who advocated and defended with great zeal and ardour the ideal language of the inscriptions. *Young*, and after him also *Kosegarten*, had in the meanwhile discovered

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* Ueber Hieroglyphen, ihre Deutung und die Sprache der alten Ægypter. Leipzig, 1819.

† De lingua et literis veterum Ægyptiorum cum permultis tabalis lithographicis literas Ægyptiorum tam vulgari, tam sacerdotali ratione scriptas explicantibus atque interpretationem Rosettanæ aliarumque inscriptionum et aliquot voluminum papyraceorum exhibentibus, &c. 1825.

‡ De l'ecriture hieratique des anciens Ægyptiens. Grenoble, 1821; Lettre à M. Dacier relative à l'alphabet des hieroglyphes phonetiques. Paris, 1822.

§ Thoth, oder die Hieroglyphen de Æthiopen u. Ægypter. Hildburghaus, 1820; Die heilige Priestersprache der alten Ægypter alsein dem Semitischen Sprachstamme, &c. 1822—1823.

|| P. Bois du système hieroglyphic des anciens Egyptiens, cet. Paris.

¶ Hieroglyphic, ihr Wesen u. ihre Quellen cet. Nürenberg; Die Weisheit d. Ægypter u. die Gelehrsamkeit d. Franzosen, item.

** Specificatione della statua Egiziadi Ozial chiamata falsamente Osimandia cet. Genova, 1826; Observations critiques sur le systè.nc Hieroglyphique de M. Champollion. Gênes, 1826.

the originals of Grey's Greek translation of a demotic document at Paris and Berlin, many words and grammatical particles in which confirmed anew the opinion, that at least the demotic writings were composed in the Coptic. Some years previously, *Seuffarth*, (librarian to the Royal Library at Berlin) had made the discovery, that there were parallel texts, not only in the demotic and hieroglyphical writings, as seen upon the Rosetta stone, but also in the hieratic and hieroglyphical, as also in the hieratic and demotic. As these texts, with the exception of their different characters, perfectly correspond with one another, he concluded that one and the same language must lie at the bottom of all the three modes of Egyptian writing, and that it was not the modern, but the ancient Coptic, (differing but little from the former, like the Hebrew and Chaldean languages,) as the deciphered words did not exactly sound Coptic.* The subject has at last been amply treated in the works of Janelli;† in which the author advances among others, against all the *alphabsto nomi*, the novel hypothesis, that the Semitic language, viz., the purest Hebrew (lingua ebraica, ma più pura a più antica) lies at the bottom of the Egyptian literature; that from the foundation of the Egyptian empire until Jacob, the national language was pure Semitic, which had subsequently been preserved among the priests as a sacred dialect; that at the time of Moses, the language was more Hebrew than Coptic, and that the old sacerdotal language upon the monuments, had, notwithstanding, been preserved as late as the seventh century of our era. The promised proofs however in support of these startling views, from the inscriptions, the author has as yet not produced.

The same difference of opinion arose regarding the other parts of the Egyptian hieroglyphics generally. Let us now proceed to the various systems laid down with regard to the hieroglyphics. Until 1799, it was generally assumed, that the hieroglyphics expressed *notions*. In translating the former, certain marks were taken sometimes as nouns, sometimes as adjectives, adverbs, verbs, and some other parts of speech, and sometimes as mere grammatical particles.

Thus the groups in which we now find the words,—*Cæsar Domitianus*, were at that time read: *generationis vis benefica, domino superno infernoque potens, affluxum sacri humoris, ex supernis demissum, augmental Saturnus. fugacis temporis dispositor, et beneficum numen agrorum fœcunditatem promovet, in humanum naturam*

* Bemerkungen über d. Ægyptische Papyrus auf d. Königl. Bibl. Zu Berlin, Leipsic, 1822; Rudimenta Hieroglyphices. Accedunt explicationes speciminum Hieroglyphicorum Glossorium, cet.

† Hieroglyphica Ægyptia cet; Fundamenta Hermeneutica Hierographiæ Crypticæ veterum gentium cet. Neapel, 1830; Tabulæ Rosettanæ hieroglyphicæ, cet.; Teutamen Hermen cet.

potens. After the discovery of the inscription of Rosetta, that literary mist was dispelled, since the length of the inscription corresponding with that of the Greek version, plainly showed that every *word* was expressed in the original by several hieroglyphics, by a whole group. The previous old opinion was however not so easily relinquished. *Bellerman* still read (in 1820) in the three hieroglyphics upon a *scarabæus*, the following sentence: "The Providence of God extends to the creatures on earth and in the sea."

Silvester de Sacy's system may be summed up in the following few sentences: the Egyptians had three modes of writing, viz. the *hieroglyphical*, (upon the upper part of the Rosetta stone); the *hieratic*, upon the Byssus-stripes with Caylus and Montfaucon; and the known *demotic*, all of which run from the right to the left. The first is with him *ideo-graphic* (peintures des idées, et non des sons); the second perhaps the *alphabetic* or *syllabic*, and the third the *cursive* writing, containing an alphabet of 25 letters, which correspond in form and signification with the Semitic. Many other demotic marks and signs are *initials* introduced at a later period, while several vowels, variations of the original marks, had undergone a change, as is the case in the Arabic, by their conjunction with the other letters, or are perhaps mere monogrames or abbreviations. The vowels are frequently omitted as in the Hebrew.

Akerblad coincides upon the whole in these views of *de Sacy*, only that he considered the middle inscription upon the *Rashidian table* an hieratic one. Akerblad makes a distinction between the hieratic and demotic (which de Sacy does not); both he admits to consist of characters, the demotic, however, he asserts to be a tachygraphical abridgement of the hieratic, and that moreover both had an alphabet in no ways related to the Semitic.

Palin had started from the correct principle, that several hieroglyphical figures express but one single word. Originally, he said, a notion was expressed by one symbol, but afterwards as in Egypt, by several, in adding to the leading symbol, which was of a homonymous character, containing at once several notions, distinguishing marks for *the* notion in view. Indeed, the symbolic signification of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, may be inferred from the same use among all the ancient nations, and even modern semi-savage tribes, who express thoughts by mere marks and signs. That original signification of the symbols, had however gradually undergone a change in Egypt. Palin then read the Rosetta inscription according to these his started principles; but he unfortunately did not observe, that the present *first* line of the inscription which he compared with the *first* line of the Greek text, is in fact the 15th, corresponding with the 26th line of the Greek. Thus, in the name *Ptolomæus*, he read, —"*that it may be known*," etc.

Dr. Young's system was as follows: The enchoric writing he con-

sidered to be an abridged hieratic one, and which in its turn is the tachygraphy of the hieroglyphics; beginning from the point towards which the faces of the figures are turned. All the three, each containing 1,000 marks or signs, are upon the whole of a symbolic character, yet were the signs or marks now and then used also in a syllabic or alphabetic sense, in the same way as we frequently use the astronomical marks in the alphabetic writings. In the demotic writings, to supply clearness and preciseness to their otherwise vague meaning, other explicative words have been added to the former (as we do by the explicative *yourself*, &c.); a circumstance which has wrought considerable deviation from the earlier language of the hieroglyphics. Many of the ideas are expressed not by one mark alone, (as the *last day* is by a tail,) but by several, according to the extent of the vagueness of the symbols they originally convey, and which are meant to give a more fixed sense. Thus the mouth means *esteem;* the feet, *to bear;* and both together, *Epiphanes.* The crescent with the egg, signifies the *feminine gender;* the oval ring and its abridgements signify *proper nouns.* The latter are expressed as in the Chinese, both syllabically and alphabetically. In taking from the name of a hieroglyphic the first sound, we have the letters which express the proper noun of the hieroglyphic; thus the lion, which is called in Coptic *lo*, expresses that sound in Ptol*m*æus. The same sounds of the alphabet may be expressed in various ways, and we find therefore in proper nouns, various hieroglyphics for one and the same letter. These principles, though far from being perfectly correct, entitle nevertheless *Young* to the glory of having first paved the way to the correct reading of the hieroglyphics.

Sickler's system is of a peculiar character. As the fundamental language of the hieroglyphics is with him the Semitic, he finds the sense of an hieroglyphic by way of *paronomasy*. Thus, *fatach* is in that language *to op n*; the key of the Nile, *Phtah*, signifies therefore, *the greatest God*, the *source of all beginning.* A he-lamb signifies with him, *remembrance of devastation*; because, *zachar* means *to remember* as also a *male;* and *cheh sheth* means *to devastate, to destroy.* But there is nothing in the Rosetta-stone to bear him out in his singular hypothesis.

Spohn arrived by his researches at the following conclusions: The three modes of writing of the Egyptians follow upon the whole, one and the same laws, viz., they run from the right to the left; they express by several marks only one word at a time—in the old Coptic language; they contain an alphabet of twenty-five letters, several of which, however, are changed with each other; they contain but a few marks and signs of a symbolic character; they contain one and the same characters, which assume different forms in the demotic, hieratic, and hieroglyphical mode of writing, though their leading features

remain the same; and finally they contain vowels which are frequently omitted and of an uncertain nature, as in the Hebrew.

Spohn, it appears, had devoted more study to the demotic and hieratic than to the hieroglyphical mode of writing. Of the former he had deciphered whole texts, and of the latter barely a few words.

Champollion was at first of opinion, that the hieroglyphical mode of writing and its abbreviation, the hieratic, were purely symbolic; but two years after (after having bought up most of the printed copies of his work), he advanced the hypothesis: that the hieroglyphics in the proper nouns, were not symbolic but phonetic, and that consequently the phonetic hieroglyphic indicates the sound with which its name begins. Thus, the *lion* indicates the letter *l*, its name being *laboi*. Again, other hieroglyphics indicate whole syllables by several initials of their names. The demotic characters he considered as the hieroglyphics of sound; and he counted, therefore, only two modes of phonetic writing,—the hieroglyphical and the hierato-demotic. They were invented, he maintains, long before the time of Cambyses, to complete the ideo-graphic mode of writing; namely, to indicate thereby foreign, non-Egyptian names, and which, in their turn, gave rise to the Asiatic and European modes of writing. The vowels were omitted, but were supplied by marks expressing several vowels at once. The letters *l* and *r* were used promiscuously. The crescent and the oval line indicate the feminine gender. The lines begin where the looks of the figures are directed. From the hierographical ideo-graphy arose the hieratic, and again from the latter the demotic.

These principles he developed, modified, and enlarged, subsequently still more in his *Précis* by the following hypotheses. In all the three modes of writing, he asserts, are expressed, not only proper nouns, but also many Coptic words and grammatical forms, mostly in the demotic writings, and least in the hieroglyphics. The non-alphabetical hieroglyphics are either figurative or symbolic, tropic or enigmatic. The phonetic hieroglyphics are already found in the oldest inscriptions, 1800 B. C. The latter frequently contain abbreviations of phonetic groups. The vowels are in them as uncertain as the Hebrew *matres lectionum*. Certain notions are expressed sometimes figuratively, sometimes symbolically, and sometimes phonetically. The latter are often joined to the former in one and the same words. The groups of gods which occur on Egyptian monuments are the anaglyphs, allegoric, and symbolic scenes, intelligible only to the priesthood. The figurative hieroglyphics are frequently substituted in the hieratic writing, by mere arbitrary strokes or marks.

Practically, however, Champollion considered for the most part, every single hieroglyphic as a Coptic word, and notwithstanding the

numerous and frequent applications to him, he was unable to explain satisfactorily the Rosetta inscription by his system.

Champollion's views soon found favour in the literary world at large, but while honorary diplomas were showered upon him from almost all the Universities of Europe, he found also his system attacked by no mean champions or superficial literati. Among the foremost in those attacks deserve to be mentioned :

1. *Ricardi,* who after having attacked the Phoneticians in satyrical essays (Ecriture domestique), has shown that the hieroglyphics in the name *Osymandyas* upon the colossus at Turin, do not always maintain the same order ; a circumstance which shows that they cannot, upon the whole, be *alphabetical.* He, therefore, adhered to his previous view, in giving to every hieroglyphic a separate notion, and in that name, he read—*Uomoforte in Dio.* And as the language of the ancient Egyptians was with him the Hebrew, the name of that monarch must have been *Ozial=Aziel,* which has the same meaning. His later work (Observations critiques sur le système hiéroglyphique de M. Champollion, l. j. Gênes) is a thorough critical review of Champollion's *Précis,* not without some well-founded objections.

2. *Pfaff,* who defended his ideo-graphic system with a great show of learning and argument, but without verifying it by facts and examples.

*3. *Lanci* (Illustrazione di un Kilanaglife copiato in Egitto dal B. d'Icskull, Rome) who maintained that the phonetic hieroglyphics cannot be applied to the Coptic alphabet, which is of too late a date, but to the Hebrew, or old Phœnician, with which Moses had expressed Egyptian words. The same view was also entertained by *Goulianof* (Opuscules Archéographiques, etc. Paris.) The same Goulianof advanced afterwards the hypothesis, that the anaglyphs which, according to Champollion, do not belong to the proper hieroglyphical writing, ought to be explained by homophony. According to his acrophonic principle, hieroglyphical figures express such notions and ideas, which begin with the same letter as the name of the hieroglyphic itself. The inverted crescent signifies the completed month of thirty days, while the reverse figure indicates only the first half of the month; because, in the first case, the name of the month as well as the Coptic words, to *complete* and to *reverse,* begin all with the letter *p,* while in the latter case, the first letter of the words, *half* and *division,* begin likewise with the letter *p.* Thence he concludes that one hieroglyphic often expresses several objects at once; that the same objects are often expressed by different figures whose names begin with the same letter; and further, that the sacred language of the Egyptians was an artificial one, whose forms depended on the usual representations of the hieroglyphical writing.

4. *Seyffarth,* who in comparing the parallel texts of the Rosetta

inscription with those of the papyrus scrolls in the Berlin library, arrived at the following conclusion, that all the three modes of Egyptian writing are generally governed by one and the same laws; that several figures express almost invariably only one word at a time in the old Coptic; that the same figures always re-occur in all the three modes of writing, though peculiarly modified; that two figures together frequently denote only one sound, one of which, however, is to be considered as the *signum diacriticum;* that the same figures not unfrequently express different sounds, as e. g. the *lion,* expressing sometimes the sound *l,* and sometimes that of *r,* without our being able to explain satisfactorily that phenomenon and difference of dialect; that there lies at the foundation of all the three modes of writing, an alphabet of twenty-five letters, as averred by the ancients, while, according to Champollion, we must presume in them an alphabet of 850 or 1000 letters; but as there are only a few hieroglyphics which only accidentally begin with the sound which they express in the proper nouns and other words, Champollion's principle cannot, therefore, be correct; and least might it enable us to explain the fact that certain hieroglyphics denote quite different sounds. *Seyffarth* next concludes, that the alphabet, the foundation of the three modes of writing, must be the ancient Hebrew or Phœnician, which is now again found to have existed among many different nations; that the demotic letters probably correspond with the old Phœnician, from which arose by dint of calligraphy and transformation, the hieratic, and from the latter again the hieroglyphical mode of writing, in the same way as the states' and diplomatic characters were formed among the Armenians from the common writings, and from the former again the pictorial writing.

With the exception of the last, all Seyffarth's principles have been confirmed by inscriptions since discovered. Instead of the calligraphical principle, Seyffarth has afterwards found the astronomico-mythological, which is most likely the true one, containing the genuine clue to the old Egyptian literature. As the aborigines of Chaldea along the Euphrates, the cradle of the other ancient nations, understood to make astronomical observations (as is proved by the ancient writers and their zodiac about 3446 B. C.,) they must, no doubt, also have been acquainted with a sort of writing which might afterwards have been imported into Egypt.

That ancient alphabet consisted of images of such objects which were then considered to be sacred to the gods of the planets. This explains the order of the letters which stand, as mythological symbols, in the same order as the planets themselves (Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn). In comparing the 200 or 300 hieroglyphics, the sounds of which had been determined analytically by Young, Champollion, Spohn, Salt, Seyffarth, Rosellini, &c., we find that every hieroglyphic expresses the sound which was allotted

in the old alphabet to that planet of which the hieroglyphic is the symbol. It is known from the astronomical inscriptions and ancient mythologies, over what objects in nature and human life, the several planets presided. Thus, e. g. the lion signifies *l*, because he was the symbol of the sun, to which planet had been allotted the sound *l* in the ancient alphabet. This explains, likewise, the vast number of hieroglyphics among the Egyptians. In the same way as the ancient Phœnicians could express the solar letter by a solar symbol, could also the Egyptians express the same by several solar symbols, such as the lion, solar disk, serpent, eye, &c. Nay, such a process was even necessary to mark to the eye of the reader the true meaning of the numerous synonyms in the old Coptic language. It, moreover, explains the phenomenon, that certain different sounds are often expressed by one and the same hieroglyphic; simply, because in the old alphabet several letters came to one and the same planet, as *l* and *r* to the *sun*, *i* and *s* to Mars, &c.; hence a *lion* may thus easily represent either an *l* or *r* without having recourse to Champollion's presumption, that the Egyptian priests had in one and the same inscriptions pronounced sometimes *Nero*, and sometimes *Nelo*. This shows how necessary it was, in certain instances, to place two marks for one sound, to avoid ambiguity by the additional diacriticum. Nor does it less explain the origin of the name *hieroglyphics*, and the assertion of the ancients, that "all objects, both visible and invisible, even tones and sounds, were distributed among the planets."

Janelli's system, as the most recent one, comprises the following hypotheses: that the demotic writing was alphabetic, while the hieratic and hieroglyphical were lexicographical; that several hieroglyphics in conjunction express only one word at a time, but in such a manner, that the meaning of every single hieroglyphic must be derived from the Semitic language, and the whole group taken together must express something similar to the former, in which process however it is permitted as in the Cabalah, to exchange the radicals or homophonies. After this principle of homophony, Janelli explains the five first hieroglyphics in the sixth line of the Rosetta inscription as follows; the first mark, a hook, hitherto pronounced *S*, signifies *Deled=Shuruk, declaravit;* the crown *n*, signifies *Kether=Korath—statuit;* three points, *i*, signify *Robah-Beair, deaclaravit;* the chain, *h*, signifies *Choraz-Korez—issuit;* the mouth, *i*, signifies *Koraz-Korath—pronunciavit.* Thus, all the five hieroglyhpics taken together express about the same sense as every one separately, viz. declararit.

The astronomical or typical hieroglyphics form a peculiar part of hieroglyphy. They embrace the groups of deities seen on the walls of temples, monoliths, sarcophagi, papyrus rolls, etc. In many works they pass by the names of processions, dedications, pilgrimages, apotheoses, theological groups, &c. Thus far all agree, that they are representations of gods and goddesses, Pharaohs and priests,

sacred animals and other objects. Besides the copious works of Böttiger and Hammer (copie figurée d'un Rouleau de Papyrus cet, Vienna) on the subject, we must not omit mentioning the important works of *Dr. Prichard* (An Analysis of the Egyptian mythology, etc.) *Hint* (Ueber die Bildung d. Ægyptischen Gottheiten, etc. Berlin), *Tolken* (Erklärung d. Bildwerke am Tempel d. Jupiter Ammon, etc. Berlin) and others. All tried to prove that the monuments contained those deities which are mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, and on which *Jablonski* has written his excellent *Pantheon.* Champollion considered, as stated before, those typical hieroglyphics to be the anaglyphy mentioned by Clemens Alexander, and the explanation of which had been preserved in the *Mysteries*, and so did *Dulaurier* in his "Examen critique, etc." The former, however, in trying to explain (in his "*Pantheon*") a great number of groups of sacred persons and animals, has nevertheless omitted to show the mythological or religious functions of the *individual* persons or animals forming the groups in question. *Pfaff* may be said to have been the first who hit on them as astronomical hieroglyphics, but he had no opportunity of seeing the monuments themselves to develop the notion. By the discovery of a new Zodiac and an old astronomical geography of Egypt at *Turin*, Seyffarth was enabled to explain the first astronomical inscriptions. The hieroglyphical system he founded on them, contained the following principles. All the Egyptian deities, sacred animals and other objects, are symbols either of the planets, or of the divisions of the Zodiac subordinate to the planets. On the monuments, is always expressed the certain position of the planets, as found by the then astronomical observations. The signs of the Zodiac and the sections of the latter in conjunction with the planets are expressed by larger figures, while the planets themselves or *cabirs*, are given by smaller figures frequently placed upon naves. The re-evolving planets are expressed by figures with their faces turned backwards. In the groups of deities which represent one sign or one-twelfth of the Zodiac, the planets are placed behind as many figures as there are degrees which they have passed. In every such line, the sketched major gods are the directors or leaders of the sign (Œcodespota, Trigonodespota) while the minor gods form its section in conjunction with the planet (Decurie, Horion, Dodecatemorion, Mœre), when these apotelesematic persons follow one another in the above order.

Let us now turn to the grammatical and lexical discoveries since 1799. After the excavation of the Rashid-stone, *Marcel*, the head of the press, caused prints of it to be taken on paper. It was to these prints that *de Sacy* and *Akerblad* devoted their labour and attention. The former determined the pronunciation of some five-and-twenty demotic letters, of which however only two proved to be correct; the latter, more used to antiquarian deciphering, by his long study of the Phœnician inscriptions, fixed the pronunciation of fifty-two

characters, of which sixteen were subsequently found incorrect. *Akerblad* afterwards copied the text of the first five lines of the demotic inscription of the Rosetta stone in the Coptic, which was in part deemed to be correct. The same did *Dr. Young* with about sixty-seven words, the greatest part of which was likewise considered correct. But it was *Spohn* who first fixed phonetically *all* the marks occurring in this or other texts; but owing to the similarity of many of the demotic letters with each other, some confusion has been wrought in his explanations. Some other demotic characters were determined by *Seyffahrt, Kosegarten, Champollion, Salvolini*, and others.

The first hieratic letters were determined by *Spohn* in whole texts by the principle of similarity between the characters. In this he was followed by *Seyffarth*, who was, moreover, guided by the proper nouns from the Manethonic rolls of history. Many more words were determined by *Champollion*, from their similarity with the hieroglyphics, and after the proper nouns upon the papyrus at Turin; while *Quintino, Aug. Mai*, and *Reuvens* determined the rest, the latter being guided by an hieratic papyrus crossed with Greek letters.

The first hieroglyphical letters and syllables were found by Young. He compared the name Ptolemæus enclosed in rings upon the Rashid-stone with Berenice and Arsinoe, and fixed thus for the first time the phonetic signification of thirteen hieroglyphics, eleven of which were subsequently found to be correct, although he read them in part as syllables instead of mere letters. He likewise found that the circle signifies *re*, the horned serpent and the goose, *she*. The same method was followed by Champollion. He compared a great number of names of kings with one another, which had been copied during the French expedition in Egypt, and he thus found out the sense of fifty-two hieroglyphics, but a few of which were incorrect. He afterwards more than doubled that number, by deciphering the Pharaoh-names and other words. Spohn had in the meanwhile, by comparing the hieroglyphic text with the demotic Rosetta writing, connected the two groups, and determined alphabetically some of the hieroglyphics, few of which however were found to be correct. Seyffarth compared the words re-occurring in the parallel text and the inscription of the Rosetta with one another, and determined thereby a new number of phonetic hieroglyphics, many of which, however, were incorrect, for his keeping too closely to the demotic characters. Subsequently he found much more in the same way, and by dint of astronomical inscriptions. At an earlier date, Gazerro and Quintino had, at Turin, supplied contributions to the hieroglyphical alphabet, by the discovery of a number of names of kings. A similar discovery was made by Salt, by which the hieroglyphical alphabet was greatly increased, and especially so by those made by Wilkinson and Burton.

A peculiar branch of the hieroglyphical grammar forms the cypher system. Akerblad was the first who found the figures, 1, 2, 3, in the demotic and hieroglyphical cypher-marks; but his mistake was in the little crotchets to those characters, which convert a cardinal number into an ordinal, and of which fact he was not aware. Jomard brought afterwards to light the hieroglyphical marks of 4 to 9, 10, 100, 1000, which he said he had discovered already when in Egypt; his other figures, however, are incorrect. Young determined correctly the demotic 5, and 30, but wrongly the 8, and 10; neither did he guess that the 30, properly signifies the end of the month. Akerblad erred in his determination of the 5, 8, 10, and 18. Young, in his first article on the hieroglyphics, (Supplem. to the Encycl. Britan. 1820), determined the hieroglyphical 1, 2, 3, 10, 30, 100, 1000, without probably having seen Jomard's treatise. Spohn found the demotic cyphers, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 30, and the hieroglyphical 1, 2, 3, several of which, however, are false. In Young's "Account &c., (1822)," we find translated several figures without, however, stating the original marks themselves. The same published afterwards several new demotic cypher signs, (some of which are incorrect) as also the hieratic 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, communicated to him by Champollion. Two figures by Champollion—Figeac, were false, as also a few more by his brother Kosegarten, with the exception of the 20 and 36 which the latter read rightly. A number of other demotic cyphers upon the Berlin papyrus, were determined by Seyffarth, several of which, however, were incorrect. About the same time Quintino drew up a tolerably complete catalogue of the hieratic and demotic cyphers, together with a few hieroglyphical ones, about which a sharp contest arose between him and Champollion, (the academy siding with the latter), each claiming the merit of the discovery for himself. Not long after, Champollion found out the difference between common cyphers and those used for dates, both hieratic and demotic. The following year Seyffarth found out at Turin, on the Manethonian History Roll, by comparing it with the Greek text and some other fragments, all the remaining wanting cyphers, as well also as the marks meant for *fractions*. Kosegarten determined, thereby, more accurately, the date of most of the demotic papyrus at Berlin. Seyffarth at last discovered a long papyrus, the chapters of which had been regularly numbered. And as this order of the marks affords the greatest security, the above being moreover written with the utmost elegance, they must, for the present, be considered as the normal form of the demotic cyphers.

Concerning the Egyptian *lexicon*, much in quantity, but little in quality had been done for it. A great number of archæologers still adhere to the old opinions, that the hieroglyphics and their groups ought not to be explained alphabetically, while others had

little or no knowledge whatever of the Coptic language, or found so much difficulty in determining alphabetically the sense of demotic, hieratic and hieroglyphical signs, that they deemed it more expedient to give up the task altogether, and rather translate them at hazard. De Sacy was the first who cultivated that ground. In comparing the Greek text of the Rosetta with the demotic, and in paying particular attention to the groups recurring in both, he found the names, *Ptolemæus*, *Alexander*, *Alexandria*, *Arsinoe*, *Osiris*, *Isis*, *Epiphanes*, *Egypt*, and *God*. Only three out of these nine words were correct, (and these only in part so, the initials being wanting, and the letters of the succeeding words were moreover joined to the preceding) viz., *Alexander*, *Ptolemy*, *and Arsinoe*.

Akerblad followed the same course, but proceeded with more circumspection in the characters contained in the groups, by which he discovered the following words and names: *Ptolomæus*, *Berenice*, *Ætos*, *Pyrrha*, *Philinus*, *Arius*, *Diogenes*, *Irene*, *Alexandrus*, *temple*, *Egypt*, *priest*, *son*, *much*, *Greek*, *king*, *syntaxis*, *to bear*, and *lord*; of which only the last three were *lexically* wrong. He was less successful in his translation of the first five demotic lines upon the Rashid-stone, though, independent of the letters, his explanation of many of the groups was wholly or partly correct. At the same time Young had succeeded in determining the sense of sixty-seven words from the same inscription, most of which were correct, also independent of the letters taken separately. Spohn had in the meanwhile analysed into groups the whole of the demotic and part also of the hieroglyphical text, by means of the Greek translation, and had determined them both lexically and grammatically, to which were subsequently added a great number of hieratic and demotic words upon rolls of papyrus, together with their grammatical forms. He had, upon the whole, explained more than 500 words, nearly all of which were confirmed by subsequent discoveries. Young found afterwards the Greek translation of a demotic (Cazatic) papyrus, which he published, together with the whole inscription of the Rosetta, with an interlineated translation; but as no particular attention was paid to the separate letters, errors were, of course, unavoidable, especially in the process of ascribing to one and the same groups, different senses in different places.

The first articles to the hieroglyphical lexicon were furnished by Young. Palin, it is true, had already at an earlier period translated the hieroglyphical inscription of the Rosetta, but, as we have seen above, without determining correctly the groups, having mistaken the 15th line for the first. Young first found the names, *Ptolemæus*, *Berenice*, and a part of *Arsinoe*, and determined likewise lexically, above 200 other hieroglyphics and hieroglyphical groups. In the former he was guided by the thing itself, by taking the hieroglyphic, e. g. of a man, *for* a man, of a house, *for* a house, etc., but in the

latter he followed the Greek translation, and explained the figures of a group or single hieroglyphics *symbolically*. Nevertheless, more than 60 of the 200 words were more or less correct; among them were *God, sun, moon, Osiris, Isis, Nepthhis, Horus, Apis, Soter, Greek, temple, diadem, figure, writing, life, immortal, victory, epiphanes, son, king, priest, divine, upper and lower Egypt, to erect, and, day, month, year, Thoth, Mechir;* as also the grammatical forms,—*plural, whose, to be, his, the feminine article.* Young himself acknowledged afterwards many of his mistakes, and repeated in his "Account, etc.," only 116 words from his previous stock of 204. But even his own corrections, as well as his interlineated translation of the hieroglyphical inscription of the Rosetta, furnished new contributions to the hieroglyphical lexicon. About the same time, Spohn had determined 26 hieroglyphical figures upon the Rashid-stone, several of which however were incorrect. Champollion busied himself particularly with the comparison of proper nouns, and determined the following sixteen: *Ptolomæus, Alexander, Cleopatra, Berenice, Tiberius, Domitian, Germanicus, Vespasianus, Nerva, Trajan, Claudius, Dacicus, Hadrian, Sabina,* and *Antonines,* besides the words, *Phtha, loved, immortal, Isis, goddess, called, Neocæsar, Cæsar, Autocratos, Sebastor, son of the sun, kingdom, father, wife,* together with a few more by mere conjecture. He afterwards added to them,—*Amenophis, Thuthmosis, Ramses, Meiamun, Sheshunk, Osorkon, Xerxes, Philippus, Pelubastes, Osorthas, Psammus, Psametich, Nephereus, Hakor, Arsinœ, Caius, Nero, Titus;* as also several names of gods and grammatical forms, without however ascribing the words previously discovered by Dr. Young to their original owner. Champollion has besides also determined several other words by mere conjecture from the connection of the contents; in other words, at mere random, such as the names of priests, hieroglyphical titles etc., amounting in all to 450. Not long after the appearance of Champollion's "*Précis*, etc.," Seyffarth published his contributions and "*Rudimenta hieroglyphices*," together with an hieroglyphical lexicon from the Rosetta inscription and papyrus-rolls at Berlin. In deciphering afterwards the typical inscriptions, light was thrown on a number of hieroglyphical groups which had until then remained unexplained; their number amounts to several hundreds, astronomical and geographical. The method of Young and Champollion, to determine the proper nouns alphabetically, and the other hieroglyphical groups symbolically and from the connection of the text, had in the meanwhile found general access, simply because it required no great knowledge of the Coptic language or any other deep erudition to assign to a certain group a certain meaning by this process. To this school belong almost all the later works on the hieroglyphical inscriptions and groups. Quintino determined lexico-symbolically the names, *Osimandyas, Petamenophis,* and the words of

whole legends. Burton, Wilkinson, and Felix found in like manner, *Darius, Artaxerxes, Antonines, Aurelius, Lucius, Verus, Commodus, brother, sister, mother, grandson*, etc. Also Gazerra found in this way, *Ramses, Amenophis, Amos, Horus*, etc., while Salt determined: *Philippus, Marcus, Misartis, Amenoth, Amasis, Necho*, etc., and many non-Egyptian names of gods.

The *typical* hieroglyphics form a separate department of the old Egyptian lexicon. Upon the larger monuments are found thousands of different figures with short hieroglyphical inscriptions, human figures with the most various ensigns, in various attitudes, and frequently ornamented with heads and other limbs of animals; also all sorts of animals supplied with some limbs of human beings or different animals, as well as trees, plants, utensils, and other sacred objects. As we are told by the ancients in numerous places that the Egyptians worshipped the gods in statues and sacred animals, the archæologers have justly until the present day, referred those sketches to the religion of that ancient people; and as mention is also made by the ancient writers of the names of many of the Egyptian deities, together with a sketch or description of their figures, our antiquarians thus contented themselves with merely identifying those sketches with the figures on the monuments. Champollion's system, however, paved a new way in the process of reading those figures, when new deities were created from the decyphered names of those figures. The first figures of the gods were determined by him in his "Description de l'Egypte, etc.," and many more after him, by Böttiger, Hammer, Hirt, Young, Pritchard, Tölken, and others. Champollion's *Pantheon* contains ninety beautifully coloured copies of figures of the gods: the system, however, was not free of the following errors:

1. Nothing has been done to remove the obscurity that pervades the groups with regard to their classification; we are still left in the dark as to the respective ranks of those deities, since it is well known that the Egyptians had them divided into various classes, such as the Cabirs, the 12 major gods, the minor gods, etc. 2. Had the system been followed up to its full extent, to complete the Pantheon with figures from the monuments, we might easily have been in possession of perhaps 10,000 Egyptian deities of whom the ancients knew nothing whatever. 3. Neither has it been shown, why certain deities had been drawn just in such forms, just with such ensigns, and under such modifications as they appear upon the monuments; nor has been specified the fundamental idea which was worshipped in such deities. It is, e. g., not enough to say, that a man with a ram's head signifies the *Ammon*, but the archæologer wants also to know why he was sketched just with that and no other head? and what power of nature was worshipped in Egypt under that figure? 4. But little attention has also been paid to the fact, that certain deities assume under certain circumstances, the names and

ensigns of others. But the chief error was committed, 5, in the isolation of the figures; in separating a figure from its connexion with the whole group; in trying to explain one single figure only, instead of the whole group *en masse*. Had they, e. g., explained the typical inscription upon the Isis table, upon the Zodiac of Tentyris, in its entire connection, no manner of doubt would have existed as to the sense of the single figures taken individually, and it might thus never have occurred to any one, that they contain, e. g. the mysterious principles of the *Compass*, &c. During the progress of Chanpollion's *Pantheon*, Seyffarth found a small Egpytian Zodiac at Turin, upon which were expressed the twelve signs by twelve figures of deities, partly the same as named and described by the ancients. This at once showed that the deities of Egypt were of an astronomical character, a fact confirmed by many clear passages in Greek authors. If, therefore, the typical inscriptions are explained in their whole connection after these principles, we obtain astronomical constellations, which had been observed at different periods, at the beginning of the nativities of the Pharoahs, of the Roman Emperors and other distinguished personages. It is thus mathematically proved, that the smaller figures of the deities upon typical inscriptions, are those well-known seven *Cabirs* or planetary gods, and that the larger ones represent the 12 major gods, the heads of the 12 signs, of the 12 months and other things of a similar nature; while the other figures indicate the smaller sections of the Zodiac. All the powers of nature were divided after the model of the planets, into seven classes, and the sections of the Zodiac and time themselves, were distributed among the planets; hence the various signs with which the Egyptian deities are sketched, indicating the peculiar regions to which the gods belong respectively. *Sun* and *Moon*, e. g., when endowed with foreign attributes, signify their sojourn in the region or sign of another planetary god, &c. Seyffarth's typical or mythologico-astronomical lexicon, contains 1344 articles, and is of great service for the student of that department.

If we inquire into the fruits which this new branch of literature has borne within the last forty years, we must confess that the philological gain has been much greater than might have been expected from both the difficulty of the subject itself, and the want of general resources. We now know (what has been a mystery for 1800 years) the language and general laws, in and by which one of the most remarkable people of antiquity have expressed their thoughts. The grammar has been carried to that extent, as to ensure the correct reading of at least a third part of the signs in three different modes of writing, while all we want now to complete the cypher system of the ancient Egyptians, is but a few monograms. We, at last, possess also a small lexicon for the demotic, hieratic, and hieroglyphical writings, of which several thousand groups are now

incontrovertibly ascertained and fixed. The typical and mythologico-astronomical dictionary, based on mathematical principles, counts already more than a thousand articles, and will, no doubt, soon be increased by the present expedition of Dr. Lypsius and other archæologers, for whom the way has been opened by the past discoveries.

As regards Archæology itself, the views it has opened into the remotest antiquity, are most encouraging, and we will only touch upon a few points in that respect. The general history of civilization teaches that man lived originally in a pure state of nature, not unlike that of our present savages. His religion consisted in the worship of fetishes, plants, trees, and stones, and without even dreaming of the existence of a spiritual Creator and Preserver of all things; so that only gradually and in a slow process of time and labour, he learnt the arts and sciences. Those, therefore, who are guided by the analogy of that history, look upon all those who would maintain that writing and reading were familiar already in the time of Peleg, Noah, or even Moses,—or that astronomical observations had already been made at those early times,—as very simple, uncritical, and mystical heads. But what do *now* the antiquities of Egypt teach us? antiquities which ascend as far as the 15th century beyond Peleg? We find here no more an ideo-graphical mode of writing, but an alphabet of twenty-five letters, resting on the most subtle principles. All things that fall within the reach of human contemplation, the Egyptians had divided after the model of the seven planets into seven classes. They had observed the properties of the planets, they knew the properties of all the powers of nature, and ascribed to each planet those things which had the greatest analogy with its own nature. It requires, indeed, a subtle and fine sense to distinguish 25 sounds in the human voice, and to trace in the eagle (a), the nature of Mercury, &c. The Zodiac had already then been divided into the smallest sections, and we find already in 1631, 1693, and 1832 B. C., subtle astronomical observations. We may, reasonably, even proceed much further. When the Hyskos had come to Egypt, 700 years after the first *dogs-day period* (2782 B.C.,) they knew there already the dogs day period of 1461 years, so that at least 3400 years B. C., they must have been aware that the year consisted of 365¼ days. Upon the oldest astronomical inscriptions of the Egyptians (as has been shown by Seyffarth), the ram signifies the second sign after the *winter soltitium*, while it is evident from the symbolical sense of the signs and the retrogression of the equinoctials, that the Egyptian Zodiac must have existed already 3480 B.C. In considering, moreover, that all the ancient nations were in possession of that same Zodiac, that we trace the same alphabet of the Egyptians in its peculiar astronomical principle, and the number and order of the elements, among all nations,—He-

brews, Greeks, Arabs, Persians, Indians, Chaldeans, Germans, Japanese, and others,—it is impossible any longer to believe, that the aborigines of Asia, the progenitors of Egypt's population, or the twelfth dynasty from Sesostris, the same who brought an offering to Ammon (*i. e.* Heaven) of his ship after his return to his father-land (Diod. 1, 15), and to whom ascends the register of the princes upon the temple walls of Cairo—it is impossible, we say, any longer to harbour the notion and believe that the aborigines of Asia understood, even at that early period, nothing more than to eat and to drink,—in other words, that they were not farther advanced in civilization than the savages of our present day. Neither ought we to forget, that the ancients themselves ascribe the rise of writing, astronomy, and other sciences to the man who had come over from the old to the *new* world, and who became the progenitor of the present human race (Jos. Ant. I. 3, 9; Herod. II. 43; Sanchun. Euseb. P. E. II. 89. Vig.), the traditions of which were extant among the Chaldeans, Indians, Chinese, Germans, and other nations; whether that man was called Noah, Menu, Fo-hi, Odin, Sosostris, Kaiomorts, Sisustro, Toppi, Osiris, Deucalion or Taaut, is of little importance; it is enough for us to know, that the origin of writing and astronomy among the Egyptians, as also that of the arts and sciences among the other nations of antiquity, point to a far earlier date than is usually inferred from the history of letters in general.

Nor is it less remarkable, that by means of Egypt, we have become acquainted with the true principle of all the religions of antiquity. The principles hitherto established in mythology, are insufficient to explain naturally, the harmony between the ancient religions, and still less between all the fictions and traditions. But the astronomical inscriptions have taught, that the basis of all of them is the *astrological* principle in its more abstract acceptation. To know and worship God by his being and attributes, all the phenomena in nature were divided into seven classes after the qualities of the seven planets. After these seven classes, were determined seven radical properties, (afterwards seven persons) in the Deity, the symbols of which were the planets. Thus arose the seven supreme Deities or Divine powers: the Cabiri, Pataeki, cosmocratori, Locopali, Kuahs, Amshospandi, Uppregini, *(Dii selecti)*. They were represented as dwarfs in comparison with the twelve larger gods, because the planets appear much smaller than the twelve divisions of the Zodiac.

And as the latter, as the causes of the twelve months, the seasons and their phenomena, are also distributed among the planets, after the laws of higher astrology there arose from the seven *greatest* gods (as Herodotus tells us of the Egyptians) the twelve *great* gods, the *Dii consentes*, MEGALOI, *Asi*, &c. They too were agents of

as many classes of powers of nature. The planets as directors or heads of other parts of heaven and earth in space and time, soon formed new deities, such as the well-known *Triads* among the Egyptians, Indians, Greeks, and Germans, representing the collective powers of nature in the year divisible into three parts. Still later, particular agencies of nature, local and temporal powers were raised to deities. This principle explains the worship of beasts among the Egyptians, Greeks, Indians, and other nations; the beasts being considered as symbols of particular creative powers of divinity, hence the endowing with the same or similar ensigns of beasts, trees, plants, &c., the various gods among the different nations; because from these symbols were known the classes of the higher powers which they wished to worship. After these principles were identified the *Sun* and *Jupiter*, the *Moon* and *Venus* under certain circumstances, on account of the affinity between their positions; after the same principles are also the *Sun* and *Moon* changed with some other gods, because both when standing in other signs appear as almost amalgamated with the latter. Thereby may also be explained in a very simple and natural way, the historical, physical, astronomical, and other mythological traditions of antiquity. Even the historical phenomena belong after this principle to the divine agencies. Had the astronomical inscriptions of the Egyptians, and the passages referring to them from the ancient writers, been lost to us in course of time, we would perhaps hardly ever have come to an understanding respecting the true meaning of the ancient gods, their classification, figures, ensigns, symbols, &c. The astrological principle, moreover, does not rest on original *Fetishism*, *Polytheism*, or even *Pantheism*, but on genuine and real *Monotheism*. The Creator determined every superhuman phenomonon, every inch of ground, every span of time, for us to admire and adore him. The gods were merely the reflecting mirrors of the divine powers, and finally of *God* himself, to use the expression of the Bramins.

Also ancient *geography* has been retraced to mythology and astronomy, by the Egyptian geography. The geography of Egypt of 1631 B. C. found at Turin, on our connecting it with many passages in the ancient writers, clearly proves that that country as well as the Zodiac had been divided into two main parts, 12 provinces (signs), 36 Nomi (Decuri), where the zodiacal gods were worshipped as local deities, and named after them. The topographical names found by Champollion and Rosellini prove the same. The Labyrinth with its 12 courts and 36 altars of the gods, was a mere copy of the Zodiac and the Nile-valley. And as all the ancient religions agree with the Egyptian in principle, we cannot wonder if we see the other countries also divided after the same principle. Thus we find Canaan, China, Greece, Minor-Asia, and Phœnicia divided into 12 provinces, each worshipping peculiar deities, after which whole

countries were named. Neither was it difficult to pass the same names on other provinces, since the same mythological Zodiac formed the geographical basis in all countries. This circumstance is of great importance for the understanding of the historical and astronomical fables, traditions, religious feasts, &c., in certain places and at certain times.

Philology finds in these new views respecting the antiquity of all nations, new resources in innumerable instances. The main objection, e. g., against the authenticity of the Pentateuch, on account of the two different names of God in it, are thus obviated, since those names express in each place either the essential principle of God or his creative properties, while such and similar names have been preserved among the Egyptians and other nations of antiquity. Horapollo gives a catalogue of the various objects sacred to the planetary gods. There has, upon the whole, been opened by that new and rich discovery, evidences of exegesis for all the ancient writers who touch upon archæological subjects, such as Herodotus, Hesiodus, Ovid, and the sacred volumes of the Pentateuch. Neither are the archæological arts to remain uninfluenced by that new discovery, as it appears that even the Etrurian vases were of a similar contents with the typical inscriptions of the Egyptians; and all we have to regret is, that such vases have not been preserved in their collective contents, but were most carelessly scattered hither and thither, so as to deprive us of the means of reading the meaning in a regular series of them.

Also *History* has been a great gainer by that discovery. A great number of the kings mentioned by Manetho have been found in the original documents and monuments from which that Egyptian historian has, as he himself assures us, drawn his materials. It has been proved that Manetho's dynasties had not ruled, as was usually thought, contemporaneously, but successively one after the other; and though it appears from Burton's Temple-wall, and from some astronomical inscriptions, that certain Pharaohs had actually reigned contemporaneously, yet might it have been in some other provinces, such as Nubia, Æthiopia, and the part on the Sinai where hieroglyphical inscriptions have been found. The discovery moreover gives us a new proof of the fact, that *our* history does not ascend beyond the flood. The Zodiac of Tentyra contains the nativity of Nero, of 37 A. D., and is consequently not antediluvian. The oldest inscriptions do not reach beyond Joseph. It is true that Manetho carries his history about 1600 years beyond Noah; but it has been shown by Seyffarth, that his first dynasty beginning with Menes, corresponds exactly with Adam in the Scriptures, and the 11 following dynasties with the 11 antediluvian patriarchs. Also the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, Indians and Chinese number as many antediluvian patriarchs. With Manetho's second book, with Sesostris, the Noah of the Egyptians, who is also chronologically placed in the same period, and

who conquered in nine years (nine months of the Flood) the whole of Asia—begins, indeed, after the Egyptians, *our* real history. Just to that epoch reaches also the register of kings with Eratosthenes, in the *Chronicon Alexandrinum* and upon the stone of Abydos, which had been chiselled already 1690 B. C.

The history of the *Arts* in Egypt seems to be now as complete as possible. Upon the greatest part of the monuments are found the names of the kings whose time had been determined after Manetho, by Champollion and Rosellini. The style of the artificial work once ascertained, the age of the others, though not precisely given, was inferred by analogy. The process, however, was not free of error, as several monarchs of the same name had existed at different times. Thus Rosellini considered the *Amos* of the 18th dynasty upon the large monolith at Paris, as the later *Amos* of the 26th dynasty, while his nativity has been found by Seyffarth to have been 1832 B. C. Also in the later monuments, Champollion had been mistaken by 130 years. The astronomical inscriptions served to correct such and similar mistakes almost to a year; they are a guide for a safe calculation, which we miss even in the Greek history of Arts. The Sarcophagus of Sethos in the British Museum, which was considered to be that of Alexander, is the work of the year 1554 B.C.; the Sarcophagus of Ramses Meiamun in the *Musée Charles X.* is that of 1625, and the Monolith of *Amos*, of 1774 B.C. Upon the whole, we may assume that the arts arrived at their perfection a few centuries after Moses, when the figures, e. g., upon the Monolith of Amos may be compared with the finest gems of the Greeks, and that they had from that time again gradually sunk and receded until the time of Commodus. A specimen of that time, is the Zodiac of Tentyra at Paris.

The mathematical division of the whole of our ancient Chronology, belongs no doubt to the most remarkable results of these archæological studies. From the first fathers of the church down to our modern times, numerous chronologers have tried to fix certain epochs in the earliest history of antiquity; but they could arrive at no certain result, because all the sources were at variance with one another in consequence of the transcribers and critics. The Hebrew text, its versions, Eusebius, Josephus, Syncellus, Manetho, Eratosthenes, all differ in some parts or other even by a thousand years. Hence the variety of opinions formed by one or the other of those sources, and of which those of Rask, Prichard, Mure, Bovet and Champollion furnished a striking instance. Newton has already felt the necessity of arriving at the truth in chronology by means of astronomical observations, and which has at last been accomplished by the astronomical inscriptions of Egypt. The priests made observances on New-year's days of the position of the seven planets, and probably preserved in their Temple annals these constellations. At a

later period, they were engraved as nativities upon the edifices and the sarcophagi of the Pharaohs. And as such constellations, which are now easily and mathematically calculated, return only once in 215,000 years, our chronology receives by the fact a safe basis, since the nativities of the kings are thereby ascertained to the very month and day. In this way it has been proved, that all our chronologers have dated the earliest events 400 years too late. The Trojan war falls thus in the year 1400 before Christ, and the deliverance of the Jews from Egypt, in 1900. The latter is confirmed by Manetho, since the Hyskos, who are according to Josephus and the sketches in the catacombs—the Israelites—are said to have come to Egypt in 2082 before Christ. Again, the beginning of our History falls, according to the aforesaid rise of the Zodiac and the receding of the Equinoctials—in the year 3400, or more accurately 3446 before Christ, in the month of August. It is remarkable, that with this month, corresponding with the sign of Virgin in which the Flood was at an end, begins also the series of months not only among the Egyptians but also among the Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and probably also among the other nations of antiquity. In conclusion, we must also not omit to mention, that of all the sources, the Septuaginta and Syncellus alone seem to harmonize (within a few years) with this revised chronology of the present day, so that they alone may for the present serve as safe guides in chronological history.

ART. VIII.—*The Utility of Classical Studies. An Address.* By N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

THE pamphlet before us is a transatlantic publication, having been pronounced before the Philomathæan Society of Pennsylvania College, some two years ago. It is a well conceived production, and ably carried out, appearing to be adapted in an admirable degree for the present age, and the people to whom it makes a powerful appeal. It covers a field, and evinces a research and an originality not very common in these days of pretension and superficiality. Of course we do not undertake to accompany the author throughout his progress and argument; for every one is acquainted with much that has been thousands of times reiterated, and combatted also, on the subject named. Still, there are two or three points and views of a less hackneyed description at which we may profitably glance; holding ourselves free to indulge in a few observations of our own, before directly drawing from Mr. Brooks' pa es.

One great purpose of education is to form the language which the

pupil is habitually to use. If for a moment we consider the good and the evil that are done in the world through the medium of speech, we shall with one voice acknowledge, that not only the faculty itself, but also the manner in which it is employed, is of incalculable importance to the welfare of man. But it is not to language as a vehicle of moral or immoral sentiment, of good or of evil to mankind, that we particularly at present allude, but to the science of grammar strictly as such, and which has been briefly defined, "the art of writing and speaking correctly."

Certain authors of note place writing first, as being that with which grammar is primarily concerned; for over any fugitive colloquial dialect that is yet unfixed by visible signs, grammar has no control, and the speaking which this definition embraces, is exclusively that which has reference to a knowledge of letters. Writing evidently improves speech. In proportion as books are multiplied, and the knowledge of written language is diffused, local dialects, which are beneath the dignity of grammar, will always be found to grow fewer, and their differences less. There are, in the various parts of the world, many languages, to which the art of grammar has never yet been applied; and to which, therefore, the definition or true idea of grammar, however general, does not properly extend. Rudiman, in his Institutes of Latin Grammar, reversed the terms *writing* and *speaking;* and either from imitation, or from the general observation that speech precedes writing, this arrangement has been followed by may modern grammarians. Dr. Lowth embraces both terms in a more general one, and says "Grammar is the art of *rightly expressing* our thoughts by words." But however the definition may be worded, this one thing holds true, that the province of grammar, is to guide us not merely in the expression of our own thoughts, but also in our apprehension of the thoughts and interpretation of the words of others. The art of reading is therefore virtually embraced in grammar; for it is but the art of understanding and speaking correctly that which we have before us on paper.

The study of grammar has been often underrated, and still oftener injuriously decried. Undoubtedly, when restricted within its proper limits, and viewed in its true light, this practical science has merit and dignity sufficient to throw back upon any man who dares openly to assail it, the stigma of ignorance and self-conceit. Not that any ancient system of instruction, or any grammar of another language, can be entirely applicable to the present state of, for example, the English tongue; for languages must needs differ from one another in numerous details, and even that which is called the same, may come in the lapse of ages to vary much from what it once was. But there are many points and principles in which different languages coincide; and every item of grammatical doctrine is the more worthy

to be preserved and regarded, as it approaches the nearer to universality. A readiness to throw aside the learning of ages, in favour of the unsettled notions and whimsical theories of incompetent projectors, who would subvert the fundamental doctrines of grammar, to teach in a few worthless lessons what can never supply their place, is one of the follies of the present day, which every schoolmastr should endeavour to counteract.

The peculiar nature or power of language is a point worthy of consideration. Words are in themselves but audible signs or arbitrary symbols used, by common consent, as indicative of our ideas or thoughts. But so well are they fitted to be made at will the medium of mental conference, that nothing else can be conceived to equal them for this purpose. But as words abstractedly considered are empty and vain, being in their nature mere signs or tokens which derive all their value and power from the ideas and feelings which they suggest, it is evident, that he who would either speak or write well, must be furnished with something more than a knowledge of sounds and letters. At the same time it is not less true that skill in the practical science of collocating, combining, and selecting words, and a taste for the coy graces of expression, have a reciprocating influence of no mean amount, in developing and animating discourse, whether heard or read. Words fitly spoken are indeed both precious and beautiful—"like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Man was made for society; and from the first period of human existence, the race no doubt was social. To civilized life, or that in which there is any approach to it, language is absolutely necessary. There is therefore no danger that the language of any nation shall fall into disuse, till the people by whom it is spoken, shall either adopt some other, or become themselves extinct. But such events take place, as is the case with the ancient Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; the language if preserved at all from oblivion, becomes the more permanent: because the influences which are constantly tending to improve or deteriorate every living language, have ceased to operate upon those which are learned only from ancient books. When a nation changes its language, as did our forefathers, producing by a slow amalgamation of materials drawn from various tongues, a new one differing from all,—the first stages of its grammar will of course be chaotic and rude. Uniformity springs from the steady application of rules; and polish is the work of taste and refinement. We may easily err by following the example of early writers with more reverence than judgment; nor is it possible to do justice to the grammarians, or the science and practice of grammar, without a knowledge both of the history and of the present state of this science

The tendency of these observations is obvious; indicating that grammar is most certainly and safely to be studied in the classical

writers,—its principles thence deduced,—its rules and fittest illustrations thence drawn. But how much stronger are the claims upon the attention of all who aim at a liberal education, of these venerable authorities, when it is considered that to the languages used by them, our own, and also most of the other dialects of modern Europe, changed as they are in form and structure, owe a very large portion of their vocabulary! The more immediate descendants of the Latin,—the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French,—are little else than corruptions of the parent stock, altered in shape, and frittered down in the parts, but the same in substance; and the complicated tissue of our own tongue is so wrought up and interwoven, with the Latin chiefly, and also with the Greek, that it is impossible to unravel its texture, or understand its nature and uses, without a competent knowledge of both.

We do not dwell upon the importance of a course of classical discipline, or of the intellectual and moral training, inseparable from a well-conducted study of classical writers. Still less need we repeat how necessary is an acquaintance with them to accomplish the youthful mind for the purposes of life, and give it the culture required for a liberal profession. Let us rather conclude our few remarks, which affect to be nothing more than stray hints, with a quotation from that distinguished philosopher and statist, M. Cousin, when urging his own government to adopt portions of the Prussian system of instruction. He says,—"Not only do I think it expedient to keep up our collegial plan of studies, more especially the philological department of it, but I am convinced that that part of our system ought to be strengthened and extended, in order that, while we maintain our incontestible superiority over Germany in the physical and mathematical sciences, we may be able to cope with that country in the solidity of our classical instruction. Classical studies are, in truth, beyond comparison, the most essential of all, conducing as they do to the knowledge of human nature, which they bring us to consider under all the variety of its aspects and relations; at one time, in the language and literature of nations who have left behind them memorable traces of their existence and glory; at another, in the pregnant vicissitudes of history, which continually renovate and improve society; and finally, in that philosophy which reveals to us the simple elements, and the uniform organization, of that wondrous being, whom history, literature, and languages successively clothe in forms the most diversified, and yet always bearing upon some more or less important part of his internal constitution. Classical studies maintain the sacred tradition of the intellectual and moral life of our species. To cripple, far more to destroy them, would, in my eyes, be an act of barbarism, an audacious attempt to arrest true civilization, a sort of high treason against humanity."

We avoid attempting any analysis of the views urged in Mr.

Brooks' Address; but its close demands our notice, and indeed transference to our pages; the author eloquently there recommending the Bible as a classic.

With a generous enthusiasm you have devoted your days and nights gentlemen, to liberal studies; within the precincts of yonder temple, sacred to wisdom, you have seen in reality, the fabulous Panchaia of the happy islands, and in their works have contemplated the monuments of those consecrated to immortality, reared by their own sublime genius. You have delighted to sweep the dust of ages from the papyrus, and peruse its venerable records,—the relics of ancient literature, sanctified by the touch of time, have enkindled a lively admiration of the beauties of Greece and the colossal grandeur of Rome,—you have investigated their polity, their laws, their religion, and from the whole have deduced principles

"To warm the genius and to mend the heart."

You have revelled in the riches of classic lore, and you have done much. But there is another classic which I feel bound to commend to you, equally ancient in origin and interesting in narrative, equally chaste in style, and more sublime in its records, its philosophy and its precepts, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.

In this volume you have a pleasant picture of the simplicity of the early ages in all the flowing vivacity of Herodotus, without his fables,—you have the exhibition of war in its political connexions and commotions —the spread of empire and the desolations of war—the achievements of men and the miracles of God—described with all the force and atticism of Thucydides, and the graces of Xenophon. You have a morality exactly suited to the nature and destiny of man, more elevated than ever came from the Portico or Academy,—a system of laws and religion that far transcend the dreams of ancient sages—promulgated by Him to whom power and dominion and adoration belong,—every variety of composition characterized by all the sublimities and beauties of style—of passion, of sentiment, and of action,—the visions of the seer, the denunciations of the prophet, the teachings of the sage, the inspirations of the Psalmist, the records of the evangelist, and the triumphs of the martyr,—tending to inform the mind, move the sensibilities, refine the taste, and above all, purify the heart—fit it for the discharge of the duties of life, and for the destinies of another and a better world. This classic, above all others, I would recommend to you.

Compare its cosmogony with that of any who have dreamed upon this subject, either philosophers or poets—the Orphic egg of the Egyptian—the mad principle of Sanchoniatho, or the aqueous of Thales—the atoms of Epicurus, or the active and passive principles of Zeno, Plato, and Aristotle—with the vainer imaginings of the poets—and you cannot hesitate for a moment to acknowledge the superiority of Moses to that of all others—in truth and magnificence—the mighty God; by the word of his power, speaking the universe into existence. "He spake, and it was done." "He commanded, and it stood fast." But while all other cosmogonies are inferior to this, they

attest its truth—the universality of the idea of the proper creation, carried by tradition into every portion of the habitable earth.

The chronology of the Bible, although disputed by those who have been guided by erroneous and contradictory eras, periods, and divisions of time, and those who mistake the imaginations of science for realities—has been attested by concurrent profane history, by astronomical calculations, and the discoveries of true science; and its historical facts are proved by the histories of other nations—by ruins, by monuments, and medals.

Compare the commandments given to Moses with the laws of Solon, Minos, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, or the ancient statutes of Egypt and of Rome; and while you find them, at best, imperfectly suited to that particular people for whom they were made, you will find the requirements of the Decalogue of universal application, suited to the condition and character of every kindred and tongue bearing upon them the broad seal of the sovereign King of Kings, to whom the world and the inhabitants thereof belong.

And while the systems of pagan theology that were most rational, proposed a metaphysical worship which was above the comprehension of the ignorant; it is the beauty of the glorious system of the Bible, that the poor have the Gospel preached to them; and that, while it it has truths to employ the most lofty intelligence, "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" in comprehending its precepts. Imbue your minds with its doctrines —obey its counsels—carry out its principles in thought, word, and deed; and, sustained through the trials of life by its holy influences, you shall lie down in your graves in peace, with better hopes than ancient sages ever knew—secure of joys to which the brightest dreams of their Elysium are dim and fading.

You will be told by some that the language of the Old and New Testament is barbarous. Believe it not!—that it abounds in imperfections and errors of style: it is not the fact! Its peculiarities, even those that are condemned by the captious; its transitions, changes, and irregularities, will be found, by the true scholar, to be parallel with those of the most refined Grecian authors. You who have drunk of the waters of Helicon, will not find those of "Siloa's brook, that flows fast by the Oracle of God," less invigorating, nor the dews of Hermon less sweet, than those of the Aonian Aganippe.

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If you have been pleased with the Doric reed of Theocritus and the mellow flute of Virgil, you cannot fail to enjoy the fervent, yet delicate passion of the pastoral of Solomon. If you have admired the epigrams of Martial, the golden sentences of Pythagoras, you will relish still more the precepts of Ecclesiastes and the Proverbs. If the elegiac strains of Tibullus and Ovid have excited tender sentiments of sorrow, your heart will be melted at the sorrows of the Saviour over Salem, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the threnetic plaint of Hosea.

If you have admired the social feelings of Scipio and Lælius, you will find a parallel in the fraternal affection of David and Jonathan; and will see friendship and grief sanctified by the Saviour, as he weeps at the grave of Lazarus. If you have been moved by the lament of Agamemnon over his wounded brother, the sympathies of the inmost soul will be stirred at the

passionate grief of David, for the slain upon the mountains of Gilboa. Acquainted with the beauties of the wanderings of the kings of Ithaca, you will relish the more the sublimities of the wanderings of the Israelites. Moved at the manner of the discovery of Ulysses, the waters of the soul will be stirred, when Joseph makes himself known to his brethren. Struck with pathetic interest at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, your emotions will be stronger as you stand with Abraham and Isaac, upon the mount of Moriah. Familiar with the histories of Clelia and Penthensilea, you will appreciate the daring of Jael, and the valour of Judith, as she unsheathes the sword of slaughter in the tent of Holofernes. Beholding the grandeur of the eagle as he bears the bolt of destruction to the throne of Jove, you will contemplate the purity of the dove, carrying to the ark the bough of mercy; or, on the shores of Jordan, bringing down the spirit of the Deity, to sustain the soul of man amid the sorrows of a ruined world. Pleased with the maternal solicitude of Cornelia, in rearing the Gracchi to be "jewels" of pride, you will applaud the noble ambition of the mother of Samuel, in seeking to make him a jewel worthy of the signet of the Lord. Impressed with sentiments of moral elevation at the devotion of Codrus and Marcus Curtius, for the good of their country, you will be filled with wonder and love at the condescension of the incarnate God, as he gives himself a sacrifice for sin, upon the summit of Calvary, amid the tremblings of the earth and the astonishment of heaven; and, touched with the serenity and meekness of the dying Socrates, as he cheers his sorrowing *friends*, you will be dissolved in grief and love and admiration, as the expiring Saviour consoles the weeping daughters of Jerusalem and prays for his *enemies*.

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Such are a few of the beauties of the Bible; and, if its grand truths be found to rob poetry and mythology of some of their etherial fancies, it substitutes nobler truths and sentiments far more chaste. If it has displaced cloud-compelling Jove from Olympus, it has placed the heavens under the care of Him who "weigheth them in his balance," and directeth his thunder under the whole heavens, and his lightning to the ends of the earth." If Aurora no longer opens the doors of the east, her office is performed by Him "who causeth the day-spring to know his place." If the sun be no longer under the care of Apollo, it is guided by Him "who hath set a tabernacle for the sun." If Diana has forgotten to lead her circlet in the heavens, it revolves at the bidding of Him, "who hath appointed the moon her seasons." If the sceptre of Eolus is broken, the winds are under the direction of Him "who guides the whirlwind, and propels the storm"—"who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind." If the trident of Neptune no longer sways the sea, its billows heave beneath the eye of Him who hath said to the deep, "thus far shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." If Ceres has deserted the fields, they are under the care of Him who hath promised that "seed time and harvest shall succeed each other" to the end of time. If the vintage has ceased to ripen for Bacchus, it abounds for Him who "causeth wine to make glad the heart of man." If Nemesis no longer bears the balances of the earth, they are transferred to Him, "the habitation of whose throne is justice and judgment." If the Dryads have forsaken the groves, and the Naiads the

streams, the voice of Deity is still speaking, in the whisper of every tree, and the murmur of every fountain. If the Muses that presided over the spheres, have abandoned the objects of their tutelary regard, they are still impelled by the hand that rounded them, and peal out the hymn in which they united, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." If Iris has ceased to be the messenger of the wrath of Juno, it has become the covenant of the mercy of Jehovah. If Pluto has resigned the guardianship of Hades, it is to him who "holds the keys of hell and death;" and, if the Lares and Penates have abandoned the threshold and hearthstone, their place is supplied by Him who hath promised to make the habitation of the righteous his abode, and to dwell in the heart of the humble. If all the deities have vanished before the light of truth and revelation, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

Such is the elaborate manner in which Mr. Brooks compareth the classical claims of the Holy Scriptures with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, justly giving the preference greatly in favour of the oracles of God.

Art. IX.

1. *Poor Law Amendment Act.* Session 1844.

2. *Speech of the* Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., *on the Law of Settlement.* August, 1844.

Some amendments of an important character have been introduced into the laws regulating the relief of the destitute among our population during the session of parliament just brought to a close. Taken in connection with pledges given in both the House of Lords and the House of Commons respecting the future administration of parochial relief, and the announcement on the part of her Majesty's Government of still further alterations of a very comprehensive character, we think that they are designed to abate much of that discontent that has lurked since 1834, both in the rural districts and in the seats of manufacturing industry. The origin of that agitation which subsequently developed itself in West Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Northumberland, under the banner of Chartism, is to be ascribed, perhaps wholly, to provisions of the Poor-Law Bill, now removed, or about to be changed; or to popular inferences from the repulsive and chilling theories announced in formal and too-often stilted and dogmatical diction by the advocates of the new system. Mr. Oastler, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, and the Rev. J. Stephens were at the beginning nothing more than partisans of the statute 43d of Elizabeth, scattering the opinions of the deceased William Cobbett over the face of the country. The dissatisfaction of the populace of

the manufacturing districts exploded in the armed attack upon the town of Newport, the formidable outbreaks in Manchester, Oldham, and Halifax, and afterwards in the Rebecca riots in Wales. In many parts of the agricultural districts, the New Poor-Law has, ever since its enactment, been looked upon with feelings of deep jealousy and dislike, which have recently been manifested so fearfully in the Eastern Counties. "I grieve," remarked the Bishop of Exeter, during a late debate, "to say that these feelings are exhibiting themselves even now in an awful manner in that part of the kingdom. Within the last two or three weeks, a right reverend friend of mine has felt it his duty to put forth a circular letter to his clergy on the subject of the fires in Suffolk. I fear that we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact—guilty as the incendiaries are, and reprobated as they must be by every man of right feeling—we cannot disguise from ourselves that these fires do proceed from the feelings excited by the existence of the present Poor-Law." It was well remarked by an intelligent country gentleman. It is useless to palter with the question; there *is* the detestation of this law; be it reasonable or not reasonable, there it *is*. The mitigation of the Poor-Law of 1834 will therefore be hailed as an occurrence likely to operate beneficially on the masses of the labouring poor.

It is not to be denied that the New Poor Law (4 and 5 Will. IV.) has in some respects produced some very beneficial results. It has put down much expensive and mischievous litigation, and has checked many frauds and local abuses. But we are also of opinion that there have been some very objectionable provisions in the law; and that many regulations promulgated and enforced, not indeed by virtue of positive enactment on the various points affected, but under colour of the general discretion vested in the Commissioners, have done unnecessary violence to the feelings and prejudices of the poor. Professor Henslow of Cambridge has drawn pretty accurately a contrast between the act of William the Fourth and its predecessor:—

If I were asked to sum up in few words the most prominent distinction between the Old and New Law, I should say that the Old Law placed the rate-payers too much at the mercy of the labourers, and that the New Law places the labourers too much at the mercy of the rate-payers. Under the Old Law some of the labourers grossly abused the advantages they possessed, —but whether the rate-payers have equally abused their present power, is a subject I should hope none of us would shrink from seeing fully investigated.

The first point that claims our attention in considering the question is what is termed in official language, OUT-DOOR RELIEF, that is, relief to the sick or destitute in their own dwellings, and not within the doors of the public asylum. It has always been held up as the

prime grievance of the New Poor Law, that the able-bodied poor were denied relief except on the condition of the claimant's entering the Union-house, without any reference to the character or peculiar circumstances of the pauper. "The workhouse test" has been regarded as the life and soul of the system. Against it nearly the whole force of the anti-Poor-Law odium has been directed; and to it have the zealots of the modern system looked as the grand ultimate principle of their legislation. Sir James Graham created no small astonishment in the House of Commons, when, in the course of the late discussions on this subject, he joined issue as to matter of fact, and denied that the condition we have described is proposed or insisted on. Out-door relief, he affirmed, is very extensively administered; and he supported his observations by the following statement:

Persons to whom In-door Relief was administered during the last twelve months	203,000
Persons to whom Out-door Relief was administered during the same period	1,116,000

The words of Sir James Graham on the occasion deserve to be recorded:—

> But the hon. member for Bridport declares that the refusal of out-door relief is the principle of the present act as contradistinguished from the act of Elizabeth. Now, Sir, I absolutely deny that there is a denial of out-door relief in the present act. It is true that a power is given to the Commissioners in certain cases to prohibit out-door relief; but in the law there is no such principle as the absolute denial of out-door relief. May I call the attention of the House to the immense proportion of relief given to the poor in their own houses. I again assert that in the act of 1834, there is no prohibition of out-door relief.

These observations from the Secretary of State for the Home Department may be regarded as a pledge that in future the workhouse test will not be insisted upon as a *sine qua non*. But are we to infer from the facts stated by the right hon. baronet, that relief *is not refused* to able-bodied applicants, unless they enter the Union-house? or that the Commissioners willingly concede *out-door relief* in the cases where it is given? If so, indeed, the discontent of the labouring classes has been most unreasonable, and based on a delusion. But it is not so. Whatever be the intentions of Government now, notwithstanding the figures paraded by Sir James, it is a fact beyond all controversy, that the Commissioners have by their authority prevented out-door relief whenever they found it possible to prevent it, and again and again promulgated their opinion that it was not desirable to sanction it; while their whole proceedings in-

dicated an intention to put an end as soon as possible to a system that they conceived to be fraught with mischief. Sir James Graham very peremptorily insists, that in the Act of 1834 there is no prohibition of out-door relief. But what does his denial avail when we know that the law vests discretionary power in the hands of the Commissioners, and that those functionaries have exerted their whole power to suppress out-door relief. The Commissioners considered out-door relief as an inconvenience, something to be regretted and remedied in time. But in many places they were prevented from prohibiting it by the want of workhouse accommodation. The following passage from the second Report of the Commissioners, page 6, is intelligible enough as to the *intentions* of the authorities at Somerset House. It occurs in the chapter headed "Stoppage of out-door relief to able-bodied:"

In the Poor-Law Amendment Bill as first submitted to the consideration of Parliament, a clause was inserted which directed that all relief to able-bodied paupers out of a workhouse should cease on the 1st of July, 1835. In the progress of the Bill through parliament, this clause was withdrawn, and the Commissioners were charged with the important duty of fixing the time when in each Union that provision (WHICH FORMED THE FIRST RECOMMENDATION OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE POOR-LAW INQUIRY, AND IS IN FACT THE MAIN OBJECT OF THE POOR-LAW AMENDMENT ACT) should take effect. We have not ceased to bear in mind this very important part of our functions, and we have carefully watched the progress made in the districts first formed into Unions, for the purpose of ascertaining at what time and to what extent the provision might be enforced in them. To many persons it may, we fear, be a matter of surprise as well as of regret, that we have as yet applied the rule prohibiting out-door relief to the able-bodied, only to a very limited extent, although some Unions anticipated our wishes and of their own authority withheld all relief out of the workhouse to able-bodied paupers. With respect to the other rural Unions, the order has, after investigation and report by our assistant Commissioners, been issued by ourselves. Several of the best managed Unions in Kent and Sussex, and

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* The following statement which occurs in Professor Henslow's pamphlet corroborates Sir James Graham's facts:—

I shall here state, without much comment, what are the numbers of our own poor receiving parish relief at the present moment. There are—

	out-door.	in-door.
Men	8	4
Women	19	4
Children.....	3	1

Of those *in* the house, all except one able-bodied woman and her illegitimate child, are wretched objects of imbecility or helpless infirmity.

in Berks, Oxford, and Gloucestershire, were evidently in a state to admit of this regulation when applied to able-bodied male paupers only; and availing ourselves of the season of the year and other favourable circumstances, we deemed it expedient to apply the rule in question successively to the following Unions [in all 64 Unions.] It is satisfactory to be able to state that objections to the carrying of the rule into effect have been raised in three Unions only. *No doubt can be entertained that it was the deliberate intention of Parliament in framing the Poor Law Amendment Act, that all out-door relief should cease at the earliest period that it could safely and with propriety be put an end to; and the question which we have to decide as to each Union is, whether this time may be fairly deemed to have arrived.*"

When Sir James Graham, therefore, thinks proper to assert what is quite true, but beside the question—that in the Act of 1834, there is *no prohibition* of out-door relief, he must not be astonished if, after reading such passages as the foregoing, the generality of people have arrived at the conclusion, that by virtue of authority given by the aforesaid Act of 1834, out-door relief *has* been prohibited. The document we have quoted from, was published in 1836; but that Guardians are still restricted by the Poor-Law Commissioners, and are obliged by their orders to refuse, on all practicable occasions, out-door relief, is unquestionable. The following is the testimony of the learned Professor, from whose pamphlet, published a few weeks ago, we have already quoted:—

The repugnance of the poor to the confinement of the house, and their natural dislike to those regulations to which it is necessary they should submit when there, induces them to support hardships with a determination which it is painful to witness, and scarcely possible for persons in easy circumstances to comprehend. Strange to say, the greatest repugnance to the house seems to reside in those who have barely sufficient to exist upon at any time.

We make the following extract from a petition presented by a Board of Guardians during the session of the present year; it will show that the obnoxious regulation enforced under the authority of the Commissioners has, up to this moment, been felt as a grievance by the labourers:—

That your petitioners having witnessed for a long period the operation of the prohibiting order of the Poor-Law Commissioners relating to out-door relief, are fully convinced it has failed to accomplish the object of its promoters, inasmuch as by forcing able-bodied applicants with their families into the Union House, *it increases pauperism, deteriorates the condition of the recipient, and enlarges the expenditure.* That your petitioners having been accustomed to consider the honest and industrious labourer, when in distress from no fault of his own, as an object of compassion, and that to

administer relief to such a person in the least irksome manner, is a duty enjoined by the law of nature and divine revelation, cannot but view with feelings of much pain the operation of an order which militates against those unerring guides and which treats poverty as a crime.

Your petitioners, therefore, humbly implore your Honourable House to insert such a clause in the Poor-Law Amendment Bill now passing through your honourable House as shall *fully recognize the principle of allowing out-door relief to able-bodied labourers, and invest the Guardians of the poor with full discretionary power to carry such clause into effect, uncontrolled by the Poor-Law Commisioners.*

It is sincerely to be hoped that, in future, discretion as to the mode of relief will, as far as prudently it can, be left in the hands of the Guardians. The feeling of parliament undoubtedly was, during the recent discussions on the subject, that the workhouse test should not be applied to any but persons of dissolute character. We cannot, however, wonder at the hostility of the working classes to the whole Poor-Law, when we recollect the lengths to which the administrators of the law have attempted to carry out the principle of refusing out-door relief. In the report of the Commissioners in 1839, "the practicability and propriety" of confining relief to WIDOWS to the workhouse is urged; the number of widows then receiving out door relief being 28,880. We believe, however, that the Government did not sanction the application of "the test" to these unhappy persons.

There is yet one provision in the law, which, though pressing most grievously on the labourers, remains in full force. We can best illustrate it by mentioning a case in point which came before the magistrates at Colchester, on the 10th of last August. Samuel Gusterson, a labourer of the parish of Little Horkesley, was charged with allowing his wife and five children to be chargeable to the parish. It appeared, in the course of his examination, that he had entered the workhouse with his wife and children, and growing weary of its restraint and inactivity, left it and procured employment at Great Horkesley, the parish adjoining his own. At the end of the week the man returned to the workhouse, informed his wife of his good fortune in getting work, and gave her two shillings out of the ten that he had earned. He was immediately arrested on the charge we have mentioned, and was required by the magistrates either at once to take his wife and five children out of the house, or else give up his work and enter it himself along with them. The unfortunate labourer said that he had in vain endeavoured to procure a house in which to place his family, and till he obtained one was willing to allow some money weekly to the parish for maintaining them. The following passage from the conclusion of the report of the case, shows that all his remonstrances were ineffectual:—

Chairman: You have formed a most erroneous idea to suppose that you can keep at work out of the Union whilst your wife and family are in, as you are bound to take them out as soon as you obtain work.

Prisoner: But there is not a house to be had in the parish; therefore, what am I to do? It is a hard case, if I am willing to work, and can get it, that I am not allowed to do it without being taken into custody. If I could get a house to take my family to, I am ready to do so, and support them as well as I can.

Chairman: You cannot expect that your wife and family are to be kept by the parish, whilst you are in employment; therefore you must either take them out of the Union House, or go there yourself.

Prisoner: I am determined not to go there, let the consequences be what they may I am willing to allow them what I can.

Mr. Bawtree: You have your choice of three matters, viz—*to take your wife and family out of the Union House; to go in with them: or to go to prison.*

Sir James Graham's declaration on another point, relative to which, much dissatisfaction has existed in the country, has been received with no small pleasure. He declared that there was no power in the Poor-Law Amendment Act of 1834, to oblige an applicant for relief to sell his property, bedding, and furniture, before receiving relief. He said that in practice applicants were not required to do so; and taking a step further he affirmed that any such practice would be a violation of the law. We, of course, after this, shall never hear of such a practice again; but it is a notorious fact that in several instances the effects of poor persons applying for parochial relief, have been sold by Guardians, and the proceeds applied under the orders of the Commissioners.

The separation of man and wife in the Union-house has long been a theme of popular invective. It is evident, however, that it is not possible altogether to dispense with this separation. The Duke of Wellington, who usually takes a practical common-sense view of things, in replying in a recent debate on the Poor-Law, to the Bishop of Exeter, we think set this point at rest:—

The right rev. prelate has complained of some things which exist in these Unions, and for some of which this bill is to find a remedy. One of them is the separation of man and wife; and the right rev. prelate says, there never was such a thing heard of as the separation of man and wife. My lords, did the right rev. prelate ever hear of workhouses and poorhouses, under the old system of the law of Elizabeth? Did he ever hear of hospitals? Why, my lords, the common decencies of life require, that when large numbers of persons are to be brought together, man and wife shall be separated. The women must be placed in one part, and the men in another part of the house. It cannot be otherwise. This is what is required by he laws of decency. It is not only under this Act that it is done, it was

done in the old workhouses under the law of Elizabeth. It has been in various hospitals, and it cannot be otherwise.

On this subject Sir James Graham assured the House of Commons, that whenever the workhouse admitted that degree of accommodation, the aged married couples were allowed separate rooms, if in the opinion of the Board of Guardians such indulgence was fitting for them to receive.

Much misconception no doubt exists with respect to the interior of the workhouses. The mass of the people regard them with shuddering aversion. But are there not others responsible for the misconceptions in the popular mind beside the demagogues who invoked curses on the "Bastilles?" The Poor-Law authorities, on principle, thought it desirable to render these asylums rather repulsive to the poor than the reverse, and in their official reports have expressed a hope that the prison-like appearance of the workhouses "should inspire a salutary dread of them." This dread, be it salutary or otherwise, has been very considerably augmented by the promulgation of the principle on which the Commissioners thought it desirable that relief to the indigent should be administered, THAT THE CONDITION OF PAUPERS SHALL IN NO CASE BE SO ELIGIBLE AS THE CONDITION OF PERSONS OF THE LOWEST CLASS SUBSISTING ON THE FRUITS OF THEIR OWN INDUSTRY. We acquit the Poor-Law Commissioners of acting on this principle. It would be impossible to act upon it. That man knows little of the actual condition of thousands of our population who is ignorant that the individual who would seriously propose to render the condition of paupers in point of food *less eligible* than that of the *lowest class* of the labouring poor, would be regarded as an unnatural tyrant. The Commissioners have universally shrunk from their own guiding maxim. In no Union in England is it acted on. No Board of Guardians could or would sanction the dreadful consequences that would follow its enforcement. The dietaries in the Union-houses are greatly superior, infinitely more "eligible" than the dietaries in many a wretched cottage, the occupier of which labours to sustain himself and family. The poor who know and feel the miseries to which "the lowest class subsisting on the fruits of their own industry" are subject, are appalled, as well they may, at the announcement that the condition of the pauper shall *in no case* be so eligible as the condition of such persons. Yet it is plain that they labour under an important mistake: the condition of the inmates of every Union-house in the country is above the theoretical standard framed by the Commissioners. Some persons are astonished that the people entertain prejudices against the New Poor-Law; but who can be surprised at the existence of such prejudices when we consider how much has been done by the language of the administrators of the law to render it a matter of

apprehension? Mr. Malthus, in his second edition of his *Essay on Population*, expressed his opinion that—

"A man who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if society do not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and in fact, has no business to be where he is. At Nature's mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone.

The sinking labourer who has struggled in vain with fate can scarcely think that principle less cruel that says that the condition of Paupers, shall in no case be so eligible as the condition of the lowest class of persons subsisting on the fruits of their own industry. To realise the full effect of such a rule on the minds of the poor we need only peruse Dr. Cooke Taylor's Tour through the Manufacturing Districts, and the more recent publications respecting the condition of the labourers of Suffolk.

One of the most important alterations effected by the bill which has just passed, relates to the maintenance of illegitimate children, the weight of which it must be confessed has hitherto pressed unfairly on the female sex. Sir James Graham gave the following explanation respecting the clause on this subject:—

He was bound to state that recent inquiry went to prove that great dissatisfaction had been experienced with the operation of that part of the law as it stood at present in Wales and in the north of England. The house would recollect that by the bill of 1834, as it passed that house, the power of making an order on the putative father in cases of bastardy was absolutely put an end to. The Commissioners supposed that such a principle would operate as a restraint upon the female, be conducive to chastity, and greatly diminish the number of illegitimate children. Much discussion took place in the other House of Parliament on the effect of this principle, and a power was given to the magistrates in special session to make an order on the putative father upon certain limitations. But then a necessity was imposed for testimony corroborative of the oath of the mother herself, which previously had been deemed sufficient. There was also a restriction as to the extent of the order which the magistrates were permitted to give. Failing compliance on the part of the father, the magistrates had, previous to 1834, power to issue an order both against goods and person, but the act of that year limited the remedy to his goods only. So the law stood until 1839, but he was bound to say, that from the first passing of the act, public opinion was very much divided as to the policy, not to say humanity, of the proceeding. It was said that the whole burden was thrown on the weaker vessel, and that the father should not be wholly exempt. He was obliged to admit that public opinion never coincided with that provision of the law. His noble friend, the member for Monmouthshire, had felt this so strongly that he proposed a measure which modified essentially the law of 1834, restoring to magistrates at special or petty sessions the power of making an

order, and as the law now stood under the enactment of his noble friend, the magistrates at petty sessions had the power of making an order in bastardy, subject only to the limitation requiring corroborative testimony, and of being only of force against the goods of the father. Still neither quarter nor special sessions could issue any order which would be of effect against his person. For this reason the alteration, large as it was, which had been effected by his noble friend, had not satisfied public opinion; and there was still an urgent and crying necessity for further alteration in the law of bastardy. He (Sir J. Graham) had, therefore, had to consider the question carefully after the reports which had reached him (although the report of the commissioners had not as yet been received), and undoubted information led him to know that this subject was deeply felt in Wales and in the north of England. He did not think that anything short of a revision of the law, as it stood previous to 1834, would satisfy public opinion.

At the close of the session, Her Majesty's Ministers announced their intention of bringing in a bill next session to regulate the law of settlement, the importance of which subject may be estimated from the circumstance that during the last year there were in this country no less than 19,000 orders of removal, and 45,000 persons whose fortunes were influenced thereby. The most prominent feature in the plan propounded by Sir James Graham is that which refers to the case of Irish and Scotch paupers in England, who have hitherto been exposed to the most dreadful sufferings; though it contains many other provisions that promise to be exceedingly beneficial.

A spirit of kindness and forbearance towards the Poor will, we hope and believe, in future preside over the administration of the law, so that while vice and idleness are discountenanced and punished, the honest and industrious man, in untoward circumstances, may find it a guardian and friend.

ART. X.—*The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.* By CHARLES DICKENS, with Illustrations by PHIZ. London: Chapman and Hall. 1844.

FEW authors have so rapidly earned such a solid reputation and popularity as that Mr. Dickens possesses, and we will make bold to say that still fewer have any right to cavil at his well-earned fame. His novels (for such we suppose they must still be called, notwithstanding their entire dissimilarity to the slip-slop books continually appearing under that name) are not bare exciting tales of woe and misery, nor are their scenes confined to any particular class; but they possess the unusual credit of exposing the foibles of all classes alike, having more-

over a decidedly moral tendency, in teaching some useful lesson, disregarded by the majority of mankind; in laying bare some glaring vice, under whatever form it may appear; or exposing some gross cheat or deception, however fine may be the dress in which it is enveloped. The unmeaning Pharisee, the deceitful hypocrite, the sordid money-lover, the avaricious and the selfish man, share equally his rough satires with the common cheat, the impudent swindler, and the abandoned pickpocket.

Such is the aim of the work before us! To display the destructive effects of avarice, and the depravity of selfishness, on the one hand; and the beauty of benevolence and kindness on the other, is evidently the aim of the worthy writer of "Martin Chuzzlewit;" and happily the weapons which he uses to accomplish his good purpose are of so effectual a nature, as to strip the one of all its fancied advantages, and invest the other with a lasting and attractive splendour. We are shown in the horrid end of Jonas Chuzzlewit, to what extremes of vice the man of covetous or miserly disposition is, step by step, drawn headlong; while in the beautiful contrast of Tom Pinch's final glory, in his own comfort and the happiness of all dear to him, we see the reward of fidelity, generosity, and benevolence. The different degrees of these widely distinct characters, are pourtrayed with a master-hand: while the object of the whole appears to be in furtherance of the gospel principle of charity,—"Love thy neighbour as thyself!"

It may seem an unnecessary labour and consumption of space to give even an outline of the tale, which almost every one has read and admired; but as such a course may materially aid us hereafter in our remarks upon the different characters, and the mode of their developement, we shall proceed to abstract the principal incidents in as concise a manner as possible.

Mr. Dickens is extremely fond of concocting tales with no hero or heroine, or rather such a number so equally developed, that there is great difficulty in discovering which may be called, *par excellence*, the hero or heroine. It would be supposed from the title that "Martin Chuzzlewit" is the hero, but, in truth, he is one of the least prominent characters in the story, and far less interesting or engaging than many of them.

We are introduced in the outset to a decidedly unprepossessing old man,—old Martin Chuzzlewit, with a very engaging little creature, his *protegé* or companion, at an old-fashioned hostelry, yclept the "Dragon," which is situated on a small village near the ancient city of Sarum, and kept by a buxom widow—all smiles and roses (*natural!*) This gentleman is rich; *ergo*, much discomfited with the frequent and fawning attentions of his poor relatives, who all wish him dead and buried, (provided his money be left behind him,) though their frequent inquiries after his health and happiness would be-

token the contrary. The delicious little being, who is his guardian from the attack of his vulture family, is the only creature in whom he will trust, and that because she can have no interest in his death, since all pecuniary benefit from him will cease, as he has informed her, with his life. She is not mentioned as in any other way connected with him, and it is somewhat unaccountable, that for the sake of a few pounds per year, she should bear with the restless and querulous nature (unaccompanied with any redeeming qualities) of the old man. Within the vicinity of this same Dragon resides a worthy man, Pecksniff by name, who seems to dwell in an airy region of self-satisfaction, and to live by retailing morality at its cost price. His outward, worldly occupation is that of an Architect or Surveyor; more theoretical indeed than practical, for no mention is made of his having built anything but castles—in the air. The paternal affections of this good man are centred in daughters twain, who rejoice in the names of Charity and Mercy, but which the playful affection of their widowed parent, metamorphosed into Cherry and Merry. The elder, Charity, a pattern of prudence and steadiness, had arrived at that peculiar period in the life of single ladies, called "a certain age," and, to say the truth, her temper seemed somewhat soured by her prolonged stay in the state of "single-blessedness." Her stolidity is counterbalanced, however, by the more skittish and frolicsome disposition of the youngest-born, Merry,—a name well describing her nature and habits. The most engaging individual of the whole, however, is the remaining inmate of the Pecksniffian dwelling,—an ungainly looking, old-fashioned, being; but withal, a trusty, faithful, simple, pleasant creature, who, to be candid, seemed to place more trust in man—and that man, Pecksniff—than those guided by experience are apt to do—Tom Pinch. He was a former pupil of the virtuous Pecksniff, had lived on his morality, and was now an indoor paid assistant, a walking advertisement of his master's virtue: for Pecksniff was his idol, his model, his beginning and his end. To nothing beyond Pecksniff did Pinch look forward. To live with Pecksniff was an honour: to hear Pecksniff speak, was delightful music to his simple hears: to be like Pecksniff, was a state of perfection he thought unattainable by any other man!

This is the state of affairs when the history begins. Old Martin is taken ill: who should be so fit a visitor in such an hour as the charitable, the moral Pecksniff; the good genius of the village, and the patron of the friendless? The virtuous man, on his evening walk, bent his steps to the Dragon, when the hostess makes known the trouble of her sick visitor, whom Pecksniff volunteers to visit with his cheering presence: somewhat staggered, however, is he, when he finds in the old man, a relative, whom he salutes as his "worthy Cousin." Notwithstanding these words may appear to a casual observer, of an oily or soothing nature, it will be ascertained, on a

closer inspection, that the degree of affinity in which they stood to each other, so far from having cherished a friendly feeling between them (such as was, for more than one reason, congenial to the Pecksniffian breast,) seemed only to have soured their intercourse: so much so that their mutual recognition bore any thing but a pleasant aspect; and after an ineffectual endeavour on the part of Pecksniff, to conciliate the old man's disgust, he departed, not forgetting to shower upon the occupiers of the Dragon his blessing.

Now the Chuzzlewits, in all the infinite variety of their connections, were a very strong family, or rather might have been, had they not considerably lacked that quality which is said to constitute the essence of strength—unity; however, they were a numerous family, and made up in this respect, what they wanted in concord. The intelligence of the family Crœsus having fled to the village, being soon scattered amongst his connexions; apprehensive lest the Pecksniffs, in the close vicinity of their prey, should obtain the best portion of the spoil, they determined to visit their aged relative, and coach after coach brought members of the happy family to the "Dragon;" and the name of Chuzzlewit was in every one's mouth. The quiet "Dragon" is besieged by anxious inquiries after the old man, and in order to reconcile the many conflicting interests, it was ultimately agreed that there should be a family meeting at Pecksniff's house, which turned out anything but a united conclave.

At this crisis, Pecksniff obtains a new pupil, in the person of young Martin Chuzzlewit. Old Martin departs for London, and the morning after the arrival of the new pupil, Pecksniff receives a summons to attend his aged relative in the great City, whither, accompanied by his "Doves," or olive-branches, he starts immediately. On their journey, they discover that their fellow travellers inside the coach, consist of the members of the firm of Anthony Chuzzlewit and Son on their return home from the family meeting: the first, an old man, who, according to his son's account, had lived too long for him (the son) and everybody else; while the junior partner was old enough in fashion, whatever his baptismal register might have said. On the arrival of the Pecksniffs in London, they proceed to a commercial establishment—called Todger's, kept by a widow of that name, whose daily care it was, by watering the soup, and other measures of economical housekeeping, to "make both ends meet."

One of the first events of Town, was the interview with the old man, o'er the spirit of whose dreams a queer change seems to have come, for his reception of Pecksniff is kind; and he prevails on the latter, to promise the dismissal of young Martin from his house, who, he says, has deceived them both. While yet in London their acquaintance with their brother travellers is continued. Old Anthony has a clerk called Chuffey, a shrivelled specimen of humanity remarkable for his insensibility to every thing but his master's wants and interests. The "Son" becomes particular in his attentions to the stolid Charity.

The period for Pecksniff to return to his "humble dwelling" having arrived, he prepares to assert the dignity of offended virtue, by the dismissal of his new pupil, as a base deceiver; in which process, however, corporeally speaking, he fared considerably the worst, and Martin leaves the house, to go to America! He made his way to London, spent his little stock of cash, pawned his clothes, tried to obtain an opportunity of working his way out to the New World, without success, and just as his finances are at low-water mark, received a bank note for £20 from an anonymous correspondent.

It is here time we should introduce a very important character,—Mark Tapley,—a living contradiction, a jolly misanthrope, who loved jollity, but preferred a miserable lot, in order that he might share what he called "some credit for being jolly." He was head man at the Dragon, and more than one of the village gossips hinted of a lurking affection between the buxom landlady and her servant. However, the Dragon was too lively a place for him; any man could be happy on skittles and good company; "there was no credit to be got in that," and he deserted his post to seek for some such gloomy occupation as a sexton or undertaker. His course was to London, where he saw Martin in the street and followed to his lodging. Mark proffered his services as attendant on Martin in his American adventure, which were accepted, and they agreed to share their united resources.

The cause of old Martin's dislike to his grandson, is found to be the usual one—love, which feeling the latter entertained in no small degree towards Mary Graham, the old man's companion. An affectionate adieu is exchanged between the lovers in St. James's Park, and the pair of adventurers embark on board "that fast-sailing packet-ship, the "Screw." In due time, they arrive at New York, and discover, "all is not gold that glitters." Their little stock of money is laid out in the purchase of a settlement, in the "flourishing city of Eden," (for so it was described,) situate some hundreds of miles in the interior, the conveyance to which was by water. They disembark at a miserable swamp, and find on inquiring that the same is the Eden they were in search of. The noxious vapours from the marshy ground, the air which bore innumerable distempers with it where it went, soon stretched them on the bed of sickness: long days and nights flew by in helpless misery; death seemed to stare them in the face, thousands of miles from home, when they received the means of returning from a benevolent American, whom they had casually met at New York.

To return to the doings in Old England:—Anthony Chuzzlewit dies suddenly in the presence of his junior partner, Chuffey, and Pecksniff. On the completion of the funeral rites, which were performed without regard to expense, Jonas visited Pecksniff; and while at his house, proposes to—not the elder sister, Charity, but "the other one," the lively Merry. The feelings of the elder and the injured daughter

may be conceived; indignation fired her hitherto peaceful breast; she sought revenge. The younger sister slighted his offers at first, but thought proper to bestow her hand upon him afterwards, though "she hated him as much as ever."

Old Martin Chuzzlewit revisited the Dragon and made Pecksniff's his frequent resting-place. A vacancy being created at the table of the moral man, by his Merry's marriage, and a still further chasm in his domestic peace being threatened in the approaching departure for the gay scenes of town and Todger's, of Miss Charity Pecksniff; (the sweetness of whose temper was by no means increased by the late insult to her;) Pecksniff considered it was unsuitable, in fact quite low, for his venerable relative to be staying at the Dragon, and offered his house for their stay, which was accepted.

Meantime Tom Pinch became interested in Mary Graham: she would come to listen to his playing on the organ of the village church, which he thought wondrous kind and condescending, and yet he dared not love her: Martin had confided her to his care, and he checked the spirit that would suggest the breach of such a solemn trust. Another aspirant to the fair one's hand arose in the person of Pecksniff, who wished to gain her, thinking that would secure the old man's wealth; and he soon took an opportunity to disclose his pretended love to her. She loathed him as a hypocrite, as the enemy of her real lover. Mary Graham told this to Pinch in the hearing of Pecksniff, who immediately "discharged a duty he owed to society" by dismissing his faithful servant.

Jonas, on succeeding to his father's wealth, desirous to increase his useless stores, joins a swindling company, carried on by one Montague, who, by the means of his agent Nadget, discovers Jonas to be the murderer of his father. This information is made the means of drawing more money from Jonas, and of obtaining an introduction to Pecksniff. Exasperated by the discovery of his crime and the loss of his money, Jonas determines upon and accomplishes the murder of the only person he thinks possesses the knowledge of it—Montague.

Pinch, also, on his dismissal, proceeds to London, and by some mysterious hand is placed as a librarian in a musty office in the Temple. Things now draw to a close. Jonas' murder of his father is discovered by the confession of the party who supplied him with the poison; and he, thereupon, commits suicide. Old Martin Chuzzlewit is discovered to be the secret patron of Tom Pinch, and the anonymous benefactor of young Martin, who, with Mark Tapley, arrives in England in time to view Pecksniff's discomfiture, by being discarded by the old man, who now appears to have been dissembling his real feelings towards Pecksniff and his grandson, for the purpose of exposing the duplicity and humbug of Pecksniff. Hymen then steps in and performs the usual part allotted to it in every story:

Young Martin Chuzzlewit is married to Mary Graham; Tapley to Mrs. Lupin, the hostess of the Dragon; and John Westlock (a constant friend to Pinch, and former pupil of Pecksniff's) to Ruth Pinch, sister of Tom, who is happy in their joy.

The Pecksniff family, as might be expected, come to the dogs. The elder sister is jilted by a former lover of her younger sister, whose miserable state on the discovery of the crimes of her brutal husband, may be conceived. Pecksniff himself, reduced to beggary by his joining the bubble company, becomes a begging-letter writer!

Such is the outline of the tale, deprived, however, of the greater part of its interest by abbreviation: it contains certainly many improbabilities, but is worked up with an artistic skill, peculiar to Dickens: some of the scenes and positions are dramatically startling and effective. A writer like our author, with all his benevolence and good intention, disarms criticism of half its point, and we are not disposed to cavil at any of the unaccountable improbabilities which now and then shew themselves. It must be quite evident, notwithstanding his assertion in the Preface, that in the progress of this Tale he kept a steadier eye upon the general purpose and design than in his other works, that he had not well digested his story when he began; and there are indelible proofs of the fact, that he wrote from month to month with nothing more than a very vague and general idea of the conclusion.

It is hardly possible to conceive that old Martin Chuzzlewit could so brutally ill-treat his grandson whom he loved, and nestle in the breast of a man whom he really despised, for the mere purpose of displaying the duplicity and vileness of the latter: to say the least, it was an uncomfortable way of shewing his kindness.

How many living Pecksniffs are there! men who utter high-sounding, moral phrases, to which their lives are complete contradictions. The self-complacency, deceit, and treachery of the man of humbug, are here exemplified in colours the most faithful, because the most disgusting. Who can regret the penury and downfall of a Pecksniff, when we note the many crooked paths he took to catch the unwary and the innocent?

Who will not recognise in the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Society, a bubble, swindling speculation, such as the celebrated "West Middlesex"? The importance of Bellamy and his waistcoat is graphically described: then the great mystery, —Nadgett, the blood-hound in the track of Jonas Chuzzlewit, the description of whom is too good to be omitted or paraphrased:—

He was the man at 1£ a week, who made the inquiries. • • • • He was born a secret. He was a short, dried up, withered, old man, who seemed to have secreted his very blood: for nobody would have given him

credit for the possession of six ounces of it, in his whole body. How he lived was a secret, where he lived was a secret; and even what he was, was a secret. In his musty old pocket-book, he carried contradictory cards, in one of which he called himself a coal merchant, in others a wine merchant, in others a commission agent, in others a collector, in others an accountant; as if he really did not know the secret himself. He was always keeping appointments in the city, and the other man never seemed to come. He would sit on 'Change for hours, looking at every body who walked in and out, and would do the like at Garraway's and other business coffee-rooms. He was mildewed, threadbare, shabby; always had glue upon his legs and back, and kept his linen so secret, by buttoning up, and wrapping over, that he might have had none,—perhaps he had not.

* * * * * * * *

Some people said he had been a bankrupt, others that he had gone an infant into a Chancery suit, which was still depending,—it was all a secret. He carried bits of sealing-wax, and a hieroglyphical old copper seal, in his pocket, after secretly inditing letters in corner boxes of the trysting-places before mentioned: but they never appeared to go to anybody, for he would put them into a secret place in his coat, and deliver them to himself, weeks afterwards, very much to his surprise, quite yellow.

The managing director, Tigg Montague (*quondam* Montague Tigg) the successful swindler, is a good picture of a "made-up" man; for, according to that beautiful specimen of the London boyocracy, —Bailey, Junr.,—

You can't see his face for his whiskers, and can't see his whiskers for the dye upon 'em.

The fate of this unhappy man is truly melancholy. One of the best and most touching scenes in the whole work, is that where he is murdered. The ominous stillness of the declining day, the sweet charms of nature's music, the glory of the setting sun, just before the murder in the wood, are feelingly described, and form a melancholy contrast to his horrid pending doom.

The hideous Jonas, with his love of gold, in his *tortuous* endeavour to increase the bulk of his all-absorbing idol, is drawn to perfection. His being disturbed by Pecksniff while secreting the poison, and his fright thereat; his desperation when he discovers Montague to be in possession of the dread secret of his father's death; his journey by night to Salisbury; the murder, and the quaking fear he had of every living thing, lest they should discover the body; his agony when accused of his crimes, and his disgusting end; all these scenes and circumstances are painfully exciting and vividly pourtrayed.

It is pleasant to turn from the disagreeable portion of the *dramper* to the many amiable characters in the work. Mr. Dickens delights in displaying simplicity and virtue in all their gentle loveliness. The

warm-hearted John Westlock, the too-confiding, simple, honest Tom Pinch, the gentle Ruth, the faithful Mary Graham, the jolly Tapley, and the kind landlady of the "Dragon," (and who will say such characters as these are not to be found around us,) smoothe the rugged track of the rough road of life, and make one feel more satisfied with man.

The unwavering confidence of Pinch in Pecksniff's virtue, despite the strong attempts of Westlock and young Martin to convince him of the real character of his master; his conviction that Pecksniff was daily adding to the vast load of obligation which he owed him, his horror on discovering the perfidy of the man, and the blank that appeared before him in the world, when his idol Pecksniff was disenthroned from the high position it held in his breast; and his gentle forebearance of reproach when ejected from the house, are evidences of an amiability, which we trust is not altogether driven from the world.

What shall we think of Tapley? It would be no criterion to say we never knew such a character; but we confess it seems to owe its origin to Dickens's *inventive* genius. To suppose that a young man, loving to be "jolly," not despised by his mistress, a good cherry-cheeked buxom dame, would leave his comfortable home merely because there was no credit in being jolly when well off, is, we are afraid, too much a stretch of imagination for even Dickens to claim a licence for. But then Mark makes ample amends by his attention to the poor woman and her children aboard the "Screw;" his fidelity to Martin, and utter want of selfishness; and finally by his resettlement at the "Dragon," not as a servant, but master, after relinquishing his favourite but untenable idea.

The ladies—Ruth Pinch and Mary Graham (too near akin to Kate Nickleby, to excite any interest on the score of novelty) are beautiful pictures of the really valuable of the softer sex,—the amiable, the constant, the faithful, and the virtuous. We envy thy happy lot, John Westlock, in possessing such a jewel, whose lustre grows more bright, the more it is seen: even "fiery-face" would bend before thy little wife, and drop a curtsey to her honour.

Let us not, however, forget to notice that "reether crumby" piece of humanity, Mrs. Gamp and her ideal friend—Mrs. Harris. Mr. Dickens has a happy knack (and it is no reproach to him to say so) in catching the peculiarities of the vulgar. Like a sensible man, he does not merely catch the foibles and follies of the great and wealthy, but exposes even the professional delinquencies of a monthly nurse. What can be compared with her peculiar jargon; her self-praises, cunningly introduced under the nominal sanction of Mrs. Harris's extended knowledge? We are afraid this is too true a portrait of this class of people: their carelessness of their patients' wants, the

absolute cruelty they daily practise, and their habitual drinking as displayed in "Martin Chuzzlewit," are, we are assured, not merely fictitious.

Not less perfectly drawn, but not so prominently, are the characters of Bailey and Sweedlepipe. The impudence and vivacity of the former, and his assumption of "the thing" when elevated to the tiger-hood, is set off by the sleepy admiration of the latter, at the elevated fortunes of his young friend.

There are many other incidental characters in the tale, which considerably augment its interest and effect, and are evidences of Mr. Dickens's perfection in the knowledge of the habits and peculiarities of almost every class.

How thoroughly disgusted must our author be with his experience of that land of enlightened liberty—America! He could not suffer this opportunity to pass without showering his heavy sarcasm at their hollow pretensions and professions. Surely if Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram are in any degree true specimens of American politicians and statesmen, we can with gratitude reflect on our much superior position. That Mr. Dickens, after his stay in America for some time, (going there as we are convinced he did, desirous of discovering the beauties rather than the defects of their constitution,) applauded and fêted as he was in public and private, in every respect confirms the unanimous reprobation of their system and morals, as expressed by other discerning English travellers, is, in the language of the day, a "great fact." Boasting as they do of a liberality not elsewhere to be found, of a freedom of thought and action, originating with their first existence as a nation, they are in fact the most staunch abettors of the disgusting traffic in human flesh and blood, and a selfish and bigoted people. Who will compare the enlightened liberty of an Englishman with the unrestrained, republican, licentiousness of an American?

We can promise Mr. Dickens a warm reception, if he ever revisits Yankee shores. We "guess" the Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit will make them "rile up pretty considerably smart;" and many a "dander" is at this time "riz" never to be cooled, till a complete vengeance on the "Britishers" has been obtained. When will that be?

NOTICES.

ART. XI.—*German Experiences; addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home and Goers Abroad.* By WILLIAM HOWITT.

WILLIAM HOWITT has much to say in this volume, not overflattering to Germany and the Germans. His tone seems to have become considerably lowered and modified since he first took up his residence among the people whom he describes, having discovered faults and absurdities sufficent to make him relish the ways and the remembrances of Old England with a double zest. He sees great defects and positive blemishes in the country where he has gathered these experiences,—political and institutional, private and personal,—the restrictions upon the freedom of speech and action which have been imposed upon the inhabitants meeting with his hearty condemnation and utter distaste. At the same time he is still not insensible to the advantages and the peculiar indulgences which the Germans enjoy, not a few of these pleasant things and occasions contrasting strongly with certain of the artificial and class modes which obtain in his own native country. We must make room for a summary of foreign superiorities over the money-seeking and the feverishly anxious races so familiar to him at home. The passage, besides serving the purpose in the way of making striking comparisons, conveys in a small space a wide view of German every-day life; and as such we quote it approvingly.

"What now, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motive but to see the truth and spread it, especially in our own beloved country? He sees a simple, and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept, by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities or small towns, every thing done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding by their elevation the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of city or town is encircled by them. Thus, the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat and dust and hurry of the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and yet soothing scenes in the streets below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields and hills around. It is delightful to see on fine days the greyheaded fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks beneath their favourite limes, and enjoying their chat together over old times, while within a few steps of home their eyes can still wander over those distant scenes whither their feet no

longer can carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up, but its gardens and its very walls and courts and fosses are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place is made the favourite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee-house or cassino is sure to be found; and there beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshment, while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight. He sees all sorts of gardens, even to the royal ones, and all sorts of estates, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and forests all open to the foot and spirit of the delighted lover of nature and of solitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all. There are no operas there with boxes let at 300*l.* per annum, with seats in the pit at half-a-guinea each. Twenty-pence is the price of gentility itself; and for five pence may be heard, and in a good place, the finest operas performed by the finest singers in the country. For fourpence may be attended the finest out-of-door concerts of Strauss or Lanner, in the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school and university; kept within the reach of all for the free use of all; and the school so systematized as to answer the various requirings of every varied class or profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the churches open and free to one man as well as another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting-place of the common family before the common Father. He sees no churchrates imposed on stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution, left to the voluntary attender of divine service. He sees musical and singing societies encouraged amongst the people, where the working classes, when the labours of the day are done, can meet and enjoy a refining treat. He sees these civilizing and refining influences extended over the open-air enjoyments of the Sundays and holidays of the common people in city and country."

ART. XII.—*The Dark Ages; a Series of Essays, intended to illustrate the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries.* By the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, F.R.S., &c.

MR. MAITLAND ably combats, and with a display of extensive and minute research, the doctrine which has long been current among Protestants, even with a proverbial authority, that the institutions, the monastic orders, the learning, the religion, &c., of the mediæval ages of Europe, were nothing better than utter darkness and grossest superstition. He fully and plainly shows that the representations that have long obtained amongst us on the subject of the Middle Ages,—that the accounts given by Robertson and other historians of note, relative to the centuries named, have been exaggerations, indiscriminate assertions, and even sometimes dishonest reports,—either taken at second-hand, and credulously, or perverted to serve a purpose. Of late years, however, there has been a tendency to a fairer appreciation of the services done by monasteries and monks, both to the eras in which they flourished and to the interests of the latest and most enlightened

times. Mr. Maitland's work will help still further to establish this more liberal and agreeable view of the subject, and direct the student of history to a more rational and profitable mode of pursuing his independent investigation. We quote two passages :—

"It is impossible to get even a superficial knowledge of the mediæval history of Europe, without seeing how greatly the world of that period was indebted to the Monastic Orders ; and feeling that, whether they were good or bad in other matters, monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills, and barren downs, and marshy plains, and deal its bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs for the learning which was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute—as the nucleus of the city which in after-days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral."

The other passage has a more particular application, serving to correct the notion that the Bible was a sealed, a forbidden, and an unread book-during the monastic periods:—

"Anselm bishop of Lucca, who died in the year 1086, according to his contemporary biographer, 'knew almost all the holy scriptures by heart ; and as soon as he was asked, would tell what each and all the holy expositors thought on any particular point.' I think that I have referred to what William of Malmesbury, who lived within fifty years of the time, says of Wulstan bishop of Worcester's custom of repeating the whole psalter on his journeys, to keep his attendant clerks from such vain talk as is the common snare of travellers ; but I will here add his testimony, that 'lying, standing, walking, sitting, he had always a psalm on his lips, always Christ in his heart.' Hariulf abbot of Aldemburg, and Lisiard bishop of Soissons, contemporaries and biographers of Arnold bishop of Soissons, who died in the year 1087, tells us, that he did not speak a single word to any creature during three years and a half which he spent in constant reading of the word of God, and meditation upon it. The contemporary biographer of Thierry abbot of St. Hubert in the Ardennes says, that he was so assiduous in reading the holy scriptures that he knew them by heart, and could quickly resolve even the most difficult and obscure questions respecting them. Of Wolphelm, abbot of Brunwillers near Cologne, who lived until the year 1091, his disciple says, that he so profited in the reading of the scriptures that what he once read he never forgot. This may perhaps be meant to refer to more general theological reading ; but he adds, 'It is also worth while to mention that this man of the Lord caused the whole of the Old and New Testament to be read through every year. The four gospels, however, as they could not be read at the same time, and in the same order, as the other books, he appointed to be read at four periods of the year, by four deacons, in the four sides of the cloisters.'"

ART. XIII.—*Walks in the Country.* By Lord LEIGH.

A collection of miscellaneous pieces on subjects that would naturally enough present themselves to the mind of a man of the order, the character, the accomplishments, and the amiabilities of the author. There is more of grace than power in the poems; a refined and captivating spirit, rather than originality, pervades the collection. Yet there is little that is commonplace, and nothing that does not seem to have come honestly from the heart, warm and willing. The small volume will always be a delightful companion during a walk in the country.

ART. XIV.—*A Treatise on the Science of Trade as applied to Legislation.* By GEORGE BARING KEMP, Esq.

A small contribution to the science of Political Economy, and forming part of a more extended plan and range of treatment, Mr. Kemp having designed it to follow a work on Currency and Capital. He has however been advised to give the *Treatise* precedence, it having been thought that there was need to have such views as he maintains promptly put forward relative to *competition*, its nature and consequences.

ART. XV.—*Medals of Creation; or First Lessons in Geology, and in the Study of Organic Remains.* By G. A. MANTELL, LL.D.

Medals of Creation and Organic Remains may be regarded as the same things in the meaning of Dr. Mantell; and to the study of these fossils the present volume is intended to constitute a fitting introduction, and this too for more than one class of persons. The introductory portion addresses itself to the popular reader who may only desire to obtain a general knowledge of the subject. To the inquirer, again, who has the formation of a collection of fossils in view, the whole of the volume has matter that is important for him to read and to remember; while by the thorough student the whole of the book should be mastered, with a scientific and searching attention, before its contents and its purpose can be fairly met and pronounced upon. It is our opinion, however, that for the more popular and the simpler ends contemplated, the volume is best contrived. At the same time the arrangement and the compressed matter of it are such as perhaps cannot anywhere be found in such a satisfactory form and compass. The book is very handsome and contains many illustrated cuts.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW

FOR

OCTOBER, 1844.

ART. I.—*Geschichte der Deutschen am Niederrhein und in Westphalen, etc.* Von Dr. J. F. KNAPP. Elberfeld. 1843.

THE researches into the origin of nations belong to the most intricate and complicated studies of modern criticism, as the historian engaged in the task has continually to contend with contradictory sources, opposite views, opinions, and even prejudices, both religious and political. This is particularly the case with the history of the Germans, as even the earliest ancient writers concerning them acknowledge their ignorance of their origin, and only deal in conjectures and hypotheses alone. Thus *Tacitus*, who conjectures the Germans to be *natives (indigenæ)* of Germany, *i. e.* a *nation* possessing their *Genesis* on the very soil they inhabit, founds his supposition on the following reasons: because they do not seem to have suffered any intermixture of blood by either a lasting or transient dominion of a foreign people among them. In ancient times, he continues, emigrations did not take place by land, but by sea. But the Atlantic, which vastly extends towards Germany, lies opposed to us as a great encamped enemy. Our vessels seldom visit those parts, for, independent of the dangers to which those must expose themselves who venture upon such a terrible and unknown sea, who would be so daring as to quit Asia, Africa, or Italy, to look out for Germany; a country whose soil and climate can only be bearable by the natives. Moreover, as that people possess no historical annals, the *past* is alive for them only in songs. The Germans celebrate in songs *Tuisco*, the earth-born God and his son *Man, as the first founders of the nation.* To this latter they again give three sons, the progenitors of the *Ingævoni*, who live nearest to the ocean; the *Hernioni*, in the middle; and the *Istævoni*.

These, and no more, are the arguments Tacitus advances in support of his supposition, that the Germans are aborigines and not emigrants in Germany. There is, certainly, some reason in his first reason, which corresponds with all the later writers regarding the almost uniform figure and complexion of the Germans, their reddish-yellow hair, blue defying eyes, &c. ; facts which certainly argue much in favour of an early, long, and uninterrupted continuance upon one and the same soil, though they are far from convincing us of their being aborigines in the more restricted acceptation of the term, as being in other words a primitive nation, not owing their origin to some early emigrants from other parts of the world.

The second ground of Tacitus, is of still less weight, as, notwithstanding the roughness of the soil and climate, which the Roman writers described in such gloomy colours, as a fit abode only for hardy natives and barbarians, there may still have been circumstances to compel civilized people to immigrate thither, from sundry motives and to certain ends, just as we see in our days whole families expatriate themselves to the inhospitable regions across the Atlantic. Necessity knows, proverbially, of no law; neither is it so certain that the climate and soil of the other countries from which emigrations issued, were of a more inviting and hospitable character. The Roman thought too much of his charming Italy, of delightful Greece, and that only such as they were in his times, without considering that emigrations may take place also from other countries less favoured by nature, and that even the former were in ancient times, in the times of Æneas and the later founders of Rome, as yet lying in gloomy roughness and desolation. Of as little weight is the other remark of Tacitus, that as anciently, emigrations proceeded only by sea and not by land, it was, consequently, impossible to venture upon the far extensive and hostile ocean. Such and similar suppositions are altogether at variance with the course of human emigration and colonization, whose history tells us, that even single families have become the founders of vast colonies and even nations, by some chance or other which threw them across a vast sea on a frail vessel, and by the force of a gale. Also, here, it is evident, that the Roman historian only thought of Roman and Greek modes of colonization, and Carthagenian and Phœnician modes of emigration. But history instructs us also here, that most emigrations of nations took place only by land when nations were pressed on by necessity, either by invasion of another people, or overgrowth of their own population,—as perhaps in the first few centuries after the creation,—or by some revolution of nature, to quit their country, and seek a settlement at a farther distance. Already in the early history of the Jews, we read, first their *im*migration to Egypt, and then their *emi*gration from thence by land ; but to bring the question more home to the Roman historian, he ought to have known that the Gallic and

German races must have passed by land to arrive in Italy, not as mere *military* invaders, but as colonists travelling in numerous masses with families, goods, and chattels, over hills and mountains, through dales and rivers, in the same way as did subsequently the Huns and other hordes during the great emigrations of nations.

The argument about the traditional songs of the Germans is on a par with the rest. There is no lack of such songs among any nation. *Cortes* found them even in Mexico, and the Indians are inexhaustible in them. In short, all nations are mythical in their notions with regard to their origin, all wish to be primitive, by fact or tradition, and not to owe their origin to some foreign settlers or emigrants. But, it willbe asked, if the Germans are not aborigines of Germany, *from whence did they then first come?* The question leads us at once again back to that about the origin of nations in general; and our best and safest resting point in the intricate path must be the *Genesis* of Moses, which places the cradle of the whole human race in the eastern part of Central Asia.

Could the first history of the human race be disentangled from the meshes of fabulous traditions which envelope it, we should, we think, find it to be a simple history of emigration of families or nations. When the plain or valley, the domicile of the first family of man, began to become too narrow for the growing number of its members, it was but natural that the superabundant portion of the population should overstep the boundaries of their previous abode, and remove to some other part more convenient for their operations; not unlike a mass of water which, after having for a long time been shut up in a subterraneous cave, breaks at last through its bounds and rushes forward in an unfettered stream from the side of a rock or mountain.

The same law, which the refreshing and fructifying element spreads over the earth, and from which the grass, trees, fruits, and flowers receive their nurture—the same law is also the cause that barren deserts should become rich and fertile by an overflowing population to which we now owe many a flourishing and prosperous province in our civilized world. In both the spring and source has risen and burst through and overflooded its limits, spreading blessings in its passage, and creating new life wherever it has settled. But, as the wandering hordes of barbarians, who formed afterwards the states for whole nations, lost all means to leave behind, memorials of their deeds and adventures, their errant life being unfavourable even to the transmission of oral traditions, but little good results can, apparently, be expected from researches in their antiquities, to which hardly any clue is left. To the critical eye, resting on the earliest records of creation, our globe seems to have awakened all of a sudden from the darkness of midnight to life and light of midday, and

everywhere the eye discovers even in the first period, activity, stirring life, and the spread of numerous families far and wide almost to the same extent as at present. How this mighty work has been accomplished, we in vain endeavour to learn from some instructive monument or other memorials of antiquity. Even in taking recourse to the traditions which still exist among all nations, and relate their origin and early vicissitudes in a way peculiar to themselves, we learn but little from their imperfect and disconnected accounts, which consist, besides, mostly of fables invented by priests or poets, to flatter national vanity, or to enhance the reverence and respect they wished to be paid to national prejudices and superstitions, by investing them with the venerable garb of antiquity, and connecting them with the glorious reminiscences of other days and countries. The traditions of every country are, therefore, at variance with those of another, so that but little reliance may be placed in either or all of them as regards the origin and early events of a country or countries in general.

Yet even amidst the profound silence of voices from the remote past, there is, fortunately, still left one which speaks to us audibly and intelligibly even from those dark and remote times when nations who now fill the pages of history were still in embryo. We mean the information that is conveyed to us by the *undoubted revelations of language.* Here is an oracle from which we may still learn many a secret with regard to our ancestors. Words which escape the lips with the mere breath of man, and which might easily be considered as the first transient and perishable productions of the human race, are, nevertheless, in truth, of all things the least destructible, for they frequently descended to us from generation to generation, after everything else had perished by the tooth of time, and revealed to us much of the history, customs, and manners of human races, whose very existence would, otherwise, have been even more than questionable. It is true that etymological researches have not unfrequently lost of their due value, by the circumstance that many uncritical minds have undertaken to dive into the subject by mere quibbling, twisting, and turning of words and phrases, but such is not the true character of etymology. In paying attention to languages in their structure and idiomatic peculiarities, we might be enabled to learn from them the character and national peculiarities of a people in the most inward and subtile operations of the mind, more than from any other source whatever. No human race has ever settled in a country without leaving behind visible traces of their existence, at least in the forms of their peculiar dialect, which are still traceable after the lapse of many centuries, either in the existing language or in the geographical nomenclature of the words of the country. When we proceed in this manner to the origin of the Greek language, and thence again to the wandering hordes by whom that lan-

guage had been brought into the heart of Europe, we cannot help assuming, with profane and sacred history, that *everything points to one point in Asia*, as the *cradle of the human race*; a fact confirmed by all geographical and archæological researches, as well as by nearly all national traditions. The examination of the oldest languages of the East, as well as of the Sanscrit, has clearly shown that the two nations—the Greeks and the Germans—originated from Asia. The proof is found in the radicals as well as in the grammatical structure of the two languages, which still bear traces of their eastern origin; so that at that time, when Europe drew its population from Asia in the manifold expeditions and invasions of the Eastern hordes, these latter, who had settled in central Europe, spoke originally one and the same language with those who had settled in the South, viz., the *Sanscrit* or its *cognate dialect*. A farther proof of this view, we also derive from the physical and intellectual characteristics of the ancient Germans. The complexion, figure, hair, manners, customs, and religion, evidence beyond doubt a fundamental affinity between the ancient Germans and the nations of central Asia.

We might, moreover, also support our view by some old traditions of the Germans, such as those of *Odin* with his *Asi;* but as they belong purely to the field of poetry alone, without in the least being based on historical truth, we discard them altogether from our series of evidence.

If we, therefore, assume that the first settlers of Germany had emigrated from Asia, we do so because we prefer adhering to positive assertions which are in harmony with our religious belief and philosophical conviction, than to make room for uncertain ill-founded hypotheses at variance with the former.

Having thus far disposed of the primary question, as to the origin of the Germans, we may now proceed in our investigation, and inquire *how* the first Germans did arrive thither? *Tacitus*, we said before, mentions *Man* as the Patriarch of the Germans. He was probably the first *man* who had emigrated with his family from Central Asia to the eastern shores of the Baltic sea, where he first settled, and whither to arrive he had only to proceed in an almost direct line from Asia to the Atlantic sea, as may have done others in a more southern direction towards the Danube, where they formed the first German population.

As to the time it took that *Man* or *man*, or his descendants, to accomplish that journey, passing from river to river, from the Vistula to the Oder, Elb, Weser, and Ems, in order to arrive at the Lower Rhine, or the changes and vicissitudes that befel them during that long passage—these are circumstances which must and will for ever remain unknown. As little is it possible to find out the exact time or period when that first emigration took place, though there can be no doubt that it must have occurred many centuries before our

Christian era, nay, even long before the foundation of Rome, since the eldest Grecian writers (as we shall see in the sequel) speak already of the inhabitants of Northern Europe and even of Germans (Teutons.)

In the 5th century B. C., the Germans on the Lower-Rhine, seem already to have made the first attempt to cross the Rhine, to make an incursion into the land of the *Kets* (Gaul). Julius Cæsar (de bello Gall. ii. 4) learnt from the mouth of the Belgian ambassadors, that "most of the Belgians descended from the Germans, who had *in olden times* (*antiquitus*) crossed the Rhine and settled there on account of the fertility of the soil." Cæsar very exactly distinguishes the two terms, *antiquitus* and *patrum nostrorum memoria*, which occur in the immediately succeeding words, and indicate the time of the Cimbro-Teutonic emigration. But there are many other passages in Cæsar plainly showing that that incursion must have taken place several centuries before his time, as the Belgian races were at the time when he warred against them, already most strikingly like the other Gallic tribes in manners, customs, and even language,—a change that cannot be wrought among nations, in less than several centuries at least.

Heeren (Geschichte d. Europäischen Staaten, etc.) considers the Persians as the first progenitors of the Germans. His reasons are, first, the striking similarity of the two nations in language, manners, customs, and religious rites; and secondly, the fact that Herodotus had found among the Persian races, one passing by the name of *German* (Persic. *Irman* or *Erman*, viz. *guest.*)

As to the similar customs, religion, and language, between the Persians and ancient Germans, such a similarity we meet also between the Greeks and Slavonians, ay, and even between the tribes beyond the Indus and the Hymalajah mountains; circumstances which prove nothing more than what we have advanced above, that *all* nations descending from one common stock, are naturally related to each other, and of which relationship they have preserved traces more or less disfigured by time and circumstances.

As to the Persian tribe named *Germans*, neither the spelling nor the Persian pronounciation of that word [the Persians pronounce it *Dsherman, Dsjerman*] is so certain as to warrant the conclusion. However, even should we grant the spelling and reading, it says nothing in favour of the hypothesis, since, as we shall soon see, the Germans themselves called themselves *Teutons*, and not *Germans*,—a name that is of comparatively modern invention, though apparently of German derivation. Neither seems an emigration from Persia a probable incident under her ancient laws and relations.*

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* Luden, in his classical work, History of the German People, I. p. 15 Cascusses the subject at length.

Barth (Hist. of German People, I., p. 48), tries to solve the problem by supposing that the *Kimmeri*, a powerful people at the Bosphorus, having been expelled from their dominion (about 700 years B. C.) had come to Germany; but his proofs and arguments are so weak, and even historically contradictory, that it is not worth while dwelling on them.

The speculation on the origin of the two names—*Germans* and *Teutons (Deutsche)*—are not few. Two facts, however, are firmly established in favour of the *German origin* of the two names.

In treating of the early history of the Germans, we must always draw a distinction between the Germans *before* and those *after* or *since* Julius Cæsar. The history of the former rests on obscure traditions, or weak and vague assertions of Roman and Greek writers of those or even later times, who merely copied the former, while the history of the later Germans is based on the reports and accounts of Cæsar, written by him in the country itself; or of Tacitus and other subsequent Roman authors, after a closer acquaintance had been formed with the natives in process of time.

The name *Germans* dates from the first period. In 222 B. C. appeared for the first time a foreign military horde called *Gaisathi* (hired troops) or *Gäsati* (sword bearers) upon the Roman territory, under king *Viridomar* (*Verdomarus*, *Virdomarus*) who were beaten by the Consul Marcullus near Clastidium, the present Chiasleggio, south of the Po and Bavia. They had probably arrived from the parts between the Elbe and the Amber-coast, which Pliny (Hist. Nat. 37, II.) calls *Germania*. These Gäsati were the Germans whose name descended for the first time to posterity. Also the *fasti Capitolini*, which reach to the year 12 B. C., say on that subject: "*M. Claudius, M. F. M. N. Marcellus Cos. de Galleis. Insuberbus et Germanais. K. Mart. Isque Spolia. Opima rettulit. Duce Hostium. Vir Clastid* (*Viridomaro ad Clastidium*) *interfecto.*" *Suetonius* (c. ii.) maintains it is true, that Cæsar had revised and corrected that inscription to excuse and embellish his attack on *Ariovist*, changing thus the word *Gaisateis* into *Germaneis*. But as there is no satisfactory reason for that fraud, we are thus obliged to rely on that inscription.* *Propertius* (IV. 10, 40) has moreover clearly shown the German origin of *Viridomar*. But the name *German* was already known more than 300 B. C. After several seafaring nations, such as the Greeks and Carthaginians, had at that time become acquainted with the countries along the Baltic sea, so that as *Strabo* tells us, Ephorus and Clitarchus were enabled to describe the great inundations occasioned by the floods on the coast of the Cimbri, Pytheas of Malissia (Marseilles) undertook (320 B.C.) a voyage to those parts, of which a few interest-

* Vide *Rühs* Complete Works, p. 94.

ing fragments have been preserved through Strabo and Pliny. We are told by him, that there lived about the Gulf of Finland, around the east and seacoast of the Baltic sea, a people whom he calls *Guttoni*, and characterises as *brothers* (*adelphoi*, Lat. *Germani* by Pliny). This induced many critics to give to the name *Germans* a Latin derivation, meaning *brothers;* but we shall see in the sequel that the name is of a true German extraction, and that in all probability, Pytheas had found it so in the country itself, but had wrongly translated it into *brothers*, misled by its similarity in sound with the Latin *Germani*, as was also Strabo (Rer. Geogr. VII., 1, § 2) when speaking of the *Germani*, of a people living beyond the *Celti* towards the east.

In 113 B. C. (641 U.C.) when Cœcilius Metellus and Papirus Carbo were Roman consuls, the alarming news was spread in Rome, that a strange, monstrous horde had made an incursion into Italy,—the Cimbri; some called them *Teutoni*, *Umbri*, etc. They could at that time not yet conceive from whence could have come that unknown people, counting among them 300,000 strong warriors. Long after they had been annihilated by Marius (in the battle which lasted two days near Aquæ *Sextiæ* (Aix) 653 U. C. and 102 B. C., and in the battle of *Vercelli* in August 653), long after this defeat, nay, only several centuries afterwards it came out that these strangers belonged likewise to the Germanic tribes, and were thus introduced into History as *Germans*. Without entering into the question in what part of Germany they had their residence, and from whence they had come, we will content ourselves with the fact, that ever since their appearance, the Romans gave the name of *Germans* to all tribes which they considered as descendants from one common stock, from those parts situated between the Danube and the Rhine, and even still farther to the North. We must, however, not forget to mention that that appellation became general only at a later period when the Romans themselves had passed the boundaries of the domiciles of those tribes, when the whole country became known under the name of *Germania*.

This name as a *general appellation*, occurs first in Cæsar, who, though he mentions several of the tribes by their special names, such as Condurusi, Eburoni, Cæræsi, Pæmani, &c.,—comprehends them all, nevertheless, by the collective noun, *Germans*. The reason is simply, because he heard that name everywhere in Gaul; the Gauls having been used, long before the invasion of Cæsar, to call *Germans* all those tribes who first crossed the Rhine and came in hostile contact with them. And as such tribes were followed by others, they subsequently gave that name also to all new arrivals from the right shore of the Rhine. All we have now to consider is, of what origin the name *Germans* is, whether Gallic, Latin, or German?

That it is not Latin, is evident from the fact, that the Romans found the name already current in Gaul when they arrived there, where it had existed already several centuries B. C.

Several critics are of opinion, that the name is of a Gallic origin, because it was first heard in Gaul; and it sounds moreover Gallic rather than German, and they therefore suppose, that it was a name given by the Gauls to those strangers who had first appeared among them; and they thus suppose the name to be derived from the gallic *Ger*, (*guerra*) *war*, a characteristic name for all warriors. But it is not very probable that strangers who arrive in a foreign land should not first be questioned about their own name, before any other is given to them by the natives.

We are therefore of opinion, that the name is of a German origin; and our reasons for it are, among others, the well-known passage in Tacitus (De situ moribus, etc,) where he says, "Cæterum Germaniæ vocabulum recens (?) et nupper additum; quoniam qui primi Rhenum transgressi Gallos expulerint, ac nunc Tungri tunc *Germani* vocati sunt. Ita nationis nomen, non gentis evaluisse paullatim ut omnes primum a victo * ob metum, mox a se ipsis invento nomine, Germani vocantur."

A correct translation of the above, may be as follows:

"Moreover, the name Germans is current and general; it has however been added recently and at a later period at the instance of the first who had been set over the Rhine by that people, and had expelled thence the Gauls. These were then as now the *Tungeri*, who were then called Germans. Thus had gradually become predominant the mere name of a single nation forming by no means the whole of the people, so much so, that all other tribes allowed themselves to be called by that *re-found* (not *invented*) name of the conquerors, to inspire fear."

According to Adelung (Ælteste Geschichte d. Deutschen, p. 39-40), German tribes had already, 430 years before Cæsar, passed the Rhine and settled, after having expelled the Gauls from the neighbouring parts, on the *Schelde* and *Maas*, probably because the soil and climate suited them better. These tribes, afterwards called *Belgæ* (Belgians) are the same which Tacitus calls sometimes *Tungri* and sometimes *Germans*, and no doubt the same *Tungri* mentioned by Cæsar, (*de bello Gallico*,) and who existed long after, under the name of *Germans*. When they had crossed the Rhine, the Gauls heard them mention the name *Germans*, which the alarmed Gauls gave then to all the tribes on the right shore of the Rhine who showed a hostile disposition towards them.

The name, *Adelung* derives from the German word *Heer*, *Wehr*, or *Ger*, signifying a *pointed weapon;* and *Mann* (man)—meaning a

* Some read *a victis* (from fear) and *a victore*, to inspire fear.

man of war, etc. The name was more that of *profession*, a *common noun* than *proper noun*, a name brought into circulation by the Tungri (according to the above passage in Tacitus,) and rendered more general by Cæsar. The word *recens* in the above passage, may refer to him alone; it was *new* to him, to Tacitus; while *nuper inventum* may mean (*not invented*) but *re-found, re-discovered.* That the generic name of the Germans was from the first *Deutsche* or *Teutsche* (Teutons) may be inferred from the following facts:

We have mentioned above, that the traveller of Marseilles, Pytheas, had undertaken a voyage 320 B. C. to the seas of Northern and Western Europe, where he already found current the name *Teutons* *. When mighty Rome came afterwards for the first time in contact with the German tribes, that name, *Teutons*, re-appears again, and then disappears once more. And though it never again reappears as a name of a people or nation, we find its sound continually in composition of individual names, such as Teutrich, Teutemar, Teutbold, Teutendorf, Teutenwikel, etc. through several centuries, until the name was at last firmly fixed as a collective noun of the people at large. *Ptolemæus* (II. 11, p. xxiii) *Mela* (III. iii.) prove in the same way and in like manner, the domiciles of the Teutons. In documents, and monuments, the name re-appears with the beginning of the ninth century (at the dissolution of the Franconian empire,) when the name *Deutsche* became predominant by the circumstance, that the *Deutsche* or *Teutsche* language became national in opposition to the degenerated Franconian dialect, when the old national name was re-called to life. At an earlier date, when the clergy—the only writers of the day—composed all their writings in Latin alone, the general name gave way to the predominant names of the individual nations, so that *Deutsche* was for a long time not heard of.

In conclusion, it appears to us, that anciently, long before the Christian era, the Germans had as little a general national name, as the Grecians had at the time of the Trojan war; their common union consisting in a common language, and similarity of customs and manners. And as the extension and spread of the Hellens from the Thessalian mountains, together with their culture and power, have contributed to raise the Hellenic name to a general and national one, in like manner may a certain tribe of the German nation, distinguished for some perfection or other, have rendered the name *Teuton* celebrated among the neighbouring nations, famous in the national songs,

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* A closer indication may be inferred from the connection of the narrative. Pytheas says, the *Æsti*, *i. e.* the non-Germans, sold the amber to the *Teutons*, the Germans. Even Tacitus reduces the name to *Tuiscon*.

and finished by stamping it as the god or patriarch of the German nations collectively. Thus, Tacitus has already heard of national songs in which an earth-born son *Tuist*, and his son *Man*, figure as the progenitors and founders of the nation. *Man*, some traditional songs say, had three sons, after whom the three chief races were called, viz. *Ingævoni* on the ocean, *Hermioni* in the middle, and *Istævoni* (according to Pliny IV. 4) on the Rhine. These names no longer existed, at least in the time of Tacitus, and had perhaps never been the names of individual tribes, nor ever derived from the three deified sons, but were mere *appellativa*, indicating the country, etc.

ART. II.—*The Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon.* By HORACE TWISS, Esq. 3 vols. Murray.

THE life of one who presided for *twenty* years in the highest English court of judicature, and who also for a considerable space of time previously, when political commotion and stirring events were rife, acted as public prosecutor, must afford abundant and rich materials for the biographer; especially when the hero of the work himself was remarkably communicative relative to his history and progress from obscurity to the most influential official stations, being moreover so considerate and confiding as, in his latter years, to keep a manuscript book which he filled with reminiscences, anecdotes, and opinions, all delivered in a kindly and unaffected spirit. Lord Eldon, indeed, is a first-rate subject for a work of the present description; for he not only passed through a great variety of phases, making himself conspicuous in each, but he furnishes an entertaining as well as a most instructive and informing instance of mixed and strongly developed qualities, rendered peculiarly piquant and expressive in consequence of the bold reliefs of the portrait. He was a great man, but not a perfect one,—a good man, but not *monstrously* immaculate. In short, he was a most striking specimen of English stoutness, constancy, and caution. Thoroughly conscientious, but not without his shadows any more than his lights. The most unflinching opponent of all dangerous innovation, he yet resisted with equal pertinacity salutary and earnestly-called-for ameliorations. At the same time we may observe, that the day does not appear to have yet arrived when the world can decide with perfectly competent knowledge either with regard to his meritorious services or his serious defects and errors; for some of the measures which he most earnestly and in vain combatted, and carried with a strong popular concurrence, are still upon their trial, or have hitherto failed to afford ample satisfaction; while on the other hand, certain of his strenuous views founded on precedents and practice, and having social well-

being for their main object, seem destined to teach that all sudden organic changes tend to confusion as well as to overcharged expectations; and that violent or radical reforms are with difficulty preserved from the perils of future discontent and many of the evils of revolution. In brief, to use his own words, "His thoughts were how to serve, not how to please, his countrymen; for so that he acted for them, he did not greatly care whether or not he acted with them." Such a man, of course, during the era in which he figured, could no more avoid the extravagant adulation of ultra-conservatives, than he could the bitter vituperation and the most violent misrepresentations of levellers and democrats; the fault in both being, that no sufficient account is made of the period at which he started into public life,—or of the natural turn of his mind and the position he so long held. To us it appears certain that there belonged to him an inbred and original timidity as well as earnest clinging to things as they had long stood,—the whole strengthened by the toiling habits and the scrupulous labours of the lawyer, withdrawing him entirely from the scope of any accusation affecting his integrity, as a man, a legislator, or a judge; and altogether reconcileable with the blended and arresting features which we have already attempted to indicate as characteristic of his nature and history.

In one grand department Lord Eldon perhaps never had a superior, even in your Somerses and your Hardwickes. He was a luminary of the law,—he was a prince in the order of judges. No doubt as a prosecutor he looked with a severe, perhaps a grossly jaundiced eye upon state offenders and seditious libellers. But then it was with a profound sense of duty that he acted, and with a laboriousness corresponding with that sense; while his judgments in equity, in point of number, soundness, and permanent authority, continue to be the theme of praise and admiration. These judgments, we understand, occupy no less than thirty or more volumes, and afford extraordinary examples of shrewd and sagacious discernment, of nimbleness and intuitive quickness of mind, and of the deepest and most elaborate legal learning. No doubt they were often tardily delivered; for, besides something like labouring under an intellectual defect, he was remarkable for a conscientious humanity and strict attention to the rights of individuals. Nor was it a very rare thing for him to experience the satisfaction of administering exact justice by means of his slowness, scrutiny, and caution. An anecdote, illustrative of his services as a painstaking and tardy judge, has found currency, which is to the following effect: An intelligent defendant, against whom his Lordship had decreed, called upon him after the judgment and said, "My Lord, you have decided against me: the decision was unexpected and contrary to the encouragement given to me by all my counsel; but I cannot return to my home without saying that,

painful as it is to me, I am satisfied you are right, and am grateful for the pains you have taken."

He was the last of judges to be swayed by the mere ingenuities of counsel. Indeed he was said to be a very pantile to their arguments. And yet he would give ear to the youngest and rawest aspirant at the bar, with as much courtesy and mild dignity as to the oldest stager and eminent pleader. Accordingly his memory is held in the most affectionate remembrance by the bar, on account of that blended firmness and amenity, and dignified address which distinguished him. It was Brougham, we believe, who said that Eldon was by far the most agreeable judge to practitioners before whom he had ever appeared; that to great legal experience, and the most profound professional erudition, his Lordship "united the thorough knowledge of men, which lawyers who practise in the courts, but especially the courts of Common Law, attain." On the other hand, it is true, that he exhibited little personal discrimination in his distribution of patronage; paying little or no regard to literary merit; for example, when a poor curate's case, whose writings merited reward and distinction, was pressed upon him. Indeed, his taste was extremely defective when taken into the walks of literature or the fine arts; as a perusal of almost any one of his judgments will show. He could not even lend his approval to a judge who cultivated eloquence, or attended carefully to elegance of structure in his sentences. But while thus neglectful of ornaments, he was most vigilant and independent when a hasty verdict of guilty, or the severity of precipitate judgment came before him for revision. We meet with an illustration that is thus reported in the *Law-Magazine*:—

"There were two merchants in the House of Commons of the name of Atkinson, who were accused of having over-reached the Government in a contract for the supply of provisions, and were distinguished by Lord North as the rogue in spirit and the rogue in grain. The latter having again contracted to furnish a larger supply of corn than the most ample private fortune could accomplish, received advances from the exchequer, according to the amount of the invoices, which he forwarded. The prices stated in these proved to be incorrect. He alleged in defence that they were never intended to give the precise amount, and that he merely went through the technical form to enable Government to form some notion of the sums they would have to provide—that when he had completely executed his contract, he should have rendered a true list of prices, and correct balance sheet. For this apparent fraud he was tried and convicted before Lord Kenyon, a righteous but precipitate judge, to sentence the unhappy ex-member to a long term of imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory. His wife, the daughter of a baronet, stood on that scaffold of shame with her husband, to show her unimpaired confidence in his integrity. To this case the notice of

Lord Eldon, immediately on his entrance into office, was anxiously directed; from inquiries made in the city, and the usage of merchants, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Atkinson had been sacrificed to prejudice, and obtained for him a free pardon."

But passing from generalities, and looking more immediately into Mr. Twiss's volumes, we shall be enabled to present a variety of amusing anecdotes and interesting quotations, a considerable portion being taken from the manuscript Anecdote Book, which Lord Eldon wrote in his latter years for the entertainment and information of his grandson, beginning with this cautious and characteristic record: "I was born, I believe, on the 4th of June, 1751."

The comparatively humble origin of Lord Eldon's parentage is generally known, and shall not detain us further than to notice that his talent seems to have been inherited from the mother, who lived till she was above ninety, by which time her youngest son, the subject of the present Life, was ennobled. We also hurry over his school-boy reminiscences, pranks, and punishments, each of which, however, appears to have left traces for after years, or to have afforded slight indications of the future. A severe injury to the head in consequence of a fall, so affected his intellects, and even his life, that they were for a time despaired of, leaving a deep indentation near the crown of the skull. His earlier education took place in his native town at the Grammar School of Newcastle; his father being a freeman. He thence was sent to Oxford, where he had the advantage of his elder brother's public and private tuition. But his first journey from home was to London in a "*fly*," the armorial bearing on the coach having the well-known motto, "*sat cito, si sat bene*," which particularly attracted the attention of the future Lord Chancellor; especially as on entering the metropolis he witnesses the overset of a sedan-chair, and applies the mishap in his own peculiar way.

> This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*.—In short, all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, "*Sat cito, si sat bene.*" It was, the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking "*sat cito, si sat bene*," I may not have sufficiently recollected whether "*sat bene, si sat cito*" has had its due influence.

At Oxford young Scott, with characteristic sound judgment and industry, employed himself, winning corresponding reward and distinction. He was matriculated a Commoner of University College in May 1766, and about a year afterwards was elected a Fellow. Another step is thus dated, and was thus learnedly won:

Mr. John Scott took his Bachelor's degree, in Hilary term, on the 20th of February, 1770.—"An examination for a degree at Oxford," he used to say, "was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. 'What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull ?'—I replied, 'Golgotha,' —'Who founded University College ?'—I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), 'King Alfred founded it.'—'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'"

At that period Oxford seems to have afforded frequent specimens of gross laxity, not only on the part of under graduates, but of Doctors of Divinity. The following belongs to the year 1769.

In the middle of the last century, Oxford saw at least as much of hard drinking as of hard study. The Anecdote Book tells a story of a Doctor of Divinity, whom Mr. John Scott saw trying, under the influence of some inspiration much stronger than that of the Pierian stream, to make his way to Brazennose College through Radcliffe Square. He had reached the library, a rotunda then without railings, and unable to support himself except by keeping one hand upon the building, he continued walking round and round, until a friend, coming out of the College, espied the distress of the case, and rescued him from the orbit in which he had been so unsteadily revolving. In days when Doctors of Divinity were thus unguarded in their conviviality, under-graduates could hardly be expected to preserve a very strict temperance. Among the waggeries of the wine parties, Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has preserved one, which will put the reader in mind of Swift's English derivations from classical names. At Corpus Christi College there were drinking-cups, or glasses, which from their shape, were called ox-eyes. Some friends of a young student, after seducing him to fill his ox-eye much fuller and oftener than consisted with his equilibrium, took pity at last on his helpless condition, and led or carried him to his rooms. He had just Latin enough left at command, to thank them at the stair-head with, "Pol me ox-eye-distis, amici."

John Scott had some personal knowledge of Dr. Johnson at Oxford, as well as afterwards. What we now cite illustrates perhaps both a real and a pretended bigotry, although passed off as a piece of sheer fun:—

Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has the following reminiscences of Dr. Johnson at Oxford;—"I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly, 'Sir,' said Sir Robert, 'my neighbour is a Dissenter.'—'Oh!' said the Doctor, 'if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can.'"

Another college reminiscence shall be cited, giving intimation of the mode of the embryo Chancellor.

The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me that the cook had sent them an apple-pie, *that could not be eaten.* So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the Hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision: for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been.

Young Scott alarmed all his friends by a runaway marriage with the eldest daughter of a banker in Newcastle. One consequence was, that he was obliged to relinquish his fellowship, in terms of the most monastic celibacy enjoined by the University statutes, but in other respects it led directly on to fortune. There is an anecdote in honour of Lady Eldon, in which George the Third figures; who said to the former fellow, "I know that you would have made yourself a country curate, but that she has made you my Lord Chancellor."

Eldon's first beginnings at the bar were through difficulties and with slight encouragement, as our next extract will show:—

"When I was called to the Bar," said he to Mrs. Forster, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over; business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteen pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."

Law and lawyers, judges and courts of justice, are naturally the theme of numerous anecdotes and amusing stories. This is related of the famous Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton:—

It is related that Mr. Dunning, who was the most eminent of the counsel practising in the Court of King's Bench when Mr. Scott first entered the profession, "had, some years before, when Solicitor-General, diverted himself

by making an excursion, in vacation time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor-General, the King supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor-General through all the evolutions of the day, the "General" in every movement being in a most dreadful fright, and the *Horse's duty* never allowing him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by this great compliment, that he said he never would go abroad again as a general of any sort.

Lords Ellenborough and Eldon were loyal subjects and expert lawyers, no doubt; but they do not seem to have surpassed in their warlike trainings.

Not content with serving the Crown in his civil capacity, Sir John Scott had thought proper to evince his loyalty in a military character also; but according to his own account, the sword became him by no means so well as the gown. He records his deficiency in the following passage of his Anecdote Book:—"During the long war I became one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, Lord Ellenborough at the same time being one of that corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that we were *turned out of the awkward squadron* for awkwardness. I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was, but others thought that it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst." He told Mrs. Forster that his brother William did better, and actually commanded a corps.

We quote a prophecy pronounced by Lord Mansfield, who was in the habit of holding his levees on Sabbath evenings; and there is no grounds for supposing that Mr. Scott had any scruples about the sacredness of the day.

"Well I went, and it so happened, on that evening, I was the first, and the then Duke of Northumberland came second; he had just been at Bath, and he was expatiating upon the enjoyment he had had there. 'But,' added his Grace, 'there is one comfort I could not have. I like to read the newspapers at breakfast, and at Bath the post does not come in till one o'clock; that was a drawback to my pleasure.'—'So,' said Lord Mansfield, 'your Grace likes the *comfort* of reading the newspapers—the *comfort* of reading the newspapers!—Mark my words. You and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman, Mr. Scott, may,—or it may be a little later,—but a little sooner or later, those newspapers, if they go on as they now do, will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its King. Mark my words, for this *will* happen.'"

The fact is, that according even to Mr. Twiss's showing, the hero of these volumes was neglectful of the Sabbath, at least in so far as regular attendance in public worship could testify; even paying little regard to a message from Dr. Johnson when on his death-bed, re-

questing that the other would make a point of going to the House of God. But Eldon, though all along such a strenuous supporter of the Church of England, as by law established, was known to be considered chiefly as one of its buttresses, but not one of its pillars. Indeed the report is that he himself humorously yet truthfully observed, "I am a buttress of the Church; I like to support it from *without*." We proceed to string together several other judicial and forensic stories. This of breaking the Ten Commandments:—

I was about to join the Northern circuit in 1815, when the late Mr. Bell took me to one of Lord Eldon's levees. On my first introduction, Lord Eldon accosted me thus: "So you are going to join my old circuit; you will perhaps be surprised to hear that I was first brought into notice on that circuit by breaking the Ten Commandments." I should have supposed him to mean that he had read his briefs on Sunday; but there was that good-humoured gleam of the eye, which every one who recollects him will understand, and which puzzled me. He continued, "I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause, the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history: however, I observed that the Ten Commandments were written on some old plaster which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with five shillings to allow me to chip away a part of the plaster, and after two or three attempts, I found the key-stone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties. This evidence decided the cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the Commandments."

More of the Northern circuit in jollier days than the passing:—

Another Northern circuit story of those days was told by Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel. "On one occasion," related Lord Eldon, "I heard Lee say, 'I cannot leave Fawcett's wine: mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow,'—'Not I,' said Davenport; 'leave my dinner to read a brief! No, no, Lee—that won't do.'—'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? who else is employed?'—Davenport: 'Oh, young Scott.'—Lee: 'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause before our consultation this evening.' This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee as drunk as he could be. 'I cannot consult to night,—I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport: 'We cannot have a consultation to-night. Mr. Wordsworth' (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport: 'don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult.' Poor

me, who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine—*I* was so drunk that *I* could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial, and I must say, for the honour of the Bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they *did*. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said, "Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year.' There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

Thurlow furnishes his quota:—

As Sir John Scott's reputation increased, the Prince of Wales became curious to learn the real merits of a lawyer so highly estimated by his party, and by the public. "I should like to hear *your* opinion of him," said the Prince to Lord Thurlow. "Sir," said Lord Thurlow, "I know him to be a very sound lawyer, and a very honest man." In after-times when it devolved upon Lord Eldon, as the Chancellor of George the Third, to take part in proceedings distasteful to the Prince, His Royal Highness said tauntingly to Lord Thurlow, "What think you now, my Lord, of your old friend Scott, whom you puffed to me as a sound lawyer, and an honest man?"—"Indeed, Sir," answered Thurlow, whose advanced age had abated neither his convenient courtliness nor his jocular coarseness. "I think he has lost the little law he once had, and is become a very great scoundrel."

Something severe *anent* drawing bills and answers in Chancery:—

Lord Thurlow when Chancellor, called me into his room at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and, among other things, asked me if I did not think that a wooden machine might be invented to draw bills and answers in Chancery. I told him that I should be glad if such a machine could be invented, as my stationer's copy of my pleadings generally cost me more than the fees paid me by the solicitors. Many years after this, and when he had ceased to be Chancellor, and I was Attorney-General, a bill was filed against his friend Mr. Macnamara, the conveyancer, and Lord Thurlow advised him to have the answer sent to me to be perused and settled. The solicitor brought me the answer. I read it. It was so wretchedly ill composed and drawn, that I told him that not a word of it would do; that I had not time to draw an answer from beginning to end; that he must get some gentleman to draw the answer from beginning to end who understood pleading, and then bring it to me to peruse. I went down to the House of Lords the same day to plead a cause at the bar there. Lord Thurlow was in the House and came to the bar to me, and said, "So I understand you think my friend Mac's answer won't do."—"Do!" said I: "my Lord, it won't do at all: it must have been drawn by that wooden machine which you formerly told me might be invented to draw bills and answers."—"That's very unlucky," says Thurlow, "and impudent too, if you had known the fact, that I drew the answer myself."

Relative to the trial of Hardy, when Scott was the public prosecutor:

He related to Mrs. Forster, and the Law Magazine of August 1838 gives the story a little more circumstantially, that at the close of one of the days of this long trial, as he was about to leave the Court, Mr. Garrow said to him, 'Mr. Attorney, do not pass that tall man at the end of the table.' The man had a suspicious appearance, and had stationed himself for some time at the door with his hat pulled over his brows. 'Why not pass him?' asked Mr. Law? 'He has been here,' replied Mr. Garrow, 'during the whole trial, with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney General.' 'I will pass him,' said Mr. Law. 'And so will I,' said Sir John Scott. This was opposed by the counsel and others round about, who added, that there was a mob collecting, and that they did not think the Attorney General's life would be safe. He answered, 'I tell you, gentlemen. I will not stay here; for, happen what may, the King's Attorney General must not shew a white feather.' What followed was thus related by him to Mrs. Forster:—'I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat, as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me, till I came to Fleet street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening, "Down with him,"—'Now is the time, lads,"—"Do for him,"—and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could: "You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped." Upon this, one man shouted out, "Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let's give him three cheers, lads." And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat, and I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said, "Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over: good evening, sir." I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was (I had some trouble in doing so, for he did not make himself known), and I took care he should feel my gratitude.' This stranger's interest in Sir John Scott's safety is accounted for in the Law Magazine of August 1838, where it appears that Sir John Scott had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father.

Lord Eldon was an accomplished courtier, and a favourite with the Royal family; hence people accused him with subserviency and mean motives, as if a Lord Chancellor could not perform his duties conscientiously without proving offensive to the Sovereign. Still the highest lay subject in the land was far from a deeply skilled player at a round game at cards, as is to be learnt from what follows:—

"The Chancellor's constant attention to the business of his profession;"

observes the present Earl, "left him but little time for other occupations, especially for those of mere amusement. With the exception of whist, (at which, though perhaps not very skilful, he was fond of playing in the country until a late period of his life,) he knew scarcely anything of card-playing, even of the most common and simple games. This led on one occasion, to a rather laughable scene at the palace of King Geerge III. The royal party were playing at commerce; and through Lord Eldon's bad luck or bad play, he had soon forfeited his three lives. In perfect ignorance, however, that this catastrophe should have been the signal for his retiring from the contest, Lord Eldon kept his seat at the table and continued playing. At last Queen Charlotte, perceiving that all his counters were gone, suddenly addressed him,—'My Lord Chancellor, you are dead!' Expostulation proving vain, and Lord Eldon, to his own diversion, and that of the company, being made to understand, that, though physically alive and well, he was metaphorically defunct, they proceeded in their game without his being further allowed to join in it."

It is as a statesman and legislator that Lord Eldon is most bitterly assailed by ardent reformers; and even his most judicious admirers lament that he should so pertinaciously have set face against all important ameliorations in the statute book, and also for the political improvement of the world; never impugning his conscientiousness, however, but ascribing with becoming charity, his scruples to an early mould of mind, being, in the words of Crabbe, like others, who,

> "Like melted iron still the form retain,
> But once impressed, will never melt again."

In fact, he was defective as respects the comprehension of great general views, and timorous when called upon to apply remedies to acknowledged and antiquated evils. Accordingly, he strongly opposed the improvement of our jurisprudence. The amelioration of our criminal laws he even vexatiously strove against; and no less strange and lamentable, he persevered in objecting to the abolition of the slave-trade; his reasons appearing to have been founded on an extraordinary regard for established authority, and sensitiveness on the subject of property and vested rights. It was not very probable that he who contended so earnestly against any mitigation of the penal code, would be very hearty in his concurrence with Lord Erskine, for the prevention of cruelty to the inferior creation. Here, however, we must seek for some relief in an anecdote connected with the subject just named.

Lord Erskine, whose kindly nature could not brook any wanton infliction of pain, whether on his fellow creatures or on the inferior race, moved, on the fifteenth of May, the second reading of a bill introduced by himself for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The Chancellor expressed his concurrence in its principle, and promised that, in Committee, he would do his best to

give it practical effect. The bill did not proceed; and another, which Lord Erskine introduced in the following year, was equally unsuccessful. He continued, however, to take a strong interest in the subject, and sometimes was only restrained from personal interference with brutal fellows who ill-treated their cattle in the streets by the probability that his mediation would be revenged in an aggravation of inhumanity to the objects of his care. On one occasion, however, in the neighbourhood of his own residence on Hampstead Heath, where a ruffianly driver was pummelling a miserable bareboned pack horse, Lord Erskine's sympathy so far overcame his discretion, as to provoke him to a sharp remonstrance. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as please?" And as he spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of his beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated at this new movement, laid his walking-stick with two or three sharp strokes over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Lord Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

There was another subject on which the Lord Chancellor rendered himself very generally obnoxious; and on which he at length found himself deserted by personages who had long been his colleagues,—we mean the question of Roman Catholic emancipation. His fear of the long foreboding danger, as he really considered it, came at last, when he found that George Canning had kissed hands as premier. True, this high-minded and dreaded advocate of the Catholic claims had but a brief hold of the first place of political power. But the Chancellor soon afterwards found himself in active contrariety to the leading measure of a Tory government. To his astonishment he found that the repeal of the disabilities was advocated by some of the spiritual lords. It was then that he declared, that "much as he had heard of the march of mind, he never expected to see it march into their lordships' house with the Duke of Wellington and the Bishops consenting parties." But "I will not give up the Church," added he; "let that be the work of others—whether within or without the Church I care not."

But we shall not follow his Lordship further in this latter struggle of his protracted life; but rather extract some passages bearing upon his increasing fears and the perplexities of his party. George the Fourth's visit to Ireland alarmed and confounded the ultras, as may be learnt from a letter of Eldon's to his brother:—

If Sidmouth goes, I shall go. With a new Secretary for the Home Department, a new Chancellor, a change of Prime Minister,—who can suppose things to be in a settled state? In truth, I don't see how we can go on without some explanation as to what all the occurrences in Ireland mean,—as to the Catholic question, unexplained. With a determination in many in the Cabinet to resist claims to the utmost, we are continuing parts of a

Government apparently daily in every way encouraging them. I understand the King was particular and lavish in his attentions to Plunkett; he certainly means, if he can, to bring him into office—another Papist.

How his Lordship felt on a perusal of a letter written by the Duke of Montrose, dated Dublin Castle, August 30th, 1821, may be shrewdly conceived.

It is not a little remarkable also, the command over themselves which the whole nation have had, from the highest to the lowest; and men assure me, they hardly know the people under the restraint and manner which they have imposed on themselves since the residence of His Majesty amongst them. It is an extraordinary circumstance, deserving of attention, and which, had I not seen it, I could not have believed. At the theatre, though full of enthusiasm, they had a quietness, and a desire to conduct themselves with propriety, I never saw before. I have seen no drunkenness, no unregulated marks of affection and loyalty in the city; elsewhere, indeed, they have pressed upon the King to see and to touch him, a little inconveniently, and mixed perhaps with some superstition, as if some good would happen to them in some way or other, from having touched the King or his clothes. I cannot attribute all this to abstract affection, and though gratitude, no doubt, for His Majesty's visit, has had great influence on their conduct, expectation of further advantages has, I make no doubt, great influence on their feelings and conduct. The manner His Majesty has been received has had a great effect on His Majesty's feelings, and requires discretion not to hurry His Majesty into expressions which discretion may lament, or into comparisons more open, perhaps, than politic; also, perhaps, into grounds of expectation and hope which can hardly be realized: however, I have not seen anything which does not do honour to the feelings of the people or of the King. I think Lord Sidmouth is on his guard, and most important it is for His Majesty (or any king), on such occasions, to have men of experience, and high in the state, near his person.

And hear how the staunch Protestants rejoiced at a later period:—

Monday (May 23rd, 1825).

We had a most sumptuous and splendid set-out at the Duke of York's on Saturday—twenty-four rejoicing Protestants round the table—and such a magnificent show of plate as even eclipses the King's exhibition of that article, and, as it appears to me, eclipses all of the same article which all the monarchs of Europe have presented to the Duke of Wellington. We drank the 48, the year 1688, and the glorious and immortal memory of William III.—but without noise or riot.

Two days afterwards we find this information:—"Lady Warwick and Lady Braybrooke (I think that is her name) would not let their husbands go to the House to vote for the Catholics: so we Protes-

tants drink daily, as our favourite toast, 'The ladies who locked up their husbands.'"

The mention of the Duke of York tempts us to add two good anecdotes, in which he is introduced. First:—

Mrs. Forster has preserved a story of the Duke of York in a more mirthful vein. It was thus related to her by Lord Eldon:—"I dined once with the Duke, when I and another were the only guests not connected with the army. One of the party was the army agent, Mr. Greenwood, of whom most of the others, including the Duke himself, had borrowed money. After the wine had gone round a few times, one of the young officers begged his Royal Highness's permission to give as a toast, the health of a gentleman at the table, 'a gentleman to whom they were all much indebted, and to whom they were likely long to owe much,—whom indeed they never could hope to repay.'" The Duke said, "Certainly, Sir." "Then," said the young officer, "I give you the health of Mr. Greenwood."

Secondly:—

"There was a report," says Lord Eldon in his Anecdote Book," that the Duke of York said to Mr. Coutts, "I think, Sir, you have been my banker for more than twenty years;" and that Coutts replied, "Your Royal Highness, I think, may be said to have been my banker during the whole of thas time; as my money has been in your hands, not your money in mine."

A great deal of gossip at one time found currency relative to the parsimony of Lord and Lady Eldon. The reader of Mr. Twiss's volumes will feel that much exaggeration prevailed on this minor topic, and that the domestic history of the family very naturally accounts for any singularity that may here have existed. To be sure we read, of the date July 7, 1824, as follows: "Dined yesterday with Lord and Lady Londonderry. We had a christening. After the ceremony, a grand dinner in the grand house: 42 at dinner,—about 30 servants,—about 100 candles." His Lordship must have counted the very candles! But still, we have evidence that he was liberal to the poor at Encombe, and frequently contributed largely to charitable purposes,—a fact which is quite in harmony with his known humanity when individual cases appealed to him. We believe his private charities to have been extensive.

Having heard something of banquets from home, let us have a little insight relative to a party at the Chancellor's own domicile:—

Yesterday we had our party; all went off very well. The whole in good, or rather high, humour. 1. Self. 2. Duke of York. 3. Duke of Wellington. 4. Duke of Montrose. 5. Marquis of Hertford. 6. Lauderdale. 7.

Gifford. 8. Shaftesbury. 9. Gwdir. 10. Redesdale. 11. Stowell. 12. Lonsdale. 13. W. H. J. Scott. The King gone out of town yesterday evening. He sent me a message by the Duke of York, that he would have dined if he had been asked. He should certainly have been asked if I had been aware that he would have condescended to permit me to send him an invitation. I have not heard, however, of his dining out since the Crown descended upon him. Perhaps it is better, great as the honour would have been, that I did not know that he would have conferred it: for as to these things, such a condescension would have excited a good deal of jealousy in some men's minds; for there are such feelings in the minds of some (notwithstanding all the prayers they offer up to be delivered therefrom) as feelings of malice, hatred, envy, and uncharitableness; and that too where there is no ground or excuse for harbouring such feelings. To do Mamma justice, she gave us what W. H. J. S. would call, and did call, a most handsome set-out. And she is very well, and pleased with the whole—a little fatigued, perhaps, for you know her anxieties will not let her devolve these things upon others in relief of herself.

Our last extract shall afford samples of the Chancellor's pleasant humour and unstudied wit.

Mr. Basil Montagu, arguing as counsel before Lord Eldon, had illustrated his speech with several anecdotes, which made a considerable addition to its length. On his making some reference to what he designated as the fabric of his argument, the Chancellor said, "Mr. Montagu, your *fabric* appears to be composed of so many *stories*, that I fear we shall never get to the top of it." On an application against Mr. Pierce Egan, the author of "Boxiana," to restrain him from publishing a fourth volume of that work, he pleaded for himself, and succeeded in preventing the injunction. He rose to thank his Lordship, after the case was disposed of, for the patient attention bestowed upon him; but Lord Eldon, unwilling to hear his own praises, cut the eulogy short by exclaiming, "Mr. Egan, you have gained all you want, and now the sooner you take *your own head* and mine *out of Chancery*, the better."

In conclusion, we repeat a decided opinion which we have met with in these terms, that while Lords Nottingham and Hardwicke may be considered the fountains of equity law; it was reserved for Lord Eldon to illustrate them both, as Coke illustrated Littleton, by the admirable commentaries he has pronounced on the decisions of his predecessors; and that on an imperishable basis rests the memory of the great Chancellor.

ART. III.—*Lateinische Synonymik. Nach Gardin-Dumesnil's "Synonymes Latins."* (Latin Synonymic. After Gardin-Dumesnil's "Synonymes Latins.") Recast and enlarged by Dr. LUDWIG RAMSHORN. Leipzig. 2nd edition. Baumgärtner, 1844. 2 vols.

IT is with objects of science as with objects of outward contemplation; in both we arrive at a more correct judgment by dint of comparison and viewing the objects in their diverse qualities, opposite to one another. This method has already been approved and adopted at an early date in the study of the ancient languages, by placing opposite each other words of equal or rather similar signification (since there are, strictly speaking, no two words of exactly the same meaning), in order to discover more distinctly the precise sense of each respectively. It is true, that such attempts were at various times of a different character and importance, and that only in our modern times, particular attention was paid to the composition of words, not only of different languages, but also of one and the same language, since the futility of the adage has been admitted: "*hoc verbum significat idem quod illud.*" We need not, therefore, tell the reader that the *Gardin-Dumesnil-Ernesti* Synonymic, is less the basis than the next cause of the present work before us, being independent in its character and research, and will no doubt greatly contribute by its manifold merits and advantages, to the advancement of a more profound study of the lexical part of the Latin tongue.

We shall begin by contemplating the work in its several parts and divisions, and pass a few remarks, in bringing them under review.

Pages 5—26 of the 1st vol. contain a very useful introduction into the synonymic, in which the author explains himself very correctly and properly on the etymology of languages in general, and more especially on that of the Latin language, passing at the same time under critical review the ancient and modern sources for its study. He is perfectly right in finding the affinity of the Latin tongue, not with the Greek, but with the Teutonic dialects, which have a striking similarity in their roots with the Sanscrit and Latin. It is true, that with the frequent intercourse of the Romans with the Greek people of Lower Italy, and their unavoidable intermixture with one another, it was impossible also that much of the Greek language, and more especially of the Æolic dialect, should not have been adopted in the Latin, in the same way as at a later period when the Romans began to appropriate the literatures of Greece, many Greek words and turns of phrases have crept into the Latin, the Greek origin of which cannot be mistaken.

It was, indeed, the former circumstance more than the latter, that misled the former philologers to the hypothesis, that the Greek language was the direct mother of the Latin. That relationship of the Latin with the oldest German dialects, so ably proved by our author in his introduction, he has also continually kept in view, in the course of his investigations throughout the work, and of which we shall, by-and-bye, have more opportunity to speak. P. 27—120, are treated, in two sections, the final forms of the nouns, adjectives, verbs, and adverbs, and shown how two words of one and the same root have adopted different meanings by dint of their difference in the final forms, so that the termination must every time be chosen according to the signification of the term to which it refers. This synonymic of the *terminations*, appears most particularly adapted to draw the attention of the student on many points most likely to be overlooked, introducing him into the principles of synonymic, which he can afterwards properly apply to individual instances. There are, however, a few observations which are either incorrect, or of so vague a character as to give rise to misunderstandings.

Thus, p. 29, speaking of the forms: *senectus*, *senecta*, *senium*, Mr. R. observes that "*Senectus* indicates old age, as the state of diminishing strength, and of debility, but also of more mature experience"—"*Senecta*," *advanced old age*, *scildetas* is *properly* an *Adjective: highly aged*"—"*Senium*, *scil. tempus*, age *with* all the *pains and infirmities; an Adjective, advanced in years.*"—This explanation may easily mislead to suppose, that these words were used in these respective senses by the Latin authors, but which is not the case. *Senectus* is the common name of *old age* without regard to its bright or dark sides, to its beginning or end; in this sense it is used by the Latin prose-writers, such as Cicero, throughout his *de Senectute*, and by others. The difference between *Senecta* and *Senectus*, in form rather than signification, does not belong to common prose, the former being used by the older writers, less of a *far* advanced age, as of an advanced age generally in opposition to the other sections of life, and as Adjective of *ætas* in general. That it has been retained by the later and prosaic poets from the earlier language, is too well known to dwell upon. Neither does *Senium* signify *advanced* AGE, but the *peevish*, *grumbling*, and *unpleasant* temper of an old man; it is therefore applied to every gloomy temper indiscriminately, so that if it was originally also a mere Adjective, it cannot be completed by *tempus*. The greatest danger of Dr. Ramshorn's system is the necessity to which the learner might be reduced to assume, that the Latin language has three distinct expressions for old age, (1) *senectus*, the feeble but also ripe age; (2) *senecta*, the highest old age, and (3) *senium*, the gloomy old age; this distinction might thus lead him to choose, in composition, that form which is most suited to the

sense in question, but in which he will find himself sadly disappointed. It would be more reasonable to tell him, that, in usual prose, *old age* passes invariably by the name *senectus*, no matter whether the question is of the *beginning old age* (ineunte senectute), of the *consummated old age* (summa senectute), or of *gloomy* peevish *old age* (morosa senectute), while in verse or poetical allusions, the learner may borrow *senecta* from the older language. *Senium*, he ought, moreover, to be told, can never be used of *old age* itself, but of the unpleasant properties of that age. On the propriety of applying that term, also to other fatal and melancholy conditions, he may be referred to *Non.* § v. p. *2, sq. ed. Merc.*

The work contains 1367 synonyms, both words and notions. From 1—639, are contained in the first vol. from 640—1367; in the second vol. until p. 608; from p. 609—624, are given additions and corrections; and finally, p. 625—659 embraces an index of single words and phrases.

The words and phrases treated as synonyms, the author has for the greatest part borrowed from his predecessors, and we have upon the whole nothing to demur against the choice. It appears to us, however, that he has received into his synonymic many words and notions which have not the least chance of being confounded either in name or notion. Among these we may reckon, I. p. 102, sect. 138, where *arbor*, *arbustum*, and *virgultum* are given as synonymous terms. But every child knows the difference between *tree* and *shrub*, and will consequently know how to distinguish in any language he might happen to learn, the two subjects which are probably given in every language, by two different names. He needs not therefore consult the Synonymic, to make a proper distinction between *arbum* and *frutex*, or to learn that a place planted with trees is called in Latin *arbustum*, and that with shrubs *virgultum*, since every lexicon will inform him of the distinction of the terms, while his own experience has told him already previously the distinction in the substance and nature of the two. On the other hand, something might be said and treated of the distinction between *virgultum* and *fructicetum*, but which the author, we find, has passed over in silence. From the same reason, there might also have been omitted in the next Sect., p. 139, the detailed distinction between *arbutus* and *arbutum*, since the *fruit* is so distinct from the *tree* in form and nature, that we need no synonymic to tell us of it in any language whatever. To extend the principle, the author might as well have spoken of *arbores* and *poma*, of *malus* and *malum*, *pirus* and *pirum*, *cerasus* and *cerasum*, but which he wisely has omitted in detail, and only alluded to in a general way in the articles: *pomum*, *malum*, *pirum*, *nux*, *bacca*, (bettes *baca*), many of which, however, are likewise superfluous; for, *poma* as *orchard-fruit*, is sufficiently explained in every lexicon, while the difference be-

tween *malo* and *pira*, *nuces* and *bacas*, is too great not to be known even without the aid of a Latin Lexicon, or Synonymic. And if the author intended to bring into his *Synonymic*, all the fruits indiscriminately (poma), why then, we ask, has he left out, *pruna*, *cerasa* and many more? In truth, the whole section treats more of etymological and lexical points generally, than of Latin synonymic in particular.

Also in the second vol., the whole section 1126, treating of the distinction between *radix* and *stirps* might easily have been omitted, since *stirps* the *stem*, and *radix* the *root*, are so greatly different in substance and nature, that they can hardly ever be mistaken for one another, as soon as the learner has ascertained their respective meanings from the Lexicon; neither do we see the reason of his leaving out (according to his plan) *truncus*, *ramus*, *frons*, etc.

Dr. R. might, perhaps, excuse himself with putting the blame on the shoulders of his predecessors. But what or who compelled him to copy all the unnecessary points from them? Surely not the publisher, nor the public! This our reproach at the frequently bad choice of the matter, we might easily verify with numerous instances. Thus, we find in the first vol., p. 6, sec. 7, a statement about the difference between *abücere*, *proücere*, and *deponere*, though there is hardly any possibility of anyone confounding *ab* with *pro*, or vice versa, so as to need a composition of the two particles to illustrate their distinction in a Latin synonymic by *abücere* and *proücere*, as little as by *abire* and *prodire* which the author did not think proper to quote. But least of all, are we to comprehend the author's meaning, of bringing *deponere* under this category, since *ponere* and *iacere* are so different in sense, that even Mr. R. himself justly omitted their composition in words, while the words in *ab* and *de* might, in some measure, be justified for their production by the similarity of their signification. Neither was there any need in quoting, vol. 1, p. 285, sec. 376, the words *cras*, *postridie*, *perendie*; since *cras*, *to-morrow*, is widely different from *postridie*, the *following day*; and though *perendie* belongs to the category of *cras*, yet is there no possibility of confounding them, as little as *to-morrow* and the *day after to-morrow*, differing in a whole day from one another. At all events, if there be any necessity of citing them, why not cite also: *heri*, *nudius tertius*, &c. Nor do we approve of stringing together in the 2nd vol., p. 379, sec. 1044, such words as *plebeius* and *plebicola*, etc., since they can never appear as synonyms. Thus much as regards the choice and selection of materials.

As regards the method of the work, and the manner of treating the subject, Mr. R. thought that the examination into the roots and origin of the words is of essential use for the better apprehension of their signification, and as the plan, hitherto pursued, of de-

riving the Latin words from the Greek, appeared to him insufficient, he took recourse to the old Teutonic dialects, on which he dwells throughout his work. Much as we agree with him in the main point, we cannot see the great utility accruing for the learner, from these etymological researches by way of synonymics. For, taken even as granted, a thing that can never be done with any degree of certainty in such researches, that all the author's etymological suggestions are correct, and without the least shadow of doubt, we are still at a loss to know what influence the original meaning of a word can have retained on the subsequent derivative meanings, as far as synonymic is concerned, meanings which have, for the most part, only arisen long after the languages originally related to each other, have ceased to belong to one and the same people. Thus may, e. g. the etymologies suggested by the author, vol. 2, p. 109, sec. 762, on *ira*, be true and correct, but we do not, after all, see how they assist us in drawing the due distinction between *ira* and *iracundia*, etc. In fine, such researches belong more to an etymological lexicon than to a synonymic, where they can be, with but a few exceptions, of no importance whatever. Neither are the etymologies of Mr. R. closely united with his symonymic, placing usually the etymology at the side of the radical word or syllable, but without taking any further notice of it, in the process of his investigations.

With regard to the comparison of the Synonyms among themselves, we could have wished that the author had observed a more marked demarcation in the separation of the notions, as also a more lucid definition in the (too) numerous examples cited by him, which are, besides, not always correctly done in a strictly critical point of view. We will confirm our above assertion and judgment by a few instances in the work, which just struck us first, in reading it.

The whole of the *Synonymic* begins with *a, ab, abs; de; e, ex.* Here Mr. R. repeats the distinction he asserted in his Grammar between *a* and *ab*, *e* and *ex* before consonants, so that *ab* indicates *closely away from something*, and *a* simply *away from something*. Now, this distinction has been combatted by the recent editors of Forsellini's Lexicon, as well as by F. Hand in his new *Tursellinus*, I. p. 3, of which, however, our author takes not the least notice, and persists in his doctrine as if it was universally acknowledged. And even if we were disposed to admit that the distinction is something more than euphonic, we still would greatly object to the selection of his quotations in corroboration of his assertions, the passages he cited having for fome time now been differently moulded by true criticism from the form in which Mr. R. presents them to us, as e. g. *Cic.* ad 9. Fr. I., ep. I., c. 11, § 34, where we now read according to the Medicean *MS.* in the words: "*Simul et illud Asia cogitet nullam a se neque belli externi neque domesticarum discordiarum calam-*

AFUTURAM *fuiste, si hoc imperio non teneretur,*" instead of ABFUTURAM.

But let us proceed at once with the very outset of the work before us, to prove our pronounced judgment.

P. 6, § 8, the author states and illustrates the distinction between *abire, discedere,* etc.; however correct the distinction he draws may be in itself, it is not at all borne out by his definitions. He says, *abire* to GO AWAY, DEPART: *Iidem abeunt, qui venerant,* Cic. fin. 4, 3,—*discedere (dis,* to PART ASUNDER—*cedo,* to YIELD, GIVE WAY), *to separate* (from something): *Uxor a Dolabella discessit,* C. fam. 8, 6. *Capua discessi et mansi Calibus,* and this is followed by a few more unimportant examples. But we do not exactly see here the difference between *abire* and *discedere;* the one meaning, according to Mr. R., to *go away,* and the other *to separate,* as if it was possible to go away from a certain subject without being at the same time separated from it; but if he meant, that *discedere* indicates more the action of *separation* in particular, than the way by which that action is brought about, then why not say so in plain words, why dress the definition in ambiguous and obscure words? Such a plain definition might have satisfactorily explained the character of the two phrases: *Uxor a merito abiit,* and *Uxor a merito discessit;* nothing sad being contained in the first, but much so in the latter. From this reason it is said of an assembly of several persons, when it is dissolved: *discedunt, disceditur;* and *disceditur, discessum est,* was the standing expression for a public assembly when about to separate, to dissolve. Such an illustration we think might at once have fully explained the sense of the definition and distinction between *abire* and *discedere.* Neither would it have been improper to refer on the usual expression *disceditur,* to Cic. *pro A. Cluent. Avito* c. 13 § 37, which according to the recent corrections must be read: Oppianicus obsignatores ad eum adducit et illum Asuvium appellat ipse. Testamento Asuvi nomine obsignato *disceditur.* Avilius illico convalescit, etc.

Nor have we reason to be more satisfied with the distinction given by the author in the following page, between *aburere, renuere, recusare, negare, pernegare, abnegare,* and *denegare.*

For, independent of *abunere and, renuere,* Mr. R's. definition of *recusare* is not quite correct, when he says: Recusare (*re-cuso* from *causa,* properly from motives) to refuse something offered. Mr. R. perhaps meant better than he expressed himself, since every rational man must have a motive when he *abnuit* or *renuit* something he might therefore have said: *recusare* "to refuse by *giving* the motives for so doing," but not *from* motives. Much better might it have been, had Mr. R. expressed himself as follow:" *recusare* (from *causa, caussari,*) is properly speaking, *to state reasons, to get rid of*

something. Thus, Cæs. b. Civ. 1,68: laborem recusabat nemo," *nobody advanced anything to refuse the service.*"

Still less satisfactory is the way in which *pernagare, abnegare* and *denegare* are explained. "*Negare,*" says our author, "*is to say no,* hence *to refuse a request:*" *Titus non negavit quidquam petentibus,* Sueton. Tit. 8. *pernegare* however signifies with our author: *to refuse entirely,* and *abnegare, to refuse altogether, absolutely,* and *denegare,* about the same as *abnegare.* Here we are at a loss to know the difference between entirely and absolutely in refusing something. To us, however, it appears, that *pernegare* does not mean *to refuse flatly or straightway*—such a notion would be better expressed by *prorsus negare,* etc. —but *to refuse repeatedly, to persist in the refusal,* and as an instance we may quote Cic. Verr. II. 1, 41: *Tutores Sæpe appellati pernegaverunt.* "*The guardians who were repeatedly requested about the money, persisted in their refusal.*" Many more instances might be quoted to set the notion in a more proper light, since we see that even the *Lexica* have not quite correctly given the sense of *pernegare.* Forcellini says: "*Pernego—prorsus nego, constanter nego;*" here the first definition at least is incorrect, while the other is rather vague and doubtful. Yet, is there no difficulty in fixing the sense of the term, since it invariably conveys our above definition, of *repeatedly refusing, persisting in refusal,* whenever it occurs. Thus, in Plaut. Aulul. 4, 10, v. 33: "*Ly. neque edepol ego dixi neque feci.*
Eu. *negas?*
Ly. *Pernego imo,* ("I persist in my denial.")

So also, *Asin.* II. 2, 54: *pernegabo atque abdurabo, periurabo denique,* where the proper signification of *pernegare* is too plainly pointed out, to doubt the meaning; still more fully is it given in the comic Epigram of *Martial,* 4, 82.

Epigramma nostrum cum legisset Fabulla,
Negare nullam quo queror puellarum;
Semel rogata bisque terque neglexit
Preces amantis. Jam, Fabulla, promitte:
Negare iussi, PERNEGARE non iussi.

("I bid thee refuse, but not to *persist* in the refusal.")

P. 73 is given but a feeble distinction between *amens* and *demens,* while the former refers to one who is only temporarily insane, and the latter, more permanently and settled.

Also the article, *adhuc, etiam, quoque* is a very meagre production; not only has the author misunderstood the only passage quoted by him on that head from Cic. fam. 16,11, Comp. F. Hand, Tursell. I. 157), but he has even omitted to make the very important remark: that *quoque* belongs invariably and chiefly to one single word or notion, which it must immediately succeed,—a fact but too little as yet observed by our scholars.

P. 308, § 397, treats of *cupere, concupere, avere, desiderare, optare; velle,* etc., and though we have upon the whole not much reason to be dissatisfied with the author's definitions, we cannot help remarking that here, as in many other sections, but little has been done for the better understanding of the ancient classics. One instance will suffice for the present. Mr. R. says: "*cupere* means *to wish, to desire,* indicating the mere inclination of the disposition of the mind, to see a certain good (or something considered as such) realised, while *velle* means simply *to will,* the mere utterance of the will." This distinction, though fundamentally not incorrect, is nevertheless far from developing the notions contained in the two expressions, *velle* being more immediate to the action than *cupere,* a circumstance taken by many scholars in just a contrary light. Suppose, e. g., a poor wanderer meeting a Roman, and accosting him for some alms,—the poor man's hope of receiving something, would certainly in a great measure diminish, if the Roman replied, *Cupio tibi aliquid dare;* he would see at once that, though he has the will of giving something, this will remains nevertheless only confined to the *mere wish,* and he must expect him to add, *Sed nihil habeo quod dem, sed non possum,* etc. But should the Roman reply, *Volo tibi aliquid dare,* he is sure to see the Roman immediately pull out his purse, and receive something from him. Such a distinction between the two terms, we think, ought not to have been omitted, nor even neglected to be verified by examples from the ancients. We will only show by one passage the truth of our assertion, and how much we may profit for the better understanding of the ancient classics, by a more critical Synonimic. This passage, which is quite characteristic of our subject, and is to find here protection against the alterations and emendations of unpractised critics, is in the beautiful speech of Cicero pro T. Annio Milone, c. 12, § 32. The following is from the best *MSS.*

Atqui Milone interfecto Clodius hæc adsequebatur, non modo ut prætor esset non eo consule, quo sceleris facere nihil posset, sed etiam ut his consulibus prætor esset, quibus si non adiuvantibus, at conniventibus certe speraret se posse eludere in illis suis cogitatis furoribus, cuius illi conatus, ut ille ratiocinabatur, *nec si cuperent,* reprimere possent, cum tantum beneficium ei se debere arbitrarentur, *et si vellent,* fortasse vix possent frangere hominis sceleratissumi corroboratam iam vetustate audaciam.

The last words are so given in all *MSS.,* but no critical scholar considered them as genuine, *si cuperent* and *si vellent* being thought as synonymous terms, so as to render their opposition nugatory. Nevertheless, the best *MSS.,* as we have said, have that reading, and we shall, therefore, try to explain the passage and justify the reading as it is. Cicero says first: Clodius did not wish, during

power,—often with felicitous ornament. He commences in the following manner, which is neither without sarcasm nor severity: "The Germans do little, but they write so much the more. If a denizen of the coming centuries ever turns his eye back to the present point of time in German history, he will meet with more books than men. He will be able to stride through years as through repositories. He will say we have slept, and dreamed in books. We have become a nation of scribes, and might place a goose on our escutcheon, instead of the double-headed eagle. The pen governs and serves, works and pays, fights and feeds, prospers and punishes. * * * The contemplative German people love to think and poetize, and they have always time enough for writing. They have even invented the art of printing, and now they toil away indefatigably at the great engine. * * * Upon a moderate computation, there are printed, every year in Germany, ten millions of volumes."

It is in the words now quoted that the work opens; while its closing chapter, which has for its subject *Criticism*, contains these passages:—

Criticism itself is most severely criticised. Whether it be just or not, it always makes itself enemies. Still it is indispensable, and exercises great influence. To consecrate its often misused weapons by a right use of them, is a difficult and a noble task.

Genuine criticism has a duty to perform as noble as it is necessary. As thinking is propagated by reflection, so is literature by criticism. Every new book grounds its right of existence only on the criticism of its predecessors. Under the guidance of criticism, one race after another grows up and ripens, and the contest is unceasingly carried on with one hand, and the edifice is building with another, as was done at the temple of Jerusalem.

Criticism, so far as it concerns single sciences, is an integral part of literature. But, beyond and above this, critical surveys over the whole range of letters have become necessary; and this want has most naturally joined itself to that of literary reviews. Men desired to know what had appeared in literature, and what was its value; and so the reviews connected themselves with the booksellers' advertisements; and, as the books were periodically published, they were reviewed periodically: the critical literature became essentially a periodical literature.

But the periodical form and the exclusive attention to what is new, make a partial and one-sided character a condition of this literature. It is by this means withdrawn from the real interest of criticism, and given up to a mercantile interest. A great multitude of new works are undeserving of criticism; but they must be noticed, because they are on the booksellers' shelves. A good book happens to be reviewed unfavourably, or is passed over entirely; and when the moment is once gone, and it is no longer new, nothing more is thought about it. The number and importance of the works by this means forgotten, or falsely estimated, is so great, that Jean Paul was perfectly right to propose a literary journal for the arrears, a re-

trospective review which should be devoted exclusively to literary rescues, after the manner of Lessing. We must perceive at once that criticism should not be a mere fair, where, amidst the throng and pressure of the present, one cries himself out of breath to praise up his merchandise and supplant the rest. By the aid of bribery, of fashion, or of accident, a worthless book often receives a brilliant eulogium from a dozen journals; and just as often an excellent book is misapprehended, abused, and forgotten. What is old falls out of the course: but can criticism be confined to the interest of the day? Besides this fashion rules with tyrannical sway over the journals. The criticism which should bring all the movements of literature to the test, from a fixed point of view, is itself hurried off into the same careers; for the same interest circulates the books and the reviews among the reading world and seeks purchasers for both.

The reviews are established, more frequently, either for reputation or gain; and whether for one or the other, the reviewing is done like manufacturing. The Universities often publish their journals merely to escape the reproach of inactivity and obscurity; and the sheets are filled up *ex-officio*, with such materials as it pleases heaven. Most of the other periodicals are the undertakings of booksellers, calculated for profit; and here the reviewers formally sit, like manufacturers, and perform their appointed task. This mechanical criticism, then, brings out that monstrous number of reviews which nobody can look over. Manufactories of this kind are everywhere established, and managed by a majority of hungry stomachs and shallow heads, who write at random for the day what no mortal will read the next year.

Thus far from Menzel's "*German Literature*"; his observations of course being specially directed to his own country, although many of them have a much wider application.

We now propose to follow up the subject of Journalism in Germany with the account of German Periodicals, as collected from the "*Deutsche Vierteljahrs Schrift*," (German Quarterly,) a journal to which Menzel is known to be a contributor, as well as other eminent writers, among whom may be mentioned, Humboldt, Leonhard, Bülau, Fischer, Leo, &c. This journal was commenced at the beginning of the year 1838, and forms an honourable exception to many of the strictures now to be presented; the author of them being, no doubt, Menzel himself, judging not merely from the signature, *W. M.*, but from the vigorous hand easily discoverable in it, and the harmony with the views in his more openly avowed productions. The observations and opinions alluded to, are of the nature, and to the effect, seen in the following pages.

It is matter of surprise, first of all, that there are so many periodicals in Germany; in 1837, according to the booksellers' Jahrbuch for that year, there were eight hundred and sixty-eight. If it be a difficult undertaking for the journals to bring under review everything important, which is thought or done, a general review of the journals themselves ought, at least, to be easier. But what museum

or reading-room in Germany, and what scholar who merely devotes himself to a peculiar department, has not been obliged to struggle against the difficulty of overlooking nothing among so many periodicals? Still, it is not so much the multitude of these journals that one would censure, as the unwise division and splitting up of their resources. States which constitute a political power need political organs of the views of the government, and also of the sentiments of the different oppositions, if there are any. Every city, inneed every country town, with its district, requires, at least, an advertising paper for its local interests. Every science, every branch of art should have a journal; and so should trade, manufactures, and agriculture. A multitude of journals, therefore, is necessary; but this number should not be increased tenfold by competition, without necessity.

It is especially to be lamented that the Germans have no great, comprehensive organ of the national mind. Where there is no discussion of local interests, where—in reference to common, national interests, to science and art—the talents which are allied to each other ought to unite, even there local spirits and an utterly foolish rivaly interfere, and dissipate the talents. England and France are much in advance in this particular. In those countries a few great political journals maintain the ascendancy; in these the leading parties concentrate all their energies; they are conducted on a definite and consistent plan, and sustained by the best talents of the party; and thus they are recognized by the nation as the organs of these paaties, and become, as it were, a monopoly by an overwhelming increase of subscribers. Rivalry is possible in such a case only to a very limited extent; it arises on the reinforcement or division of old parties, or the commencement of new ones; new journals originate when they are made really necessary by the changed constellation of political classes. The number of great, leading party papers is always comparatively small. Parties understand too well the advantage of a concentration of their resources; and the public, accustomed to the open discussion of important political questions, will sacrifice neither its interests nor its money without necessity. It adheres to a few commanding journals, though they cost more; it would not habituate itself to many smaller ones, were they to cost less. It must be expeditiously and substantially served. It does not care to know what two hundred ordinary minds,—inexperienced youngsters, who have undertaken an editorship, because unfit for anything else,—and what little cities, in every corner of the kingdom, babble and chatter about; but it must see at a glance, in a few papers, how the best-informed and most celebrated statesmen and organs of the principal parties handle the question. And in respect to the literature which is not political, a few great reviews hold the predominance in England; by means of which it is practicable to

survey the entire field, and direct the opinions of the whole nation; while, at the same time, the private sentiments of the critic who speaks through these journals must be accommodated to the national feeling and intelligence.

In this way, one would suppose, journalism would be managed in Germany; and perhaps be led to believe, that deeper characteristics would be developed by a literature, which can not only compare with that of England, but indeed, in internal richness excels it. In Germany, however, the relation of journalism to literature is less favourable. To avoid confusion in a survey of this journalism, let the periodicals be considered in the four divisions of *political, scientific, literary* and *local* journals. The political:—

These have a two-fold character. Some of them present a merely historical account of the occurrences of the day; others defend the interests of an existing political power, or the views of a political party. The oldest papers were all of the first-named class, and were generally issued from neutral free cities. Such were those of Frankfort, Nuremberg, Augsburg and Basle; and such, more recently, was the neutral "*Correspondent*," of Hamburg. Gradually there arose official gazettes and party papers; but they did not supersede the neutral, historically edited papers. These, on the contrary, maintained a commanding influence, as, in particular, the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" has done, which has survived all the storms of the Revolution and Restoration, and always remained the first gazette in Germany. The reason is obvious. The organs of the great powers hold each other in equilibrium within the domain of the German language. An Austrian Gazette cannot gain the ascendancy, because a Prussian stands by its side, and rivals to both of them are the papers of the smaller states,—all in the same domain of language, all intended for German readers. But the less powerful states offer a neutral territory for a newspaper, which, serving no predominant public interest, presents everything in a simple narrative style. One such gazette Germany must have; and if it were not the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" at Augsburg, there would be another somewhere else. Party papers are not more able than the official gazettes to force these neutral historical publications from their commanding position. They spring up only in times of excitement, to disappear when the excitement itself has passed away.

Here all the relations are determined, and all the boundaries are laid down. It were consequently unjust to require more from the political journals, than they can accomplish in the circumstances in which they are placed, and do actually accomplish. More than they are they cannot be. The interest of Germany in all the political occurrences of the fatherland, Europe and the whole world, is very great; fondness for writing is perhaps still greater; as to the *industrial* advantages of editing political papers, most are accurately informed.

Hence the imprisoned fluid of political eloquence is ready at any moment, to pour itself forth in the form which shall be opened to it by the turn of the cock.

Nothing but sheer unreasonableness can object to German political journals, that they are not like those of England or France. In those countries the official gazettes are also the organs of powerful parties, because there can be no ministry which does not spring from a majority of the people; and against those are arrayed opposition papers, which are also the organs of large parties. The newspapers are only the continuation of the struggles of parliament. In Germany the official gazettes are only the organs of cabinets; and as opposition papers are arrayed against them, with a frequency inversely proportionate to their own influence, it follows that they can keep back what they please. It is only in the weaker constitutional states that opposition papers produce an occasional commotion; but they are scarcely heard of beyond the boundaries of a small territory, and soon die. Voluntary silence, on the one hand, and compulsory silence, on the other, cannot possibly accomplish what the English and French journals accomplish, as they are governed by a directly opposite impulse,—that of making everything public. Calms and hurricanes are hardly more opposed to each other; in respect to which it may be remarked, that a perpetual hurricane is as unnatural as a perpetual calm.

For some time past it seems to have been agreed, that an unofficial gazette can succeed in Germany only through its neutrality, its historic character. In the place of the departed opposition papers, neutral flags of all sorts meet together, which mask their political insignificance—as to which indeed they are blameless—by copious extracts from foreign journals, profound discussions of topics connected with civil and ecclesiastical law, medicine, commerce, manufactures (the cholera, water cures, rail-roads, beet sugar, &c.), and by occasional elegant gossiping. But, it must be repeated, the age tolerates no deeper political characteristics. And, when looking at the formal side of the gazettes, there must be reckoned as something, at least, the activity with which they observe everything which occurs, and the elasticity of language also must be admired which has elevated forecast and talent to so high a grade. If the gazettes of the present day be compared with those which are more than twenty years old, it must be admitted that they have attained to rare circumspection, tact, and expression.

Scientific Journals:—These must be viewed from an entirely different point. In the wide domain of science, the German republic of learning can organize itself as it pleases. Here there are no gates, no boundaries. Here political interests and considerations cease. The Germans are the most scientific people in the world. In particular branches of science they may be surpassed by the

learned in other nations, but not in them all. They have possessed themselves of the richest materials in the widest circuit, and in all departments of science they are at home. It follows necessarily that they should have discovered the means of communicating the ascertained results, in the shortest way, to the entire public; in a word, that a journalism of the most comprehensive and pregnant character should correspond to the richness and depth of scientific literature in Germany.

But the fact is otherwise. Hitherto there has been no central point, from which there has been surveyed all the districts of intellect, like so many compartments. *The Universal Literary Journals, Repertories, &c.*, have indeed been conducted very circumstantially and multifariously, and, in part, very fundamentally; but a completeness of view, a vigorous comprehension and separation of the materials have always been wanting. The subjects were not lucidly arranged; nor was there consistency in the opinions, as they often proceeded from diverse and personal considerations. These journals were frequently mere collections of commentaries, of all grades of scholarship, and of polemic sallies, originating in the casualties of rivalry; in them were mirrored all schools, all stages of scientific development, all learned fashions, the personal position, the old age and the youth of the editor. They resemble a conglomerate of all sorts of stones, great and small, polished and unpolished. Indeed their form, and their immethodical succession of criticisms of all kinds, allow no one to obtain the mastery over them. But their greatest defect is their want of a single, clear, strong spirit to arrange and to animate the whole. Instead of taking their position above scientific literature, they have stood under it, and formed a mere conduit, not always of the purest elements. The best and most important are distinguished solely by their extensive learning,—and this only in particular departments,—and not by an all-comprehensive and all-pervading spirit; and they seek their reputation in the greatest possible remove from practical life, in the most secluded and learned aristocracy, voluntarily renouncing all influence over the great public. One is evidently aiming at the supremacy in the republic of learning. But this journal (the Berliner Jahrbücher) shut itself out from the profane public by its language; nor can it attain its end in the learned circle, because it proceeds from the point of a very one-sided speculation, to which empiricism, rich and conscious of its secure position, has never been less inclined to make concessions than now.

This periodical excepted, it did not occur to the *Universal Literary Journals* to desire a distinctive character. They received promiscuously whatever was learned; and some, whose elasticity has sensibly declined, are no longer distinguished by a profound minuteness; they bring to market not unfrequently some state quarrel

of the antiquated heroes of the professional chair. The view, however, that universal literary journals, which are not devoted to a particular department, should not confine themselves to the learned circle, but impart the results of their collected scholarship to the entire public, to the *nation*, has been adopted by none.

The English reviews are certainly less learned, and it is not wished to surrender the pre-eminence of German science, through a blind love of novelty, and a desire to imitate whatever is foreign, whilst, in other respects, the example of these reviews is to be commended. English editors proceed from an entirely different position. They have not learning principally in their eye, but the nation. It behoves them, therefore, to enlighten the nation, to make it at home in the field of literature; and, to effect this, they transplant themselves to the position of the nation, feel and think as the nation does, pronounce in anticipation the opinion of the nation, which it silently confirms through the subscription list. Hence a few confessedly good reviews can, without difficulty, arrogate authority and maintain it. They can and must restrict themselves to leading topics, omitting those minute details which fill hundreds of the quartos of the learned German periodicals. They do not by any means attain to the German thoroughness, but they have another important advantage over them,—great influence and energy, great practical efficiency.

The Germans have often done justice to the national tact of the English, in other respects; why not also in this? Can the so profoundly erudite scholars deny that the old Greeks and Romans—were they to live at the present day, and were they to lay hold of modern civilization—would act like the English? Did not these lauded nations of classical antiquity—which are incessantly set up as an example, without, however, having learned as yet to be as practical as they were,—go forth from the clear consciousness of their nationality; and did they not stamp their national character on every thing which issued from their thoughts and their hands; and was not practical efficiency their only expedient for the safety and the honour of the nation? As soon as they lost the national basis, the classic spirit degenerated into Alexandrine scholarship, full of characterless learning, sophistry, and fancifulness.

The false enthusiasm of religious and political sects, learned speculation, æsthetic fancies dash their motley and changeable waves, with the least inquiry, upon a robust national understanding, and characters which cannot endure any womanish, childish, sickly, or affected extravagance. This is to be seen in England. In Germany alas! the national consciousness has become so much weakened, that these waves frequently dash over it; and men have sought elsewhere a sure foundation and foothold, but always in vain. It seems, indeed, that they must go back to that national feeling, which Britons

have never lost; for only in this, surely, can there be found that strong position of nature that cannot be drawn from under the feet; while attempts to restore a national standpoint, by a political, ecclesiastical, scientific, or æsthetic footing, have proved, and must prove, abortive.

If universality, or, as it has been called, cosmopolitism,—to which the German nation is so much inclined,—diminishes the one-sided partiality, and receives eclectically everything from every quarter, there is also an objectionable passivity, an indefatigable accumulation without nice discrimination, a giving way to whatever is foreign, often at the expense of self-esteem. Universality, an interest in everything which lies without, the tolerant and honourable acknowledgment of whatever is foreign, even of that which is hostile,—constitute a distinction which the Germans have before all other nations. But it often borders on the want of character, and is a real virtue, a genuine, noble peculiarity, only when it, in connection with multifarious learning, shows a character, a national consciousness, which takes its place not under, but above the influx of that which is foreign, and not merely loves, admires, imitates everything indiscriminately, but also judges severely, righteously, and worthily, and, in all circumstances, knows how to maintain against other countries its own dignity.

In opposition to the establishment of German periodicals in this lofty style, stands a manifest evil—the learned language. It must be confessed that some improvement has been made in the progress of time; but many of the most intelligent German scholars,—who are perfectly at home in certain departments, and whose communications might be valuable to the entire nation,—still employ a style of writing, which is intelligible and tolerable only to those who are initiated into the same department. Not a few write so designedly. They would think themselves degraded, if they were writing for the so-called people. By popularity they understand an extreme of shallowness and vulgarity, which is by no means to be included in the term. But most write in the tract of a customary pedantry, and can descend to a popular style only when constrained by publishers, who desire to profit by their reputation; and yet even then they do not break away from that prolixity to which they have been accustomed in academical lectures. Some, indeed, in the latest times, aspire to a style which is profoundly learned and at the same time popular; but the number of those that succeed is not large. They often resemble dancers who drag along chains attached to their feet. As learning is striving to become more and more courtly,—a fact that is proved by various extremely pedantic transmutations,—it is to be hoped that the courtliness will react favourably upon them, and that more and more suppleness will be introduced into the stiff links of German scholarship.

Jesting aside, it cannot be denied that German scholars would not only become much more useful, if they would write in a smooth, concise, lucid, and persuasive style, but they would secure much more influence and reputation; particularly if they would not disdain to write, together with their principal works, some leading articles for periodicals (there is meant only the larger journals,) essays in which they exhibit the grand result of their researches for the public incitement and the general good, and if they would stand no longer on a little German professor's chair, but at Athens, before the collected people, that will one day erect for them a statue. While anxious to avoid the expression of a premature opinion, it may be confidently submitted to the future, whether it is not possible to oppose quiet to restraint; a rich and tolerant comprehensiveness, to all sorts of narrow one-sidedness; a clear intellect and illumination, to prejudices and passionate obscurations; a healthy knowledge to sickly science, a display of really new advances of the human mind and of society, to fashionable follies. It seems that in the disagreeable glutting of the market, men look around for an open place where they may be able to breathe once more. It seems that anarchy of opinion having ascended to its highest point, needs at last the opposition of an authority, which will be voluntarily recognised, if it is deserving, and makes itself efficient in the right place and in the right society.

The internal management of those periodicals which are devoted to a particular science, is attended with fewer difficulties; but there are many defects even here. Take a look, for example, at the *theological journals*. Who will deny that the Germans have a pre-eminence, in this respect, over all other nations? Where is there to be found a more active religious life, where a more anxious inquiry after divine things, and more profound and comprehensive study in all departments of dogmatics, morals, exegesis, ecclesiastical law and ecclesiastical history, than in Germany? In latter years, particularly, the religious spirit—which had become depressed in the time of Frederick the Great, and under the influence of the French Revolution—has risen to new dignity and power; and whatever life and literature introduce anew into this field, is made known at the same time and investigated in the journals. But the wonderful efforts of the periodicals to bring every thing under review, are themselves not to be overlooked; for there are in Germany not less than sixty-four theological journals. Is it indeed possible that the public—even the theological public—can interest itself, at the same time, in all these journals, and look over them all? In consequence of this splitting up, must not many valuable articles escape general observation; and, on the other hand, will not the public be wearied by many long, tedious, ordinary essays? Would it not be far better to have a few leading journals, in which the principal parties,—on the Catholic side,

the Ultramontane and Josephine; on the Protestant side, the Supernaturalist, Rationalist, and Pietist,—should exhibit their sentiments, in which case all the best talents of a party might combine to write solely for such journals? It must clearly be for the interest of each party to have such a powerful organ. A few of these would effect incomparably more than the sixty-four publications now can; in which a few professors and clergymen speak out here, a few there, and a few yonder, and, by their much speaking, only prevent one another from being heard.

But the public would gain the most, if it could possibly place itself in this way, readily and perfectly, on every stand-point of the different parties. One may take five or six great periodicals, but not sixty-four. None are so good as to contain all which will interest and instruct; and none are so bad, especially at the beginning, as to contain nothing which is valuable. But it is desirable that the most important and most interesting discussions should be found in the fewest possible party journals, that they may be easily sought out, and easily surveyed. Before the weighty interests of a party, the little local interests of a province, a university city, a coterie, an individual, must vanish; and the different views of those who belong to a great party in the church, on subordinate questions, can also be unfolded in a single journal, without any risk to consistency in the principal matter. The necessity of a condensed and classical style, in such a periodical, will prevent much superabundance of language; which necessarily repels instead of alluring the reader. In a word, the light which is now diffused everywhere, and dissipated in an immense space, would be concentrated on a few foci, and gain incomparably in efficiency.

If the number of states, provinces, and cities in Germany demands a large number of official and local gazettes, these political arrangements ought not to be transferred to the domain of religion. Is the local, divisive spirit a deeper and more irradicable characteristic of the Germans than of other nations? There are professors who ridicule the rivalries of the smaller states, who, nevertheless, know not how to place themselves above the rivalries of the smaller universities. But the honour of a university cannot compare with the momentous interests of a confession, embracing one half of Germany.

But the large amount of theological journals is to be explained by a reference, not so much to the multiplicity of universities, as to the extraordinary number of different opinions in all the confessions. Here conscience comes into the field. But in order to accomplish something in great things, men must yield to the majority in little things. Without this principle no party can be permanent. The Protestant union, two hundred years ago, was shipwrecked on conscientiousness in trifles. Bellarmine and his

school first encountered the Reformers victoriously, when that great party had become divided, in consequence of a too scrupulous conscientiousness, into Lutherans, Melancthonians, Zuinglians, Calvinists, &c. In the present day, the religious passions have cooled; still the affair at Cologne should not have exposed the theologico-philosophical differences, and the hundred discrepant opinions of the Protestants, over which Görres justly triumphed.

But if one-sided stiffness, an aristocratic restriction of opinion, a consistorial despotism, the tyranny of an interim, a formula of concord, a synod of Dort be one extreme which must be avoided, anarchy of opinion is certainly the other. Between the two the proper mean may be found; and if the intelligent theologians of the last century succeeded in overcoming in the estimation of the public that hierarchy, it ought not to be impossible for those of the present century to oppose anarchy with success. But this cannot be done without great and influential journals, which shall concentrate authority and talent. The entire Cologne controversy might have been carried on in five journals, more comprehensively for the public, and at the same time more consistently, than in one hundred journals and two hundred pamphlets, in which it was lost, like a noisy stream in the sand.

There *are twenty pedagogic* journals in Germany. This is an astonishing excess. The teaching class, it is well known, is not in a situation to make important contributions to periodicals; and to only a few of the most favoured, in large cities, is it permitted to obtain access to all these journals. But if all were sent to the house of every teacher, inasmuch as their time is so precious, they could not read them. Most of them, consequently, are useful only within a very narrow circle, although calculated, perhaps, for the widest circulation. How much good which they contain is in this way overlooked, or exerts merely a transient influence upon a few readers! Instead of twenty, two would suffice: especially if they were careful to collect and to communicate to the public only what is most valuable, and if they were sustained on all sides without rivalry.

Of periodicals for *national* and *political economy, administration, justice, police,* there is no excess in Germany. On the contrary, in reference to the comparative anatomy of the body politic and candid criticism on the existing state of the things, much remains to be done.

Philosophical journals have found, hitherto, a very restricted public in Germany; and this only during the culmination of a particular school, which has always been of short continuance. Philosophy having never gone out from the lecture room and the study to the public market, has never become an affair of the people. She has always been too dignified for this, her tone too lofty, her language

too obscure. She has thought that she would degrade herself, if she courted the favour of the multitude, and brought an oblation to the general intelligence. She has even boasted that she had done so little to court the favour of the dominant power; and that the noble independence in which she moved, was, in the last century, and at the beginning of the present, her highest glory. More recently, a philosophical school has returned to the long-forsaken path of the old scholasticism which attained to rare distinction, in the service of the then dominant hierarchy, and monopolized the whole business of instruction. But, notwithstanding the great pains which appear to have been taken to establish a similar scholastic authority in the service of the now dominant secular power, it is quite too much opposed to the spirit of the times to compass its end. Instead of outflanking the age, it has been outflanked by the age; and in accordance with the religious and political parties of the present day, has separated into two conflicting sects; one of which defends the existing condition of things in Church and State, and the other advocates a total reformation of faith and society, on the theory of deified humanity. Both have established a journal; but the first has never gained a hold upon the people, and it has maintained itself only with difficulty and with a sacrifice of part of its influence, and the other on account of its extravagance, cannot continue long, and is quite as unpopular as the other.

Of *historical* journals there is no want in Germany. In most provinces, there are societies whose business it is to bring to light antiquities, records, old chronicles, and historical notices of every description. Many of them publish journals, in which they make known their discoveries, with their comments thereon. Still, larger periodicals are required for general historic investigation, especially German historical inquiries. Mone's valuable *Anzeiger* is chiefly taken up with the antiquities of language. The very excellent annuals of Raumer and Hormayr are too small to supply the place of larger journals. The *Archives* of Hormayr was conducted on a very happy plan, but, unfortunately, it is discontinued; and the valuable journals of Schlosser and Bercht are also discontinued. At the same time there is wanting a central organ in the wide field of historical inquiries; and it is very difficult to establish one, inasmuch as the historical societies of particular German countries are not disposed to withdraw their own journals, and send their most important discussions and investigations to a central paper. But in the astonishing compass of historical studies in Germany, in the incalculable richness of new sources, new views, new discoveries which yearly come to light, the want of a comprehensive periodical is hardly to be justified.

In the domain of *natural science* alone, has journalism attained to that elevation on which it should stand, surveying the wide pan-

orama of life and literature, receiving from all sides, imparting to all sides, arranging, moulding. Most of the natural sciences have some great journal of undisputed authority, which is conducted by the ablest men in that department, and sought by all their fellow-labourers in the same department. But here, also, there is an excess of competition, which renders a comprehensive survey very difficult, and, perhaps, if certain leading-men were to pass away, would make the authority of the journals a doubtful organ unless preserved by the countenance of the yearly conventions of naturalists.

Of *medical* journals there are forty-three in Germany. It must be granted that different modes of practice require different periodicals; also that medicine, which, in reality, is less a science than an art, and which rests mainly upon observation and experiment, cannot be concise and at the same time intelligible. But forty-three journals are an astonishing number surely. What physician who practises daily can peruse them all, and to what physician who does not practise can they be useful?

The number of journals in natural science can be justified only by the number of particular departments, which are sufficiently important to have a separate periodical devoted to them. Local interests can here establish no competition with propriety, the effect of which is to prevent a desirable concentration. Agricultural, technological, and forest journals alone can be allowed to particular provinces; inasmuch as agriculture and manufacturing interests are very different in different places. But it seems that this natural hierarchy of journalism is penetrated, in many ways, by a rivalry which is unnecessary, and which confounds knowledge.

Literary Journals:—The publications devoted to literature have increased in a wonderful manner. There are fifty of them in Germany,—according to the booksellers' Jahrbuch, already referred to, —and in this number many little local papers are not included, which spring up in the country towns on every side like mushrooms, and which, together with local notices, and the political occurrences of the day, contain novels, poetry, riddles, &c. mostly plagiarized. How modestly these periodicals began in the last century! And with what unparallelled boldness do they now press forward beside and among one another! Specific local wants, which can make so many periodicals necessary, are not to be supposed. The standard of taste is pretty much the same in all German cities. The general diffusion of education, the reading of the so-called German classics, above all, the circulating libraries, furnished with fashionable writings, and the plays published in the Repertory, and differing but little from each other, have brought about this result.

In respect to metrical, particularly lyric poetry, there prevails, in all the literary periodicals, the same tendency to poetic eclecticism.

They copy all known fashions, and receive every new one without distinction. Of the old opposition between the classic and romantic schools, there is scarcely a trace to be found. All live in harmony with each other. In prose, they adopt a new fashion once every ten years or so. A short time since, the manner of Walter Scott had the ascendancy; now it is the generic painting of the French, their frivolous tales and spirited drawing-room chit-chat. There is to be noticed, in this particular, an important transition from the prevalence of the descriptive, to that of the conversational style. In general, prose is endeavouring to become more and more elegant, —exerting all its energies to appear fine and polished.

The amazing number of literary papers, which—with a very few exceptions, and those the older ones—have the same style, is not to be ascribed to different local interests, nor to opposition of taste; but partly to immoderate, unnatural *production* and *competition*. Production far exceeds the proportion which is prescribed by the wants of the consumers; and, in addition to this, rivalry has doubled, nay trebled the natural production.

To speak, in the first place, of *natural production*, no one can deny that there is a prodigious number, yea, too large a number of poets. No people, indeed, in any age, can boast of such wealth in novelists and singers; but while the Germans are proud of this rare favour of the muses, it can hardly be concealed, that in this instance, as in every other, the excess of a blessing becomes a curse. Does the amount of the poetic genius correspond to the multitude of rhymsters?—the quality of the poetry to the quantity of verse?—the maturity of taste and fine feeling for poetry in the public, to the great pains which versifiers have taken to form it? Finally, does the high estimate which is paid to poets correspond with their just and reasonable claims? On the contrary, do not the inward worth and the respect awarded to them, stand almost precisely in an inverse proportion to the multitude of poetic productions; so that many of the few genuine master productions are unappreciated, while the public, sung to from so many quarters, finds no time for reflection; while, on the other hand, much that is ordinary, and even exceptionable, makes its way by impudent bawling?

Thus, while a multitude of literary periodicals is to be regarded as the natural organ of that eager desire of publication which a few journals would not satisfy, there are many more which owe their origin solely to *industry*. The success of some of the older literary periodicals served as a spur to many enterprising men, to open for themselves like sources of profit. Of poetical fellow-labourers especially, there was no lack. Some, who had been tolerably content, at an earlier period, with publishing a few lyric pieces and a few tales, and who, abandoning the rhyming art at the end of the nightingale sea-

son, had entered upon a practical calling, were now engaged for a literary journal; and soon the muse, which at first was really a muse, became an acknowledged cow. The natural production made more journals necessary; but the establishment of new journals, undertaken from purely mercantile considerations, made a new production which was no longer natural, and to which the rhyming manufacturer hired by the publisher must constantly address himself.

While some genuine poetic geniuses have really climbed too high, and their too sublime conceptions, their too extravagant fancies, and their too learned wit, are unintelligible to the people; this fact has served as an excuse to multitudes with moderate abilities, to construct a vapid, polite literature, which aims at superficially mannerizing everything original, at rendering common everything tender, at varying every theme to an insufferable triviality, at dissolving every idea of higher poetry, like a homœophatic atom, by ever multiplying dilutions in the ocean of their pretended elegant prose. That admiration bordering on reverence, which the older poets enjoyed, is made up to the writers of elegant literature by the clinking of their wages; and though they renounced at the beginning of their industrious career, every claim as modest professionists, they lived to attain to the happiness, in due time, of being numbered among the poets of the nation by their kind-hearted subscribers, on account of the frequent and growing recurrence of their names.

The Germans have accordingly now a very complete poetry, and, together with this, a still more complete elegant literature. Every spot on the German Parnassus is occupied. There have been many who thought that poetry had come to its completion and its close with Goethe, yet many new poets, who must be regarded as such, have obtained a place on the mount, and the crowd of those who are already celebrated, or wish to be, is suffocating. The writers of polite literature, moreover, have encamped around Parnassus, and put up their booths. On all sides music is to be heard, ninepin-alleys and the jingling of tumblers; and exceedingly friendly hosts deal out a profusion of poetry to all who are thirsty and desirous of amusement, at a reasonable rate; which saves the trouble of first climbing the hill and drinking immediately from the consecrated fountain.

As the poetic department has been for some time overstocked, Hitzig of Berlin, the noble Criminal Director, spoke a word in season, when he cautioned young men against authorship as a profession. Still, new flocks of literary adventures are springing up, and tumultuously demanding a place. These younglings followed, as the third generation, the writers of polite literature, as they again had followed the genuine poets. Hence, one can hardly wonder that the older generation of those richly gifted, or at least ambitious men,—who wrote poetry only for the sake of doing it, without any

mercenary aim,—had already passed away from them; and they knew only the second generation of *industrials*, and looked on elegant literature solely from this point of view. But finding the business already so much overdone, they saw themselves in the condition of poetic paupers, and availed themselves of the only advantage which their desperate circumstances afforded. It was for their benefit that they had nothing to lose, and therefore need be less scrupulous in the selection of means; and their spirit of enterprise was sharpened far more than their sense of honour could be offended. To be able to enter the field of competition, they must think upon some new attraction, so as to interest the blunted public in their favour. This attraction they thought they discovered in hitherto avoided personalities. They undertook to place themselves above considerations, which before this had been silently influential, in order to stimulate the public in a new and surprising manner. Now began the so-called characterizing of the nobility of the day, the indiscreet copying of correspondence, the scandalous chase after anecdotes, biographical diversions. They seasoned their insignificant and poetically unproductive pages, with biting remarks, allusions, satires, fabrications, and calumnies, referring to well-known individuals. They brought before the public all theatrical cabals, which till now had been very properly unproclaimed; all the rivalries of artists and authors; and they fattened upon true and fictitious chronicles of detraction. They were not disappointed: a bad report is a gladly seen guest; men are flattered when they hear another aspersed. In the midst of the graceful gardens of elegant literature, hundred-tongued Slander erected her throne, and *improvised* all the vexations, robberies, and little cruelties of war, when there was no sufficient occasion for a war.

The older industrials, of a more peaceful nature, also thought that they must not be left entirely behind the younglings, and began to publish in their turn posthumous collections, letters, biographical notices, characteristics, descriptions of individuals, which they would not have thought of copying before. All the old wash-kettles and visiting cards of distinguished men were made known; and frequently, for the mere compensation, every feeling of piety was disregarded, and the rights of the dead were assailed in the most indefensible manner; the *privatissime* of deceased women were exposed by their husbands; of deceased fathers, by their sons.

It is easy to understand how this third generation, not knowing what else to contrive, lived only on the stirrup of the robbery of another's good reputaion; in particular, how it filled the critical supplements of journals with *feuilletons* and correspondence, and likewise established new and mostly defamatory papers.

Before this there was not too much to boast of in the criticism of

the German periodicals devoted to polite literature. In general they were pervaded by an indefiniteness, which at least was not flattering to the national character. The nation should have a decided tone, and criticism should give it a distinct utterance. But Germany has no state, only states; no taste, only tastes; no criticism, only critics. The diversity of opinion has a necessary foundation in the extraordinary diversity of views; and if these were honestly expressed, there should be, without much harmony indeed, many pleasant tones. But alas! there are intermingled so many dishonest opinions, views are so often modified by personal interest. A great part of the criticism is properly only anticritical; the expression of revenge instead of censure; a refusal to acknowledge the merits of another; or coterie praise. In this way many periodicals insure their influence. The unjust censure of merit is even surpassed, in insolence, by the systematic self-praise of the coteries. One reads with wonder how many of the most frivolous writers—of whom nothing has been heard, who have not proved their manhood by a single work of mark—make themselves talked about and lauded; and how, in widely disunited Germany, they endeavour to ape the foppery of the literary saloons of Paris. And yet this corruption of fame by coteries is far from being the worst thing which is to be objected to in literary criticism. In addition to all this, it has become a venal tool of bookselling interests. In one well-known periodical, all the works of the publishing house from which the journal issues must be lauded without distinction; and everything published by another house must be condemned without distinction. This instance, though the most striking, is not the only one. The judgment passed upon rival works is very frequently in inverse proportion to their merit; and frequently the copy is praised at the expense of the original. How often, again, does it happen that conductors, to save the price of their articles, fill their critical pages with reviews gratuitously furnished; in which the author of a work praises himself, or abuses his personal enemies!

The nation is so much accustomed to this state of things, that the most unjust criticism of the most valuable works—which in England, for example, would either excite universal disapprobation, or be palliated only as the device of a political party—is treated in Germany, just as when, on the other hand, the most extravagant praise awakens no enthusiasm. The nation has become used to these extremes, and, in general, the writers are no longer respected. Their contests are not contemplated with wrath and wonder, but merely with that ironical pleasure, with which elsewhere cock-fighting is looked upon. In this depreciation of writers, no one is the gainer except the man who speculates thereon. Unfortunately, it must be said that there are writers who indemnify themselves for the contempt which they inspire, by the compensation which they receive;

and who, moreover, think themselves the gainers, if they bring others, (for only slander, and some of it will adhere,) and the whole fraternity of authors, into discredit. Whoever ventures to oppose this critical enormity is certain of the most clamorous abuse, and finds in the already blunted public literally no satisfaction. Hence many a man who had else been called to the defence of the true, the beautiful, and the good, withdraws from the polluted arena. He knows that no merit, no well-earned reputation will be regarded; and *industry* speaks scornfully of all piety, and there is no way of escaping the slanders of the literary herd, but by letting them alone.

Parties in taste, who contend from conviction, can neither continue nor begin in such circumstances, any more than there could be Aristocrats, Constitutionalists, and Girondists, in the French Revolution, after anarchy had conducted the filth of the streets to the tribune. Whenever, in the present day, a contest of principle has commenced in the department of taste, a desolate cry has deafened it, and everything has degenerated into personalities. A well-known young school gave out an intention to reform polite literature from a new principle. If it had been really so, what a fresh living stream would have run through the morass of elegant literature! But they proclaimed an unrestrained impudence, and placed the lyre of Apollo in the arms of the god of gardens. And even this carelessness was merely a crafty device, a sheer imitation of a French fashion, undertaken as a speculation. The tailor at Lisbon who made a carbonari cloak from stolen cloth, did not put the judge to greater shame, than did these young people the honest critics who imagined their *industry* to be fanaticism. And thus this hope of a new spring of poetry has been disappointed; and people must wait a long time, either till a holy power of youth shall wake up a new and beautiful inspiration, and by its sword cut the gordian knot of criticism, or till the nation, conscious of its worth, and turning to its great interests, shall condemn the miserable *industry*, which fills the periodicals with literary prattle, to eternal oblivion.

Local Journals:—Is it indeed worth the trouble to consider these separately? Single periodicals are not of much importance, but the whole together exert a powerful influence in Germany. By far the greater number of the families of citizens read no other than local papers. These, consequently, exert so great an influence upon the thoughts, manners, and taste, that it is well worth while to bring them into consideration. The local papers were originally nothing more than advertising sheets, designed to publish the regulations of the local government, public appeals, deaths, auctions, &c. Formerly there were often connected with these, partly, political intelligence, partly, tales and poems for amusement. Many of these papers have attained to such a standing, that a man cannot live in a considerable city, without receiving them daily,

as the visit of an old friend. But the deserved respectability of these good papers excited the envy of the industrials. Hence, a great number of new local papers has arisen, nay, an incredible number in a single well-known city; and through the rivalry of these papers in every corner, all the accessible tattle of city women, and all the rationale of taverns, of which indeed one would not have expected to read in print, have been published. INDUSTRY has gone so far as to send its too indiscreet personalities and systematic lies, which could not be received into the journals of the father city, as articles of correspondence to local papers of other cities, to be exchanged for similar productions. Literary vagabonds, not merely the absolutely plebeian, but those who affect to be distinguished, avenge themselves on the cities in which they have not secured sufficient admiration, or have miscarried in some speculation, by defamatory periodical articles, in which the city, its societies, and its curiosities are abused. Another well-known *industry* threatens every actor, on his enterance into certain cities, with biting criticisms, if it is not bought off by naked gold. Theatrical criticisms have become, in this respect, a downright disgrace to German journalism; in praise and blame equally contemptible.

The local papers which seek their public in the humblest spheres of society, have already begun to expose to public scandal the lowest privacies of life. They publish what servant girls say to each other at the wells. They endeavour to please by ambiguous expressions and wanton anecdotes. They publish malicious reports, in order to force the injured to a reply, which is thankfully permitted,—all merely to make themselves talked about. Nothing is rejected which will season their journals. It has already happened in one of the obscure papers, that a student in a gymnasium has openly made war upon his teacher. Fortunately, papers of this description are comparatively rare; but they are constantly increasing in all the larger cities; so that it cannot be superfluous in this place to advert to them, inasmuch as they do not contribute to the moral improvement of the people, especially of the young, into whose hands they are particularly apt to fall.

Whilst the latest times nourish and tolerate this manifestly illegal scandal in the cities, a good old custom has been laid aside which the local papers were called upon to preserve. Formerly, the chronicles diligently recorded every important occurrence, both in the physical and moral world. In this way the knowledge of very remarkable persons and events, extraordinary casualties, crimes, &c., reached the public. But now a false hesitancy suppresses such communications. For twenty years past, there has been known nothing of the most interesting suicides, as the papers contained nothing but simple notices of deaths. Of a few crimes only are the circumstances given. Misfortune, it is said, demands respect;

and yet men do not blush, in the least, to read the defamation of an innocent fellow citizen; and they are amused still more, when wickedness and *industry* combine to destroy the peace of families.

Last of all, cast a look at the *Pamphlets*,—that supplement of journalism, which becomes more and more necessary with the increase of small journals, which have no room to receive larger essays, or are so little known, and have so few subscribers, that the author ventures rather to publish his essay in a separate form as a pamphlet.

If the number of pamphlets which are written in Germany on the subject of homœopathy, railroads, the cholera, the Cologne controversy, &c., be considered, it cannot be denied that the country has too much of a good thing. But this excess is explained by referring to the same fault which has already been viewed at length. Were there a few great journals of acknowledged authority, and conducted by learned and able men in every department, the soundest among different opinions, or the most important of opposing opinions would have been readily and clearly exhibited; these journals, besides what they send forth themselves, would have directed attention to the most valuable greater works in which the most interesting subjects are discussed, and the public would have plainly seen and known what to believe. But the composition of numerous journals, which reciprocally assail one another's authority, has occasioned this excess of pamphlets; in which all the voices that have not been able to speak out in the saloon, have been equally loud before the door; as if it were only important that all should speak, and not rather that all should hear what one sensible man has to say.

In this excess of writing, those numerous publishers have no small share who, merely to speculate on the curiosity of the public, procure to be written, as soon as possible, a pamphlet on every passably important event; summoning thereto the unqualified, to enable debtors in this way to cancel their debts, and for once, to give employment to idlers; and who then force their productions upon the public by striking notices and the hired praise of reviews. Not a few daily papers fill their columns with such notices, wholly subservient to the industry of their conductors. Nor is it enough that such a multitude, at the present time, should believe themselves called to a public expression of their sentiments; but associated with these are many others, who do not precisely think themselves called, but write from pecuniary considerations, pretending to have a pleasant opinion, or slightly changing the opinions of others, patching many together, and such little innocent secrets of production. Thus one is brought back to the same result. Excessive competition is the

grand evil which afflicts the periodical and ephemeral literature of Germany.

Already there have been enumerated the most prominent causes of this competition. The political divisions of Germany are reproduced in literature, where no political interests come into play; and though they all write in the same language, and boast that they can all be read throughout the whole circuit of the German tongue, yet they want a great capital, which shall be the undisputed centre of all literary life. They have divided their energies among several centres; and the noble emulation to set forth a whole in parts stands either in no just relation to the disunited energies, or dissipates them altogether; while they are doing repeatedly in different places, what needs to be done only once, or calls forth a jealousy that darkens merit to favour another, or weakens efficiency for the same reason. The partiality which so many scholars show, particularly in political appointments, to this or that state or city, is a great hindrance to this so desirable concentration of the means and resources of journalism. It is very difficult for an influential journal, which happens to arise in one state, to obtain a commanding position in another state, unless the independence of such journal is placed beyond all doubt; and even here other considerations interfere; for it is not every independence which is at the same time invested with that distinction, with which alone great names can associate. It is for this reason that so many pens are idle, which should be employed for the public illumination in the journals. It is for this reason that they devote themselves only to the journals of one state or city. It is for this reason that so many write without system or consistency, now for this, now for that independent periodical, as they succeed in obtaining the honour by flattery or importunity.

The second cause of the unreasonably increased competition is the excessive conscientiousness, or the incompatible subjectivity of many men of science and art. One of the greatest virtues of the Germans here becomes a fault. For the sake of the merit of carrying out a single view, consistently and fully, in all subordinate circumstances, they lose the grand result, the triumph of a fundamental view; to which they might attain, if by yielding in secondary matters, they would secure a numerous comradeship. In general the policy of parties, the art of association, are unknown to Germans. Hence it is that so many scholars write for their own journals, unconcerned about the others. That every one, however, should travel his own road, every one think himself right and no one else, and never look around upon his brethren, has been proved, more than once in great contests of opinions, to be an evil. The correctness of an opinion stands in inverse proportion to the number of rays of heat and colour, into which literary and particularly

journalistic light is separated: An old German proverb advises every party to stand as one man. They should write also as one man.

The third cause of corruption is the purely *industrial* speculation, which, never with a generally useful aim, or for the sake of an idea, but simply for the pecuniary profit, betakes itself to the business of journalism. Now, although this sort of thing be only a parasite plant, it has already grown so luxuriantly as to threaten to impoverish the tree by which it is planted. The spirit of mercantile enterprise, and still more mercantile independence, were necessary to open a road, on which those who are chained to a learned clod, as has been the case for a long time with most German scholars, never travel. Hence there are journals which at first were only mercantile adventures, that have called into exercise the noblest talents formerly unemployed, and so become national establishments. But there is a limit to such talents; and they fail at last to suffice for the extraordinary crowd of new conductors, all of whom desired to avail themselves of similar distinguished abilities. *Industry* now resorted to *substitutions*. It has not only reprinted, it has in a more general way, by amplification, imitation, and compilation, appropriated the merit of other men of genius. And finally, it has presumed, without any ceremony, to misuse fame, and to publish fabrications, prepared by anonymous bunglers, as works of genius and excellence.

To the expedient of appropriating the appearance of merit, and of giving to suppositious productions the impress of genuine wares, belongs, among other things, the practice of fictitious oppositions. To all parties *industrial* volunteers have attached themselves; who, having no real interest in the controversies, seek only to share the fame and the readers of honest party men. Occasionally they play the part of martyrs, and proceed so far in their calculations, as to obtain their portion of the sympathy which is paid to those who are actually persecuted. Much that has been falsely ascribed to genuine parties and their convictions, must be charged upon this kind of *industry*. Many caricatures have no other origin.

The public, moreover, has always permitted itself to be led astray, and accommodated itself to *industry*. Its discrimination has not merely been lulled by sly deception; it has also allowed itself to be rudely assailed. It has not only endured authors and literary artists of the worst character, but it has permitted their names to shine by the side of the noblest, which secure the honours of German science and art. It has bought, and read, and admired, when it should have thrust away with the bitterest scorn.

Not without good reason do the *industrials* boast of the favour of the public. The public was prepared for their works; *industry* had nothing to do but to supply a want which lay in the times. So it seems indeed: but the public consists of many ingredients; and precisely those,—on whose unripe judgment, youthful susceptibility of

seductive influences, unpolished education and culture, and utterly perverted taste, *industry* speculates,—could not be acknowledged as judges in the last instance, however numerous they might be. Those corrupters of youth, whom the wiser legislation of earlier times punished without pity, dared not pretend that the youth agreed with them. The reading of bad books and journals was no more an original want of the northern people, than was brandy, whose ravages we now deplore. A generally pernicious *industry* first introduced that fictitious want into nature, in the process of corrupting it. *Industry* of itself is not moral. It will spread every poison which finds purchasers, whether of opium in the Orient, or of bad books in the Occident. They will even seek out poisons, hitherto concealed, whenever and so long as the ripened reason and morality of the people impose no restraint.

In conclusion, the humbling confession must be made, that how to avoid the impending evil is unknown, should the anarchy of the public judgment, and the impudence of *industry*, speculating thereon, continue to increase in the proportion as hitherto. Without doubt, every one has a right to speculate with his capital in the book-trade, as in any other business. Without doubt, every one has a natural right to publish his opinions; and the censorship itself does not object, if these opinions do not come in hostile collision with those of the Government. Besides, an unrestrained rivalry is serviceable to the arts and the sciences, because it prompts the emulation of the masters. And what crying abuses, what death of all intellectual life must arise, if literature and journalism should become a monopoly, for which the government, or a caste authorized by it, as in China, should alone be held qualified! But how, on the other hand, shall science and art, nay, society itself, be preserved from the other extreme of the *lex agraria?* For to what else does this competition tend but to an agrarian law in literature, which abolishes every aristocracy of mind and good manners, divides the rights of authorship into numberless little portions among the people?

The natural right which every one possesses, of writing whatever occurs to him, necessarily calls for a restriction in the duty which everyone should impose on himself, either to write only what is good, or to leave the business to those who are called to it. But how can this duty be impressed upon the industrials? Public opinion, which on this point should be decided, has been corrupted by bad journalism; and to free itself from this influence, to ripen the national judgment, will require, perhaps, a shock which cannot issue from literature itself,—an energy of events which rests only in the dark lap of the future.

Thus far, on the subject of Journalism in Germany, have we gathered from Wolfgang Menzel, without at all undertaking to review the judgment which he has pronounced. This indeed would re-

quire an acquaintance with the vast field traversed by him, which we are far from having. It must be allowed by all, however, that Menzel is amply qualified to do justice to the subject. It is true, that in several of his publicly acknowledged and more elaborate works, especially his "*German Literature*," there was not merely great boldness of criticism, but startling novelty of opinion. At the same time, without professing to coincide with him in all his views, one is perfectly safe in characterizing him as a writer of the most extensive reading and of high commanding talent. Nothing has been published which gives so distinct a view into the "cloud land" as the celebrated book which has just been named. In fact, there is no work which has taken so comprehensive a survey of the whole field of thought and opinion in Germany. Before its appearance, Madame de Stäel's Germany had generally been relied upon as authority in such matters. But that is a genuine romance of history, a mere compound of truths and fantasies, made up of materials that must have been furnished her by others; she had not sufficient knowledge either of the language of the country to enable her to judge for herself. Menzel, on the other hand, observed, reasoned, and decided most independently. He had no occasion to rely on any other sources of information, than those which he possessed in his own mind, and his own knowledge; while there are few among his own countrymen, who unite as many requisites for the successful execution of such a task, as are found in him. In addition to the talent, learning, and flowing pen necessary to give the literary finish to his work, he has what is still more rare, and no less necessary to lend substance and soundness to opinions and views, a practical knowledge of mankind, and a familiarity with the real every-day world, its business and duties. These qualifications, of course, peculiarly fit him for drawing up a large and an accurate account of the periodical literature of his country; nor is it probable that we shall soon meet with anything of the same sort, that is equally full, pertinent, and correct.

Wolfgang Menzel has long been engaged in the department of literary criticism. So early as 1824, when he was but twenty-six years of age, he was appointed editor of a journal to which he continued to contribute many papers. But not to go particularly into his career, we shall merely subjoin that he has acquired fame as a poet, a civil historian, and a writer of travels; nor has he confined himself to the literary arena, for, for many years he has been one of the most active political combatants of the liberal party. Still, although liberal, he is not of the "extreme left," seeing that he vigorously opposed, and openly denounced the association of hot-headed patriots, that arrogantly assumed the name of "junges Deutschland," of which fraternity his former coadjutor in the editorship of the Litterationblatt, and the celebrated Henry Heine, were leading members.

Art. V.

1. *Lexicon Taciteum* sive de stilo C. Cornelii Taciti, præmissis de Tacita vita, scriptis ac scribendi genere prolegomenis, scripsit Guil. Bœtticher. Berolini, 8 maj. CII. and 500 pp.

2. *De vita, Scriptis ac stilo Cornelii Taciti,* adjecta emendatione recensionis Bekkevianæ perpetua, scholarum maxime in usum scripsit Guil. Bœtticher. Ibid., 8 min. 88 pp.

3. *C. Cornelii Taciti opera minora* ad optinorum librorum fidem recognovit et annotatione perpetua triplicique indicie instruxit, G. A. Ruperti. Hannoveræ. 8 X. et 848 pp.

4. *C. Cornelii Taciti opera minora* recensuit et commentarios suos adjecit G. H. Walther. Halis. Sax. 8. XII. 478 pp.

5. *Taciti Germania,* seu de ritu, moribus et populis Germaniæ libellus. By John V. Gruber. Berlin, 8. XVIII. 140 pp.

6. *C. Cornelii Taciti de vita et moribus Cn. Julii Agricolæ libellus.* By C. L. Roth. Nürenberg. 8. VIII. 286 pp.

7. *C. Cornelii Taciti dialogus de Oratoribus* a corruptelis nuper illatis repurgatus ex Lipsiana ed. a. MDLXXIV. Opera I. C. Orellii. Accedunt J. Lipsii curæ primae integræ, Wopkensii selectæ annotationes, Rauchensteinii obss. nonnullæ, Gutmanni diss. qua Tacit. Turici ap. Gessner. 8. LXXI. 174 pp.

The literature of the greatest Roman historian, has recently been so variously and so assiduously cultivated, that it is almost a difficult task to become thoroughly familiar with all that has been accomplished in that field. Nothing however, has, to our knowledge, as yet been done on a thorough safe basis. It is clear from the collations of the Florentine *MSS.* communicated by Walther and Bekker in their editions of Tacitus, that neither that of Victorius nor the more recent of Furia are entirely authentic in all parts. With regard to the *Germania* and *Agricola,* neither do we possess so ancient and careful *MSS,* as for the *Annals* and *Histories,* nor have even those extant been duly and efficaciously made use of. The double collation of Farnesianus for the "Dialogus de oratoribus," with Bekker and Walther, furnishes likewise the unsatisfactory result, that either one contradicts the other, or that neither can give us satisfactory information in many parts.

The plan of Mr. Bötticher, to exhibit in a separate lexicon the idiom and style of Tacitus, and to point out more especially his de-

viations from the authors of the golden age, must certainly be approved by every lover of classical literature. But whether he has really digested that plan on all points, and brought it to maturity and perfect execution, is a question which we must straightway answer in the *negative*.

A separate and particular lexicon on a separate and particular author, must above all unite in itself *all* words and phrases contained in his extant works. But *such* a task presupposes a text constituted after the most authentic manuscript sources, without which an unbearable vacillation is unavoidable. Thus, for the Annals and Histories, e.g., the two Florentine *codices* must for the present serve as a firm foundation, for the strict treatment of the separate articles. In instances where the text in those *MSS.* is obviously corrupted, the author is certainly justified to prefer a better and more correct reading from some other *MS.*, yet must he even then use the precaution of inserting the original text from those two *MSS.* in parentheses, and must moreover, in doubtful cases, yield the preference to them, as to the oldest diplomatic traditions. This point we consider the weakest part in the work before us. The author seems to have formed for himself no firm text resting on the critical subsidies of the day, but made use of Ernesti's and Oberlin's texts, from whom he only differs now and then in the reading and constructions, and deviates mostly in the orthography alone. Had he at least taken for his basis the excerpta of the Florentine *MSS.* made by Pichena and Gronovius, the plan might have better succeeded than at present. But the main defect of the work is the circumstance, that the author has received in it words and phrases quite in an arbitrary way, and has, on the other hand, left out a vast number of them quite *cavalièrement*, so as greatly to puzzle those who wish to consult that lexicon on certain articles—often very important—which they do not find in it. Despite the pretension of such a *special* lexicon, we frequently find in *Forcellini* more information on some points in Tacitus, than in this our *lexicon Taciteum* (better *Tacitinum!*) Another evil in the work is, that grammatical terminologies and technical expressions have been indiscriminately incorporated with the vocabulary in the alphabetical order, as e. g., p. 4, "Ablativus;" p. 8, "Abstracta;" p. 12, "Accusativus;" p. 33, "Adjectivum;" p. 106, "Conjunctivus;" p. 116, "Collocatio verborum;" p. 139, "Dativus," &c. Such terms do not at all belong to a Dictionary, but to a Grammar, and the best place for them would have been in the Prolegomenis on the style of Tacitus. Poppo's treatise "De elocutione Thucydidis," might in a great measure have served Mr. B. as a model, in the method of treating properly such subjects.

We admit, on the other hand, that the study of Tacitus has greatly been approfounded and advanced in isolated points by Mr. Bötticher's Lexicon; and as a proof that we have carefully pursued

it, we will follow him step by step, and then submit it to our special review, in conjunction with his prolegomena, given as No. 2, at the head of these pages.

P. 5, the author speaks of the use of the mere *Ablative* case, when the prepositions *a, ex, in, cum,* are usually perfixed, to determine it more fully. But he is wrong in quoting in proof the passage *Ann.* II. 50; III. 3, 20; XIII. 8, &c. "Tiberio et Augusto cohabitam, suis removeretur," etc, being there in the *Dative,* which in a poetical, and after the Greek way of writing, stands in lieu of the Ablative with an *a,* and belongs consequently to the category, p. 140.

P. 11, the whole theory: "*Ac* nonnunquam ut apud ceteros ita apud Tacitum quoque vocali et *h* litteræ præmissa invenitur," is founded on an erroneous reading, since Dial. 4, 39, 40, we must restitute *aut* from the cod. Farn., instead of *ac* from the *Vulgata.*

Among the idiomisms in the use of the *accusative,* we miss (p. 20) that form which after the precedent of the Greeks, a participle is to be supplied, as e. g. Ann. 1. 41: feminas industres, non centurionem ad tutelam—*pergere* ad Treviros; Hist. III. 33: defossa eruere, faces in manibus.

The observation, p. 354: Haud pauci Germ. 5, Agr. 10, Ann. xii. 60. Hist, I. 20., non *perinde* legunt, sed PROINDE: J. Bekkerus omnibus his locis retiniut *perinde,* neque est cur credas Tacitum promiscue usum esse his vocibus, præsertim cum in aliis quoque vocabulis usurpandis summam præ de ferat constantiam, liborumque fides in hac re non satis certa sit, quod *per* et *pro* particulæ codem modo exaratæ leguntur in *MS,*" is at variance with the real truth of the fact, for not only is Tacitus very fond of alterations in the construction of the sentences, but he has even a partiality for changes in the flexion and formation of the single words, of which the author himself has unconsciously supplied us with many examples. Neither can we have a better authority for the orthography of Tacitus, than the Cod. Ma., which gives *proinde,* not only in the above two passages, but also in numerous other places, such as: Ann. xiii. 21, 47; xv. 44; Hist. ii. 27, 35, 39, 68, 97; iii. 58; iv. 36, 52, 72, &c.

But we will not tire the patience of the reader, with criticism on single words and passages, but will proceed at once to the Prolegomenis, which we can pass in review in conjunction with No. 2, at the head of our article.

In the preface of No. 2, Mr. B. declares that it was his intention to publish a school edition of Tacitus, but which intention he had, for the present, abandoned; and published in its place the little work before us, for the use of schools. The same consists in a very meagre treatise on the life and writings of Tacitus. Already, p. 4,

he says, "Ortus quidem e gente Cornelia, utrum e patricia an plebeja familia incertum reliquit": Certainly; but as Tacitus receives in some *MSS.*, the prædicat of an *eques Romanus;* and as, moreover, the Cornelius Tacitus mentioned by Pliny, N. H. VII. 16, 76, was [perhaps the father of the historian] also an *eques Romanus*, we might reasonably assume a proper middle way between the two extremes. Our author, though he seems to have disregarded such a presumption, has, nevertheless, not at all scrupled to receive and give out as a certain fact, an old fiction about *Interamna* (Terni), as the birth-place of Tacitus. Should, moreover, the conjecture about the birth-place of Tacitus be of some instruction to the pupil, the way leading to the communicated result ought, at least, to have been given with more clearness and precision than has been done by Mr. B., by the mere and simple assertion: "de anno quo natus sit e Plinii epistolis (7, 20, et 6, 20,) conjectando quædam elicere possumus, eumque re accuratissime disquisita non ultra A.U.C. 805 (52 P. C. N.) rejici, neque vero etiam proferri posse uttra a. 807, Walchius contendit ad Agr. p. 129." Other and more means must, moreover, be produced in verification of that event, than the mere and few sources indicated by the author. Also the statements about the time of the rise, and on the nature of Tacitus' writings, are too scanty and poor to satisfy the inquisitiveness of pupils of the higher classes. It is not enough to lay before pupils, the mere skeleton of the acquired results, but we must also show them the way, and by what means, they have been obtained; a proceeding that requires some tact to pursue a middle road between the two extremes. The circumstance that the Prolegomenis to the Lexicon treats more elaborately of such inquiries, is no excuse for the careless proceeding in No. 2; not to mention that even the former lacks that minute explicitness to which it lays claim. Thus, e. g., is put down as an *appertus error*, Passow's conjecture about Tacitus' journey to Britain, without showing how and why?

The second Section treats "de Taciti stilo," and already, p. 10, "de varietate stili Tacitei." That among these *varietas* should be counted also *irnumpere* and *inrumpere*, *adlicere* and *allicere*, etc., is indeed hunting after shadows, leading to no satisfactory result; the less so, as the best *MSS.*, have not as yet undergone that critical and precise comparison with one another, to afford us sufficient support and authority in such *minutiis orthographicis* in the extant collations. Neither does it appear less absurd, to ascribe to an author varieties which are only the result of careless transcribers. There are only two ways to be assumed in Tacitus, that he either followed everywhere, (at least in one and the same *Verbum compositum*,) the assimilation, or that he adopted more or less the ancient style, if not in his earlier and minor writings, at least in his *Annals* and *Histories*. In

favour of the latter assumption, speaks the comparisons of the Florentine *MSS.*, by Victorius. Similar precisions and accuracies in such *orthographicis*, it is true, we miss in Furia (or Bekker), yet has he frequently copied the uncommon older orthography. Nor have we much reason to admit a variety between *abisse* and *abiisse*, *epistula* and *epistola*, *volgus* and *vulgus*, &c.; but it appears that the former spelling was the only authentic in the annals and histories.

Before we proceed to the review of the other editions, we will repeat here the principle pronounced by W. Humboldt in his preface to his translation of Æschylus' Agamemnon, p. 22. "The edition," says he, "of an ancient author, is bringing back a document, if not to its true and original form, at least to the best source accessible to us. It must therefore be managed with historical rigour and conscientiousness, with the whole stock of erudition lying at its foundation, and more especially with thorough consequence, and from one point of view. Least of all must the editor allow himself to be carried away by an æsthetical feeling, (to which some translators believe to have a right to give way, and force upon the work, notions and ideas which will soon or late make room for others of a different character."

According to this principle, the basis of a new edition of the Annals and Histories must be the Florentine *MSS.*; and of the Dialogus, the Farnesianus, in a way both crictical, strict, and consequent; so that conjectures in corrupted passages, built upon such a palæographical foundation in the spirit of the author, must carry with them more authority than the glossary notes received in the text by later transcribers, however ingenious they may appear. For the *Germania* and *Agricola*, though it is for the present rather difficult to get at a text firmly based, it is nevertheless advisable, as matters now stand, to base them on the most ancient sources rather than on arbitrary conjectures on an extensive scale. It is therefore necessary, as we shall see in the sequel, to base the text of the *Germania* principally on the codex Hummolianus, and that of *Agricola* on the Vatican *MSS.*, critically compared by *Maggiovani*.

In No. 5, the author, *V. Gruber*, professes in the Preface "to supply the student and friend of classical literature, with a commentary that will not refuse him advice in difficult places, and procure him a survey of the principal points of our knowledge of the earliest Germanic world." Neither can we deny, that complete success attended the author's labour in his work, in which he displayed so much talent, tact, and skill in the choice of the materials belonging to it, and which must facilitate the private readers of the Germania to enter into the true spirit of the Roman author.

That we cannot agree with the author in all points, lies in the nature of so difficult and highly complicated a subject. "For the criticism of the text," he says (p. 5) "I could, alas, gain little or nothing

from the comparison of the *MSS.* and early editions; yet have I found, by arranging the revised *MSS.* and editions, that they divide themselves into two families, the originals of which, however, proceed from *one* (not the best) *MS.*; so that the sources made use of for the various readings may come to stand in the following relation:—

First original Codex (not extant.)	
Original of the first family (not extant.)	Original of the second family (not extant.)
Hummelianus codex.	Turicens cod.
Stuttgard cod.	Spirensis edit. (princeps).
Parisienss. edit.	Puteolana edit.
Norimb. edit.	Viennensis edit.

"Of the three *MSS.*, the Hummilianus I consider the best; from which I have seldom deviated, and then only by stating my reasons for doing so." We can but concur in, and approve of, this critical proceeding; and though in process of time, we may arrive at different results from a comparison of other *MSS.*, yet is the principle of the author upon the whole correct; and this attempt may be followed up with more success and certainty. His conjecture about the non-existence of the first original codex and the originals of the two families which flowed from it, is, it is true, rather hazardous and very problematic; yet is the critical separation of the still existing *MSS.* and old editions a very meritorious task. The Codex Hummelianus does not appear, it is true, to be so correct as that of the Florentine and Farnesianus; but we arrive after all, by it, more at the objective truth, than every other eclectic proceeding, however cautiously managed. It appears to us also, that the Codex Venetus transcribed for Passow, approaches more than any other that of Hummelianus, while the Vienna *MS.* (Codex Sambuci) has some similarity with the editio Viennensis.

Appended to the work (No. 5.) is a map of Germania, such as Tacitus represented, or thought it to be inhabited. The plan is well executed in the main, except that we do not find noticed the *Tubanti* and *Ampsvari*, while the *Suardoni, Anglii, Endosi, Reudigni, Varini, Avioni*, and *Nuithoni*, are not geographically quite correctly distributed.

The Preface is followed by an introduction containing the main points of Tacitus' life and writings, their plan, plot, and end, in reference to the *Germania*. The author is of opinion that Tacitus had already begun his studies for his later Annals and Histories, at the time he was writing his Germania. But we do not believe that he could then already have thought of his Annals, or he would not have failed to hint at least of his Annals, when he promised in the Introduction to his Agricola (written at a still earlier date), beside

the Histories, also the history of *Nerva* and *Trajanus*. He might probably only after he had finished his Histories, and being himself prevented (from some unknown reason) to accomplish the promised second work, have taken the resolution of writing the Annals, in which he again promises to compose a sketch of the Augustine age, but which promise he has also left unfulfilled. Through the Annals, Tacitus became more intimately acquainted with the sources of the Germanic affairs, and he was thus enabled to correct *tacitly*, the several errors he had previously committed in his Monography. This circumstance explains best and most simply the few contradictions in his *Annals and Histories*."

The author continues: "Whether Tacitus was himself in Germania or not, must remain uncertain, though the expression '*accepimus*,' almost decides it in the negative." But we do not see why a man, residing among a nation, and observing their customs and manners, should not *afterwards*, when relating what he has heard and learned from the people with whom he had come in contact, make use of the expression *accepimus*."

The editor of No. 6 had a double object in view,—to mould Agricola into a grammatical introduction to the style and phraseology of Tacitus, and to explain critically Agricola, in its various forms and definitions. To accomplish the first object, the author has drawn minute and elaborate comparisons between the language of Cicero and Livy and that of Tacitus; and Mr. R. justly observes, "that any other introduction into the style of Tacitus than the grammatical appeared impracticable. Remarks on the *spirit* of the author, can only find willing listeners in those who know him already, while to those who are only being made acquainted with him, such critical remarks must remain a dead letter. But the analysis of the grammatical idioms affords the natural means of comprehending at once the *spirit* of the writer."

As we shall in the sequel return to Mr. R.'s work, more in detail, we will for the present speak of its general character.

Section IV. is treated of the "*Pluralis abstractorum*," which so frequently recurs in Tacitus, and of which Cicero had given him such a bold precedent. The force of such a *pluralis*, Mr. R. justly reduces to the manifold manifestations of the *abstracti*. Having duly established that rule by many examples, our author defends the readings *Ann.* IV. 33; XII. 49 of the Florentine Codd. against Lipsius, and with a great show of reason; though we may very properly give in the first place, *infamiæ* with *disgrace, dishonours*. In the second place, we usually find in the text of nearly all editions, Lepsius' conjecture. But our author justly observes, that, in the passage quoted by L. from Suetonius Claud. 5, the term *scurræ* does not occur, but *homines sordidissimi*, an expression which, apart from its connexion with another word of a moral sense, such as

turpis, always indicates merely the *station* and *descent*, but not the *way of thinking*, or *the disposition of the mind*, and it can therefore never be taken as synonymous with *scurræ*.

Section XIX. treats of the second supinum, when Mr. R. applies it to *Hist.* I. 12, in which we can by no means concur. The words "eodem actu invisior" are explained in a very forced and almost unnatural way with—"the more odious thereby in what he did in his treatment of state affairs." But how is it possible to take *eodem*, closely as it stands to *actu*, in the sense of *eadem re?* Such an accumulation of ellipses and forced constructions in one and the same place, we must never suspect in such a writer as Tacitus.

Sec. XXVIII. treats the question of *que*, which Tacitus frequently uses instead of *quoque*. Mr. R. wishes to transfer that use also to Ann. I, 28; II. 33; and in doing so he founds his hypothesis partly on a false interpuuctuation, and partly on a false reading. In the first place, we have only to substitute a *comma* for the *full stop* before *igitur*, and all difficulties will disappear; while in the second passage we have only to amend *antistent talis quæ* into *antistent et aliis quæ*, and the sense would clearly be: "sed quia, ut locis, ordinibus, dignationibus antistent, ita autistant etiam aliis erbus," &c.

No. 7 is composed of the most heterogeneous parts, partly indicated in the title page, and partly hidden in the Preface. The chief merit of the editor, seems to consist in his endeavour to restore the disfigured text of the Dialogus after the Farnesian *MS.* in its various readings. To effect this purpose, he took as the foundation, the edition of Lipsius. From a later collation of the above Codex, it was seen that Mr. Orelli had often been mistaken in his conjectures on the true readings of that Codex, and had consequently built upon unsafe ground. His standing point, however, from which he started in his task to restore the text, was correct:—"Prima atque potissima auctoritas Codicis est Farnesiani, secundariæ partes trium Vaticanorum unam atque eandem indolem præ se ferentium, etsi quisque eorum suas proprias habet et corruptelas et emendationes et interpolationes: eo autem diligentius utendum adhuc est nobis horum trium lectionibus minusque hæsitandum in recipiendis iis quæ interna bonitate commendata præbent, quod nondum, ut optandum erat, constat de integra Farnesiani lectione; quæ si aliquando innotuerit, Vaticani, ni magno opere fallor, recident ed editionum auctoritatem; id est, quæ propria exhibent, coniecturæ instar erunt habienda ac per se dumtaxat sive ex internis veritatis argumentis diiudicanda."

Neither do we hesitate to subscribe to the Editor's view with regard to the author of the Dialogus, which he pronounces, p. LXI. "Ne in Latinitate quidem hujus Dialogi posterioris ætatis vestigia reperio neque in genere dicendi ullam aliam discrepantiam a Taciti stilo atque eam, quæ necessario intercedere debet inter scriptum oratorium et historica. Recens tum erat a rhetorum scholis et res ad

easdem quam maxime spectantes tractabat: quid mirum, si ex iis in toto scribendi genere aliquid contraxit? Manifesta præterea insunt passim vestigia recentis lectionis; vel, si mavis, imitationis operum rhetoricorum *Tullii* (cf. c. 31): si quidem aliter fieri fere nequibat, quam ut tale ingenium juvenilibus præsertim annis, quibus hoc opusculum elaborasse mihi videtur, summa cum reverentia operam daret perfectissimo scriptori eumque tamquam absolutum eloquentiæ Latinæ exemplar sequendum sibi proponeret, antequam suæ et propriæ indoli tandem prorsus obsecutus ab unius imitatione recederet atque majoribus ac vere æternis in scriptis se ipsum præter ceteros exprimeret vir generosissimus. Ex hac autem ipsa inter imitationem et innatam atque insitam cogitandi et loquendi rationem veluti pugna ac concertatione equidem repeto elocutionis nævos nonnullos, quos omnes excusare nolim," &c.

Pages 101,—114, contain remarks on an essay of H. Gutmann (given in the title page of the work No. 7), in which the latter tries to prove from the time in which the Dialog took place, that Tacitus cannot be the author thereof. He argues somewhat in the following manner:—"The dialogue," he says, "was held in the year 75 A.D. (Dial. 17,) but Tacitus was prætor in 88 A.D. (Ann. XI. 11). Suppose now, that Tacitus was about 17 years old, when present at that dialogue, he could not have been prætor in 88, as no one could attain that office before the age of 40 years." Such was certainly the custom or law in the time of Cicero (to which time the author probably refers); but have there been no changes in the internal government of the Roman Republic, from the time of Cicero, until 88 A.D.?? In chronological inquiries we must, more than in any other, have regard to the changes wrought in the process and relations of time, if we will not every moment run the risk of founding conclusions on false premises. Thus it happened that Mr. G. made a miscalculation by full *ten* years; since, according to *Dio Cassius*, LII. 20, the age requisite for prætorship in the time of the emperors, *had been* fixed to *thirty*. Also Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, became prætor when only thirty years old.—(Comp. Walch ad Agr. p. 414.)

After this brief characteristic of the works before us, we will now proceed to the review of some individual passages in the *Germania* and *Agricola*, to put to the test the critical and exegetical merit of the respective editors.

Chap. I.—Even the expression at the outset, "Germania omnis," has been variously understood. Bekker's explanation, that the mere word *omnis*, indicates *proper Germany*, *Germania magna* or *barbara*, in opposition to the *Germania superior* and *inferior* on the left bank of the Rhine, is too artificial to claim notice; since we can find no passage whatever where *omnis* conveys such a meaning. The quoted passage from Cæs. B. G. I., 1, "Gallia est omnis," &c. proves nothing more than that here as there it means *the whole* of a thing con-

sisting of separate parts; and just in the same way as "Gallia omnis" denotes the country consisting of three parts, taken as a *whole*; in like manner means "Germania omnis," the *collective territory* of the different German tribes. That he speaks here of "Germania magna" does not follow from *omnis*, but from his farther definitions setting the Rhine as its boundary.

"*Nuper*," some refer to the expeditions of Drusus and Germanicus, and others to the wars of Domitian and Trajan. But it is evident from the very choice of that vague term, that Tacitus thought of no particular expedition individually, but spoke in general terms of the enterprises since the time of Augustus, in opposition to the more ancient time of Julius Cæsar.

"*Enim*," at the end of the chapter, is also very artificially explained by some of the editors, who fancied that every great river ought, like the Nile, to have its *septem ostia*. But it is clear, that Tacitus thought of the "seven embouchures or mouths," which had been assumed by other writers; and in order not to appear ignorant on that head, he adds the explanation, why he assumed only *six*, saying: that the *seventh* lost itself into marshes, and does not empty itself like the others into the sea.

Chap. 3, B. refers "memorant," as well as the following "canunt," to *Germani*, but we cannot conceive how it can then agree with *eos*, instead of which it ought to be *se*. We think, that *memorant*, like *dicunt, ferunt*, ought to be taken in a general sense, and may refer more especially to Roman and Greek writers. Whether the word that follows, is to be read, *baritum* or *barditum*, is doubtful; the *MSS.* being rather at variance with one another. B. justly considers the reading *barritum* (according to Walch and J. Bekker) as false, the root of the word being not Latin, but German. Grimm, with a great show of probability, derives (*Deutsch. Rechts-Alterthümer*, p. 876) the word from the Friesian word *baria* (clamor), a definition which is greatly supported by Tacitus' own explanation (Hist. II. 22) of *cantu truci*. The most probable reading would therefore be *baritum* (with the *Cod. Hum. Tur. Viadob*), which some have thoughtlessly converted into *barditus*, from the Gallic *bardis*.

Chapter 8, is given by B. a very forced explanation of *objecta pectorum*, when he says, that the women used to run towards their husbands returning from the battle field, and urge them on with their requests and prayers, to continue resisting the enemy; and in case of need, *to rush themselves into the midst of the enemy*. *Passow* however, (and with him also W. G.), have explained more simply and correctly the sense of that passage. The women, he says, used to throw themselves before their flying husbands, and tried to encourage them to the continuance of the battle, by observing to them that the captivity of the women is closely connected with the flight of the men, and that it would thus be better for them to be at once killed by their husbands than fall prisoners into the hands of the foe.

Chapter 12, *B.* and *W.* understand the "corpore infames" of those persons disgracing their bodies with *anony* or *sodomy*. But it would be a very odd and strange composition with *ignavis* and *imbellibus*. The fundamental notion of the whole, however, is *cowardice: ignavus* indicates generally the reverse of *fortiis*, while *imbellis* refers it more particularly to war; and *corpore infamis*, is such a person who has borne away on his own body the marks of flight, by receiving, e. g., wounds in the back part of his body. The view of G., that it refers to persons who maimed themselves, to be exempt from military service, is transferring a modern thing to antiquity.

The limited space of these pages obliges us to leave unnoticed many more passages of questionable reading and definitions, and we turn, therefore, at once, to *Agricola*.

Chapter 7.—All the editions nearly adopt the apparently corrupt reading: "Dum in templo Liguriæ pars est," in which already Lipsius has emended: "Dum Intemelios" (Liguriæ pars est), and in which he was followed by all editors. The codex of Ursinus, seems, however, at first sight, to give the correctest reading, viz. "Dum Intemelium Leguriæ urbs est." But we find no where "Intemelium" alone, as a name of a place, but "Albium Intemelium," and even then, the connection with *urbs* would be unsuitable, since Pliny, (N. H. III. 5. 48.) says expressly "Oppidum Albium Intemelium." Add to it, that the plunder committed by the Othonian fleet was not confined to the town alone, but extended to the whole surrounding country; the *prædia* of Agricola's mother being mentioned likewise. Mr. Rup. decides in favour of Lipsius' conjecture, and observes: "LIGURIÆ PARS EST non glossema, sed interpretamentum, quale sæpius, quam vulgo creditur, et æqualium et prosteritatis causa vel optimi scriptores addunt." There certainly occur in Tacitus, very frequently explanatory parentheses or additions, but by no means such palpable ones as this. Authentic places of such a nature are found, Ann. i. 45; vi. 41; Hist. i. 63—66; ii. 24; iv. 15; and which we have only to compare with the above, to detect at once the immense difference between the explanatory parentheses and additions of Tacitus himself and those of his troublesome glossators. To what educated Roman was there any necessity to be first told by Tacitus, that the Intemelians were a people of Liguria? Even the double existence in the Codd. of Liguriæ, *pars* and *urbs*, renders the supposition of a glossem so palpable, thas there can be no doubt it has its origin in the corrupted reading *in templo*, or something like it; those who thought thereby of a *town*, explained *Intemeliam* by *urbs*, while those who fancied a *people*, explained *Intemelios* by *pars Liguriæ*.

Chapter 10. Rup. and W. write *Thule*, though the Cod. Vat. I. has *Thyle*, (and the Cod. Vat. 2, *Tyle*), which reading is also con

firmed by the oldest codex of Virgilius Georg. 1, 30. It is true, we find among the Greek writers usually *Thoule*, but they appear to have borrowed it from the Latin *Thule*, in which word even the Romans seem from the first to have been doubtful in its spelling. In the passage: "quam hactenus nix et hiems appetebat," the editors write *abdebat* instead of *appetebat*, and the translation would thus be: "which used until then to be visited by snowflakes and winter," *i. e.*, snow and winter, which almost never cease in that part, and were the cause that Thyle could not be seen until then."

Snow and winter are always to be considered in the light of enemies, who oppress and attack, as it were, Thyle; just as we find in Livy, (vii. 26): "corvus os oculosque hostis rostro et unguibus appetiit." *Hactenus*, properly "usque ad hunc finem" can be said both of place and time, but here, only of the latter, as *Ann.* xiii. 47: "hactenus Nero flagitiis et sceleribus velamenta quæsivit." *Roth's* observation, that there is no proof whatever of *hactenus* being used of time, is therefore incorrect.

We shall now dismiss the rather dry and tedious task of verbal criticism, and enter a little more fully upon the character, style, and spirit of Tacitus' writings in general.

It is a truly melancholy and distressing spectacle, to see a great man of sublime spirit and elevated thoughts, placed by fate in an age of incurable degeneration, in a period of decline of old grandeur and splendour, and just on the turning point to a new era in the political and moral history of the world, in which everything, as in the winter season, appears benumbed and dead, though nature in her never resting activity, is invisibly busy to imbue the new period with life and spirit best suited to its developements. The view of the present corruption and degeneration, the impossibility to bring remedy to the rooted evil on the one hand, and the recollection of past better and glorious times, naturally lends to the mind of such exalted persons, a melancholy disposition, and an inclination for gloomy thoughts and sad speculations. They feel that they belong in mind and spirit to a quite different age and generation; they take but little interest in the movements of a world in which they fancy themselves strangers, though the restless activity of their mind impels their energies to mental operations and contemplations, but little in harmony with their better and nobler inclinations. It is thus, we sometimes meet in the volumes of history, with the names of distinguished writers, almost, as it were, on the margin of an epoch, shining forth solitarily, among the wrecks and ruins of a grand and flourishing past. Thus it was, that Polybius concluded in his elegic and various writings, the Greek age of æsthetic beauty, and life's pleasures; the speaking monument of his greatness and tragic fate is, his "Roman History," in which point, Tacitus bears great affinity with him. He, too, turned his looks towards the coming new period; in the same light as Polybius viewed the Romans, did

Tacitus look on the Germans and Britons, not a little tormented by the presentiment, that the ancient world would soon be destroyed by new races from the north. Endowed with the same profound look in history's future as Polybius, the spirit and life of man lie open to his eyes, especially in their connection with the state; and his looks embrace at once past, present, and future, in their peculiar and essential significance. But in style, conception, and manner of representation, Tacitus resembles more Thucydides, whom he even seems to have taken for his model; and thus stand before our eyes, the three fundamental pillars of true antique states-history, similar and unsimilar to each other, like the pillars of the three orders. More grave and philosophical is Polybius; more poetical and æsthetical are Thucydides and Tacitus, only that in the writings of the latter, we see also efforts for scientific perspicuity and evidence.

But when we consider the difficulties Tacitus had to surmount, in the want of all the proper materials and points requisite for historiography, such as: place, circumstances, form, contents, the spirit of the age, and the very political condition of the then inhabited world,—we cannot help looking at his productions with unfeigned admiration. He complains himself, (Hist. i. 1,) that the times of Rome's true greatness and elevation, had already been worthily and elegantly sketched by other hands; that all that has been left for him on a limited field, was the unglorious task of describing in times of profound peace, and under weak and careless princes, the sad condition of the city, cruel mandates, uninterrupted acts of criminal grievances, fickle and inconstant friendship, need and ruin of the innocent, and events as monotonous as uninteresting, (Ann. iv. c. *32, 33*). The period of the Emperors, may indeed be considered as the last act in the great drama of Roman history. No people on earth, so great and noble as the Romans, were ever more visited with the wrath of the gods, and retributive fate, than the latter; no nation in the world had ever sunk lower from the pinnacle of the highest glory and unlimited power, to the most abject state of slavery, than the Roman.

This was the tragico-poetical side of the Roman history, during the period of the emperors, which did not escape the artistical eye of Tacitus, and which he so skilfully seized upon.* But it was also, on the other hand, the only part which afforded some favourable materials to the historian. All the individual moments, deeds, and events, the whole spirit of the age, and the position of the different nations on the known globe, were certainly not of a nature to occupy

* Tac. Hist. 1. 3: Nec enim unquam atrocioribus Populi Rom cladibus magisve justis indiciis approbatum est, non esse curæ Deis securitatem nostram, *esse ultionem.*—*Ams.* XVI. 16. Ira illa nominum in res Romanas fuit, quam non, ut in cladibus exercituum aut captitvitate urbium, semel editum transire licet.

and engross the great and noble mind of a Tacitus, or his graphic pen. Polybius had before him, the flourishing period of Roman energy and power; he saw before him, a new world rising as it were from Roman patriotism and grandeur of soul, and at least worthy of the past beautiful world of Greece.

These reflections cheered, in some measure, his drooping spirits; his philanthropic mind sympathised with the exploits of rising Rome and her heroes, and filled his heart with warm feelings for his noble fellow creatures, though they were not his countrymen. But it was quite different with Tacitus. He lived, as it were, in the very decline and winter season of the antique spirit; wherever he turned his inquiring look, he saw but decay and corruption, ruins or crumbling edifices. The barbarians who were threatening the reeling empire, could only destroy it; the state itself was kept together in its parts like a machine, only by artificial means and the durable age of its construction*, while its internal power was broken or about to vanish. Such gloomy and hopeless prospects could but fill the contemplating soul with, either deep melancholy, or painful, bitter, andcold indifference. Both sorts of feelings we frequently perceive in Tacitus. With an apparent quietness, almost bordering on indifference, he sketches the incurable state of corruption of the empire. We hear him utter no complaint, except that now and then ejaculations of pain escape his lips on the downfall of the republic and the Roman name; they are but suppressed groans of a mind ill at ease, and despairing of recovery (Ann. i. 7, 11, 15, 46; ii. 32, 51; iii. 18, 57; iv. 17; vi. 2, 25; xi. 3; His. i. 4, 45, &c. Ann. i. 1: *sine ira et studio.*) The noble anger to which Thucydides gives vent, is at least a proof that he still believed in the amendment and deliverance of the Greeks; but Tacitus neither scolds nor complains, because he knows that both are in vain, and that the evil is past remedy. No wonder that he apprehended to tire and fatigue the reader with his sketches of such uninteresting times. Add to it, the inaccessibility, uncertainty, and poverty of the requisite sources, the necessity he laboured under of measuring his very words, not to rouse the tyrannical ire of the Cæsars, and the want of authenticity even of the public monuments, which were continually being falsified by flattery and slavish dependence on the one hand, and despotism and hypocrisy on the other; and we have no doubt, that a less powerful mind than that of Tacitus, must have despaired of ever being able, under such unfavourable and discouraging auspices, to produce any-

* Tac. Hist. IV. 74. Octingentorum annorum fortuna disciplinaque compages hæc coaluit, quæ convelli sine exitio convellentium non potest.

thing like a work claiming notice from posterity, from its intrinsic value, merit, and interest.

And yet what a work has not that master-hand created from such materials!! It is Tacitus, and only Tacitus, who teaches us the true meaning of *states-history*. In the glorious times of the republic, Rome possessed only citizens and statesmen; everything there had reference to the state, and only importance *through* the state. But this flourishing life of the state had sunk as soon as the republic became converted into despotism; the citizens cared but little about things in which they had no longer any share; even the very name of *citizens* had become a mere mild term for free slaves, the whole being absorbed by one power of one individual—the *Emperor*. The old form, however, had, nevertheless, still remained in the state; there were still a senate, consuls, prætors, who still moved in their respective departments with some species of liberty, and were in close relation with the emperor. In short, the form of republic had been upon the whole retained, and in this form was still some life, a mere shadow of the substance, a mere *souvenir* of past realities. And this feeble life, this shadow, this remembrance, became masterly sketches in the artistical hands of Tacitus. His skill in forming and connecting to a whole, the life of the republic both at home and abroad, among the people and the senate, in the armies and the provinces, with the history and vicissitudes of the court and the emperors, is inimitable. He owed this successful attempt more particularly to his profound look into the spirit and character of the acting personages, and more especially of the Cæsars, whose disposition, and thought at every action and event, he endeavours to ascertain and represent*. By this means he links together even every event and deed that did not proceed direct from the emperors, in short, the whole external life of the state, with the life and spirit of the Cæsars, rendering the former a sort of periphery, and the latter the centre from which issue with clearness and distinction all the individual radii which enable us to enter even into the spirit of the senate, people, and the whole of the Roman state at large. This connection is too visible in the *Annals* to need proofs and explanations; but it will be necessary to dwell a little more fully with regard to the five books of his *Histories*, in which we might not so easily discover the connecting link between the state and the people. We must, in the first instance, bear in mind that during the commotions and civil and foreign wars contained in these histories (in the two years from Galba to Vaspasianus, 69—71,) in an uninterrupted series, the unity of the

* Comp. Ann. I. 52, 54, 73, 77; II. 5, 26, 40, 42, 64, 84; III. 3, 40, 44, 52; IV. 1, 43, 55, 70; VI. 32; XII. &c.

empire had ceased through the dispute about the crown among the adverse claimants, the antagonist Cæsars. The central point was thus removed, and its position became even doubtful, on account of the several emperors at one and the same time. The whole machine was, as it were, moving on at random, and without proper guidance; the senate did not know whither to turn, or how to serve two masters at once; the troops and the provinces espoused different sides, and stood opposite each other in hostile array, while the people at large hailed by turns one and the other party, (His. 1, 50). Thus, with the warring emperors, the Roman empire was divided, and thus, also, was the representation of those disorders and divisions of the state, the characteristic of the parties, the description of the combatting armies and their respective way of thinking, the delineation of the individual emperors, and the narration of their wars and deeds, just, in the proper acceptation of the term, a *states history* of *those* times. And though it was impossible to hold here fast, the unity of the state, yet did Tacitus not fail to see in these very confusions, divisions, and dissensions, an abstract tendency of the state to regain the lost centre, and with it also its unity, by favouring the rule of Vespasianus, and to gather the various powers and resources around that central point. This leading notion pervades throughout the whole of the five books, and binds them together as a whole. Neither does he forget to mention the spirit and disposition of the people and provinces, as well as the disposition and behaviour of the senate*, nor even to give a general survey of the condition of the empire at large, a feature we usually miss in the other historians of antiquity†.

The only thing that severe and scrupulous criticism could reproach him with, is the rather too great partiality he frequently shows for the aristocracy; for all who bear the name of patrician. Every individual case of oppression, persecution, and condemnation of the nobility of Rome, among the depraved emperors before Trajan, are given by him with the minutest and most circumstantial precision; and he never forgets to point out even the name, birth, and family of such unhappy individuals.‡ It has even sometimes the appearance that he identified states history with the interests of the nobility and the vicissitudes of families of rank. We must, however, not forget, that it was just these high families, who were mostly exposed to the

* His. I. 4, 12, 19, 32, 35, 45, 64, 65, 85, 88, 89, 90; II. 10, 55; IV. 1, 4, 5, 10, 11, 38, 41, &c. Ann. 4, 5, 6.

† His. I. 4, 11.

‡ Ann. III. 22, 24, 29, 30, 31, 48, 60, 76; IV. 3, 18, 19, 21, 31, 34, 36, 42, 44, 66, 68; VI. 7, 23, 29. 48; XI. 1; XII. 8, 22; His. II. 61, 63, 68; III. 38, 39, &c.

despotic fury and persecution of the Cæsars. It was they, who were exterminated, while the plebeians and the provinces enjoyed comparative ease and tranquillity.* Indeed, the people—as Tacitus represents them—were much addicted to the amusements of the theatres, and other games, cared for nothing but free importation of grain, had no sense or feeling for the state and liberty, and had brutalized themselves into abject slaves (His. 1, 4.): "Plebs sordida et circo et theatris sueta (ib. c. 90) "Clamor vocesque vulgi ex more adulandi nimiæ et falsæ ;————" nec motu aut amore, sed ex libidine servitii ;" ——————" privata cuique stimulatio et vile jam decus publicum," (IV. 38.) "vulgus, cui una ex Republica annonæ cura."

The recollection of better days, and the interest in the public welfare, still occupied only the minds of the higher classes, and more ancient families; they therefore deserved particular notice of the historian, and if we are not mistaken, Tacitus actually addressed to them his writings. Already at his time, the political activity and operation of history, had greatly lost of its previous influence on diplomacy, and the life of the citizen as such. Tacitus did all he could, to procure for his historical books, that active influence on the presence, and that political life, which were the peculiar characteristics of ancient history. Hence, his minute military description of the battles and operations of war ; his sketches of the insurrections among the troops, and the means of quelling them ; hence his precise descriptions of the foreign relations and politics, and next, his attention and peculiar notice of the aristocratic families, the commanders of the troops and rectors of the provinces, in their respective relations to the emperor, and vice versâ. Tacitus wished, namely, to show on the one hand, in what manner the citizen and patrician of Rome might escape the persecutions, hatred, and fear, of the miserable Cæsars, and on the other, in which way they are sure to expose themselves thereto. Neither was he remiss in pointing out the means for the soldiery to maintain their dignity, and prove useful to the state, even under the degenerate rule of a Nero or Tiberias. Lastly, was it his design to hold out a reflecting mirror even to the emperors themselves, in which they might have a sight of their own position, relations, and life. These views he clearly indicates in his *Annals*, (IV. 32, 33): "Nobis in arto et inglorius labor. Immota quippe aut modice lacessita pax, mœstæ urbis res, et princeps proferendi imperii incuriosus erat. Non tamen sine usu fuerit, introspicere illa, primo adspectu levia, exquis magnarum sæpe rerum motus oriuntur. Igitur — — — (sic) converso statu reque alia re Romana, quam si unus imperitet, hæc conquiri tradique in rem fuerit: quia pauci pru-

* Ans. IV. 5, 6.

dentia honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis discernunt; plures aliorum eventis docentur. (VI. 7.) Neque sum ignarus, a plerisque scriptoribus omissa multorum pericula et pœnas — — — nobis pleraque digna cognitu obvenere, quamquam ab aliis incelebrata." (IV. 20:) Unde dubitare cogor, fato et sorte nascendi, ut cetera, ita principum inclinatio in hos, offensio in illos; AN SIT ALIQUID IN NOSTRIS CONSILIIS, LICEATQUE, INTER ABRUPTAM CONTUMACIAM ET DEFORME ABSEQUIUM PERGERE ITER, AMBITIONE ET PERICULIS VACUUM. Also Agric. 42: Sciant, quibus moris, inlicita mirari, posse etiam sub malis, principibus magnos viros esse: obsequiumque modestiam, si industria ac vigor adsint, eo laudis excedere, quo plerique per abrupta sed in nullum reipubl. usum ambitiosa morte inclaruerunt," &c.

He likewise judges of the people and their position, by the standard of their views, spirit, and disposition of mind; so we satisfactorily see in his Histories, all the points treated as far as the Roman state itself is concerned; nothing being wanting in it to render the work a perfect *states history*, in the strictest sense of the term.

Indeed, had Tacitus applied the same industry, labor, and assiduity, also in his enquiries and sketches of foreign states, their constitutions, spirit, and life, both moral and political, we might without hesitation have considered his works as a model of *political history* in general, instead of only *states history* in particular.

ART. V.—*Essai sur les Moyens d'Extirper les Préjugés des Blancs contre les Couleur des Africains et des Sang-Mêlés. Ouvrage Couronné par la Société Française pour l'Abolition de l'Esclavage. Dans sa Séance du 1er Juillet, 1840, sous la Présidence de M. Laisné de Villevêque.* Par S. LINSTANT, (d'Haiti.) 8vo. pp. 171, Pagnerre: Paris. 1841.

An Essay on the Means of Extirpating the Prejudices of the Whites against the Colour of the Africans and Mixed Blood. The Prize-Essay of the French Society for the Abolition of Slavery, on its Sitting of the 1st July, 1840, under the Presidency of M Laisné de Villevêque. By S. LINSTANT (of Haiti). 8vo. pp. 171. Pagnerre: Paris. 1841.

THE abolition of slavery in the West Indies is an era in the history of man, not inferior to the invention of letters, the destruction of Troy, or the foundation of Rome,—aye, even of imperial Rome,—Rome once the mistress of the physical world by force, now scarcely less than the mistress of the intellectual world by mind. To the great families of the Ethiopian race, the inhabitants of the wide plains and impenetrable forests of Africa—it is the genesis of their

recognition as one of the elder brothers of the Caucasian family—the Magna Charta of their liberties as men—their Bill of Rights as citizens of humanity. It must be to them in all ages to come, what the Nativity is to Christians, the Hegeira to Moslims, the Avatar to the people of the vast prolific peninsula of India. It is the date henceforward of all their history and all their civilization.

But it was an act precipitous and convulsive; upheaving by a moral earthquake the very scoriæ of society, and by a transition at once violent and unnatural, presuming the intellectual freed man in the benighted slave, and the constitutional subject in the abject serf, it elevated him to rights of which he felt not the value, and preferred him to office of which he knew not the outlines. His only idea of freedom was immunity from labour,—his only principle of liberty, exemption from all its cares, its duties, and its sacrifices. He could not conceive, much less subject himself to the exercise of the onerous and responsible property of the franchise. He could not appreciate the privileges of electoral bodies, the necessity for labour, the imperious nature of taxation. Accustomed to have his wants anticipated in the erection of a house, the provision of food, and the preparation of clothes for himself and family, he was startled and disappointed when he discovered that though entrusted with the form of liberty, it did not confer what he believed its concomitant—the possession of wealth; nor could he take "his case in his inn" without giving for the indulgence that labour, an exemption from which, as we have said, made up the sum of his ideas of freedom. This was an unexpected, a chilling discovery. Ignorant of his own place in the social fabric as a slave, and accustomed to see others command, direct, and govern him in all his outgoings and incomings, he supposed similar properties would be conferred on him the moment the bonds of slavery should be severed. He could not conceive an accumulation of labour in capital, an aggregate of power in knowledge. Of the concrete he had but a very imperfect; of the abstract, absolutely no idea. Such was the creature the precipitate philanthropy of the British nation plunged into the vortex of political existence; and he who but yesterday possessed no property even in himself, whose will, whose labour, whose limbs were another's, suddenly found himself the possessor of privileges and rights, which it had cost the givers more than six hundred years of continuous, arduous, and even sanguinary struggles to obtain, and which, having obtained, they find difficult to preserve.* The end intended was

* We allude to the Bill of Rights of William and Mary, for Magna Charta was but "a class document." The people—that is, the bulk of the nation—continued slaves, till the year of Hen. VIII., 1514; when he manumitted two of his slaves. See Dr. Binns's Prodromus, referred to passim, p. 8.)

noble, and the good to be expected from it incalculable; but the means, and the manner of employing those means in the performance of the act of abolition, were as impolitic to the one party as they were ruinous and dishonest to the other. Hence nearly all the advantages which really good and philanthropic, but scarcely wise or prudent men expected from the abolition of slavery, have amounted to nothing more or less than absolute and barbaric freedom. The quondam slaves have not benefitted by this sudden transition of condition, as they might have been made to do by a cautious, prudent, and gradual enfranchisement; while their former owners—men who had embarked property and capital in their purchase, not only with the sanction, but by the command of the law—found themselves plundered, impoverished, and ruined, by that very law which had forced them to injustice and compelled them to the criminality of slavery. Thus, of God, are the righteous decrees fulfilled! Injustice may be committed and may prosper for a time, but sooner or later retribution comes; and terrible then are those awful words—"*I am a jealous God and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.*"

But there is one party, at least, who has benefitted,—*nam etiam aconito inest remedium,*—it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. That party is the sect termed Baptists.

It would be as unphilosophic as it would be untrue, to charge the entire body of this sect, with the irregularities and improprieties of some of its members in the West Indies, especially in Jamaica. But it cannot be denied that persons having no other claim to the respect and consideration of the public than assumption of the office and outward form of preachers under the patronage of the society, have migrated to Jamaica in needy, and even embarrassed circumstances, and have, after a residence of a few years, returned to Britain "comfortable," if not wealthy men. It is also on record that this wealth was obtained from the Negroes *principally* when they were slaves, (for latterly the harvest has not been so productive as it formerly was*)—nor was it amassed by means altogether unexceptionable. As the preachers, with one or two exceptions, were extremely illiterate as well as poor, they were inappreciably unfit for the sacred office which they arrogated, of intercession between the Negro and his God. For example, one had been a stage-coachman; another a drummer in a marching regiment; a third a pork butcher† in Holborn. Now it is manifest that such persons were

* One of the Baptist preachers in our hearing, in a chapel in an obscure street off Holborn, boasted that he could raise 600*l.* in one week from the Negroes who attended his chapel. This was in the first year after the final abolition of the apprenticeship.

† This man, whose name is Francis, always signs his name "The Rev. Mr. Francis." *Ex uno disce omnes.*

fitted neither by education, by mental discipline, nor moral culture for the duties of so responsible and serious a charge as the religious and political tutelage of the Negro, and demonstrative that they will not hesitate as to the mode of acquiring that competency or fortune which they found it impossible to procure or accumulate in their own country. Hence, when the abolition occurred, and the means of the Negroes diminished or were diverted into other channels, these preachers exasperated the late owners against their former slaves, by directing the latter to demand exorbitant wages; while they poisoned the minds of the Negroes against the proprietors, because they attempted, but unsuccessfully, to resist their demands. A bad feeling, founded on suspicion, but excited by the Baptists, sprung up between the proprietor and the peasant, and thus at the very outset, arrested the progress without providing the means for again expediting the march of civilization.

It is not difficult to discover a cause for this unfortunate influence which these sectaries acquired over the Negro. It is to be found in the former remissness of the clergy of the Established Church—their indifference to the religious instruction of the slaves—their abandonment of the outward and visible signs of their ghostly calling—and sometimes their injudicious, if not immoral conduct. Had the clergy of the Established Church been what they ought to have been, and now are, a very different condition of society to what it now is would have been exhibited in the West Indies. But though late in the field, they are now by no means deficient in zeal, in assiduity, in learning, in Christian piety and Christian charity, and are far superior as a class to what they were even so lately back as twenty years ago. It is therefore to be hoped that "the Grand Experiment" so unfortunately interrupted, will be resumed by the mutual forbearance of all parties, and according to our author, that the Negro "giving a free developement to his intelligence—his imagination, so rich and fertile, will come from the tomb where monstrous prejudices have been interred, and that he will carry a stone to the social edifice, and add his tribute to the treasures of humanity already so vast."

Who can foresee (he continues with some warmth) the influence of the abolition of slavery and the extinction of prejudices, on the civilization not only of America, but of Africa, and even of Europe herself? who can enumerate the riches contained in the heads at present bowed under the yoke? who can figure to himself this mass of black men, free, instructed, in the presence of a tropical nature so rich, so varied, yet so little explored by science, by the arts, by literature; displaying all the luxury of their imagination, and at length taking possession of a domain, of the worth of which they are even now ignorant! Artists will reproduce upon canvas or marble the features of those of their compatriots who were great among them;—the great actions in which they displayed their valour. Literary men will enrich their countty with original productions—they will give to all Europe

a new literature which she seems to expect,—historians will make known the first men that succeeded upon this earth saturated with their sweat and blood, —they will write the histories of their fathers, their brothers ; they will restore them, they will be their chronicles, their annals. Philosophers will initiate astonished Europe in all the riches of these unexplored regions,— the physician will acquire new and powerful means of cure,—botany, natural history, will have new investigations to make. And at this moment, when a general debility has invaded all,—when literature, scarcely finding more food, seems condemned to perish under the weight of the printed paper it is made to consume every day,—who will say that it is not America with her Negroes and her free Mulattoes who ought to resolve the questions raised at this moment, to point out the true path which future generations ought to take, to alleviate the disorders of the mind? Europe is at this moment in the same condition as the pagan world was before the advent of Christ; or the Roman world, before the invasion of the barbarians. Well! it is not a new invasion of barbarians which will change this state of things,—it is another more pacific, led by the force of civilization itself. Who knows if this transformation will not come from the countries where a whole race at present groans under the brutalizing yoke of slavery? Who knows if America, with her Blacks and free Mulattoes, will not be to the Old World that which the miraculous star was to the magi going to adore the Son of Man? But before, more prejudices, more slavery, more of those systems which arrange men according to their complexion, assigning to each one of them capacities more or less great, according as the colour of the skin is more or less dark. No! God has not created men black, white, yellow, &c. He has created man a sociable and perfect being. Now, if you recognize in this black face the characters of man, you ought to admit that he possesses in the same degree with the individuals of another colour, those attributes which distinguish the human species,—namely, sociability and perfectibility, otherwise it will not be a perfect man, it will be cousin-german of the ourang-outang, of which a certain learned man speaks. (Preface pp. iii.—vii.)

We shall not stop to argue the possibility or probability of the free Blacks and Mulattoes taking the lead in the great revolution of systems and opinions, which may hereafter occur. At present the wildest flight of imagination cannot concieve so vast, so prodigious an advancement in the darker races. But it does not follow that such may not eventually be the case, however opposed to present or preterite facts; for, says our author, history offers us examples of revolutions still more astonishing. He then exclaims:

But already I hear the friends of slavery and prejudice, oppose an argument which they believe it impossible to refute ; they draw it from the republic of Haiti itself. "Behold," say they, "how this colony—so beautiful, so flourishing, when the beneficent hand of slavery was extended over her, is become sterile under the administration of liberty and equality. What more glaring proof of the impossibility of the black race living in free fellowship, if it is not stimulated by a race acknowledged superior to it! Those

who speak thus, are clearly ignorant or knavish. Certainly—and we congratulate ourselves upon it,—a privileged class which monopolises riches and honors, is no longer to be found in Haiti; we no longer see planters there extremely wealthy, enriched at the expense of their Negro brethren, and European merchants, their compatriots and creditors. But if fortunes are no longer in the hands of a small number of individuals, they are more equally distributed, the population incontestibly enjoys greater comfort, and in this respect we may say, Haiti is happier than many of the polished states of Europe. On the other hand, it is not yet a quarter of a century since Haiti has enjoyed the benefit of peace. The foreign war, the civil war, came one after the other, to disturb her soil, and to retard the developement of those germs of civilization which had been confided to her. It is only since the death of King Christophe, that she began to taste some repose—a repose continually broken by menaces of war from France, but which is now effectually assured by the last treaty. The arts of peace and civilization do not flourish in the war of cannon and the odour of gunpowder. The hand that holds the sword and defends its liberty, cannot at the same time build temples and construct palaces. After the sanguinary disorders that our country has experienced, a quarter of a century is not too much for her to draw breath before she puts herself to the work, and commences the very difficult task of a peaceful and social regeneration. Haiti has losses to repair. Her sides have been incessantly opened by the Cæsarean operation of intestine war. Her wounds are not yet cicatrised. It is easy to criticize that which is done; but in the place of those you condemn, you would perhaps have done not so well. Moreover, the elements that we had at our disposal, were fitted for a state of struggle. But as soon as this state ceased, it failed to employ them in a manner for which they were never prepared. The citizens who have held the reins of Haitian government during our long wars, and since the peace, are for the most part children of their own work. They were not brought up amidst the learned European world. They have been long out of the intellectual movement of civilized nations. The prejudices which exist against their colour prevent them from ridding themselves of the simple notions which they may have acquired in the primary schools of the lowest degree. They were strangers to a mass of knowledge, of which the youngest collegian would be ashamed to be ignorant. However, it is with this energy of character; it is with this ardent desire to serve their country, and to prove to the whole world that they are worthy of the liberty for which they have shed their blood, and suffered so much, that they have come to a good resolution to fill up the gaps in their education, so as to enable them to hold a place among independent nations. Does there exist a contemporary power which has done in less than twenty-five years, more, or as much as the Rebublic of Haiti in the course of the same period? No—without doubt. But it sufficed, that it was Negroes and Mulattoes, for certain persons to believe themselves absolved from taking any account of their efforts, and of the difficult circumstances which they had to overcome. Accustomed then to see the universe in Paris and London, these persons treat all who do not approach this type, as savage and barbarous. If a nation has not an opera—a Boulevard des Italiens—a St. James's—or a Regent's Park,—it is but a herd. But gentlemen! Give us time When

your fathers satisfied themselves with the narrow, dirty, stinking streets of their dear Jutetita, or of their old City of London; when your kings were glad to live in palaces less sumptuous than the parlour of the smallest notary, or of the poorest man of letters, they did not dream of wars, in the midst of difficulties which environed them, to give themselves all the luxurious accompaniments of civilization, without which, according to you, it does not exist. They knew that all things converged to the point, for which they knew how to wait. Why, therefore, will you be more severe upon us, than upon your ancestors? Haiti is a young republic, and how much is she superior to many other neighbouring states? You wish that we who are of yesterday, should settle a crowd of questions which for six centuries you have studied without being able to resolve. You demand from us who are of yesterday, that we should know how to be free and equal in a perfect manner, when you who reckon ten ages of experience, have not agreed even upon the true meaning of the words *liberty, equality*, and as for *fraternity*, to you it is still a mythic state. Be just, then, and do not demand too much, you who have so much to learn. (pp. iii.—xii.)

With much of this it is impossible not to agree. Europeans have expected too much from the Haitians, and every attempt philanthropists have made to urge the claims of the Negro to a parity of weight in the scale of humanity, has been met by a reference to Haiti. Here—at any rate—in this work of a black—of a Negro—whose entire race has been condemned by a blind and stolid prejudice to everlasting degradation, we have a tangible existing evidence of the intellectual capacity of the Negro. Nor can the objection that this is a solitary case* be any longer admitted, since in a pamphlet precursory of a larger work, published by Dr. Binns, a few months since; numerous examples are adduced, of learned negroes, who have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences, in politics, arms, and theology. Let us, therefore, no longer bring to the consideration of the intellectual powers of the Negro, those unjust and unphilosophical prejudices which have hitherto marked the intercourse of the whites with the blacks. But rather let us, in the words of this enlightened negro, M. Linstant, approach the question of prejudice of colour, not as one of the Negro, not as a citizen of the republic of Negroes, but as one of man,—belonging to the great human family;—to act otherwise, says he, would be to narrow the circle in which I wish to move, to enter into personalities, and do exactly that with which I reproach others. (p. xiv.)

We shall now proceed, *pedetentim et gradatim*, through this very remarkable work, which evinces talents of a very high order, powers of generalization truly amazing, ingeniousness highly commendable, sin-

* Prodromus towards a philosophical inquiry into the Intellectual Powers of the Negro. By E. Binns, M.D., &c. Churchill, London, 1844.

cerity, worthy of all praise. Nor do we know whether these qualities are most conspicuous, and most deserving of our commendation—or whether we shall award the medal to the industry, learning, research, labour and patience, of this Negro author, who has arisen as it were from the very depths of cimmerian darkness, if this mode of expression may be permitted, to enlighten, to elevate, to encourage and deliver his dark race from the odium of ignorance, the prejudice of passion, the stain of inhumanity, and the perplexity of intellectual chaos. Where are the annals of any one nation in Europe,—nay, where are the records of any one nation in *any other* portion of the globe—in Asia itself, *officina gentium*, *incunabula hominum*—which contain the history of a people, who from its struggling masses, in the short space of one quarter of a century from its origin, produced an author like M. Linstant, learned without pedantry, impressive without arrogance, earnest without importunity; under contumely, dispassionate; under insult, collected, cool and generous; and exalted by his sentiments though twitted with the humiliation of quadrumanous animalism, and charged with the odium of cereopithecan affinity? Let the Caucasian no longer arrogate to himself the exclusive appropriation of intellectual excellence. Behold—the mind of the African—of the poor, insulted, degraded, despised, proculcated African—arises in its might, and with the retributive energy of outraged nature, rushing into the prohibited arena of intellectual battle, asserts its consequence, courts investigation, and *demands* its rights. Let then the spirit of those departed Negroes—of Williams, of Toussaint, of Sancho Capitem, De Vasley, Friedeg,* and others, who, though acquitting themselves with honour, distinguishing themselves by virtue, and elevating their race by their accomplishments, their learning, their talents and their genius, in their life-time were viewed only in the light of psychological curiosities,—look down and rejoice in the advent of a better feeling towards their unhappy race, the nativity of another order of intellectual excellence, which despising the prejudices of the past, and eschewing the errors of antiquity, opens for itself a new vista to a liberal and comprehensive view of MAN as he came from the hands of his Maker, unpolluted by crime, unsullied by sin, and undistinguished by colour.

Our author commences by remarking that there are errors so deeply rooted in the world, that it would seem they ought never to be removed: that man having once adopted a false idea, does not easily divest himself of it; but whether from pride, or shame of change, employs sophisms more or less specious to justify it. That, when prejudices, which sometimes arise among the higher classes of society, descend to the people, they become in some manner their articles of belief; and they are so impregnated with them, that they

* *Vide* Dr. Binns's Prodromus, pp. 17, 39, *et infra*.

do not attempt to give any reason for their belief. That it is only by frequent efforts and repeated attacks of philosophy, that we are enabled to make a breach in these unsettled minds for truth to enter. Waking then as from protracted sleep, each man astonished, inquires how was it possible to maintain such bad passions, such false doctrines? It is the human mind, which advancing step by step, tends, without ceasing, to that exalted excellence, from which we are yet far distant, but for which noble spirits love to look beyond the obscure veil of the future.

Among these prejudices, M. Linstant finds the prejudice of colour most conspicuous; and it is in the investigation of the origin and means of extirpating this prejudice that he has expended so much labour, and acquired so much honor. He remarks, that the vulgar, who judge merely from external appearances, were of course disposed to establish between the intelligence of the white and black man, the same difference that they remarked between the two colours. And when the sophisms of those who had an interest in prosecuting the infamous industry of the slave trade, were dispersed among the passes, they profited by their disposition, (prejudice) and easily persuaded them that the *Negro* was not *man*. These ideas taking root in the minds of the Whites, were transmitted to their posterity, and thus passed from generation to generation. It required, he tells us, nothing less than the continuous attacks of the philosophy of the 18th and 19th centuries, and the indefatigable zeal of the friends of humanity, to produce that change in public opinion "of which England has given the most generous and the most solemn example."

He next proceeds to relate, that amidst that crowd of philanthropists, who with Wilberforce, Clarkson, Granville Sharp, and Brisson, occupied themselves with the emancipation of the Blacks—the Abbé Gregoire highly distinguished himself. Less fortunate than Wilberforce, it was not permitted him in this world to witness the fulfilment of his desires. But constantly occupied on the contemplation of the miserable lot of the Negroes, death surprised him still thinking of them; and to give the last proof of his solicitude, he proposed to the society for the abolition of slavery (of France) the question—*What are the best means of extirpating the prejudices of the Whites against the colour of the Blacks and the mixed blood?* We shall now let the author speak for himself.

It is this subject I propose to examine. Negro as I am, I will not imitate the spleen of the enemies of my colour; and my words shall be without gall. Passion often misleads both the pen and the judgment of the writer. I abandon reproaches to him who cannot defend his cause by good arguments. If my heart should sometimes revolt with horror when speaking of the injuries of my brethren, I shall always keep, O venerable Gregory! your admirable patience and moderation before my eyes, and you all—

philanthropists of both worlds,—who have consecrated your labours to the defence of the unfortunate Africans, thanks be to you! You have nominated them your brothers; and have claimed for them a seat at the banquet of civilization. Neither gold, nor grandeur has stimulated your courage. But knowing that in one corner of the world the laws of justice and humanity were violated, your soul was excited, and in the name of morality you spoke. Thanks be rendered to you! (pp. 5-6.)

Going back to the first ages of history, M. Linstant shows that slavery was established from the remotest antiquity. The idea of the servitude of one portion of humanity to the other, he remarks, seems coeval with manners. Among what people did it first arise? Who was the first that imposed, and who was the first that submitted to this dread penalty? We cannot tell. Its origin is lost in the night of time. Any individual, whatever his birth, station, education, colour, was liable to become a slave, either by the chance of war, or civil process, or by a thousand other means. When we have seen such men as Socrates, Plato, Phædrus, Diogenes, and others, exposed for sale in the slave market, who could boast that he would always escape this terrible infliction? The father sold his children; creditors their debtors; conquerors their prisoners; princes their subjects. In antiquity, the principle commodity of exchange, says Heeren,* was *man*, and we find every where that the slavery of the blacks was concurrent with the slavery of the whites. The antiquity of both therefore proves nothing against the one or the other. Diodorus of Sicily and Herodotus of Halicarnassus inform us that Egypt was peopled and civilized by the descendants of Ethiopians, who carried with them hieroglyphic symbols, the ordinary writing of Ethiopia. "Thus," exclaims M. Linstant, "it is a point beyond all dispute, that Egypt was peopled by Negroes, and received from them a part of its first civilization. Much later, a white population planted itself upon this, adopted their customs, communicated their own, and from causes which do not belong to us to examine here, acquired a certain influence over the primitive population, and imposed their laws upon it." (pp. 7-8.)

Now Scripture informs us that Joseph was sold by his brothers into Egypt; but this was a long time posterior to the period of which we have just spoken; besides, slavery was an institution, without which, according to the ideas then entertained, no social organization was possible.

The caravans were in these remote ages, as they are at present, the most ordinary means of communication. They traversed the

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* Heeren. De la Polit. et du Comm. des Peuples de l'Antiquité, tome 4, p. 187.

deserts and sought slaves in the interor of Africa ; and it would seem also, though our author has not hinted at this, that these slave-dealers did not go into the interior of Africa so much from choice as from necessity ; slaves, from deficient population and other causes, not being so easily procurable elsewhere. A long and perilous voyage, and the imperfection of the marine, were the causes which prevented them from carrying on the trade by sea. But the Phenicians, the most maritime and the most commercial people of antiquity, presented themselves,—their thousand vessels scattered over the known surface of the globe, their riches and their ingenuity. Through them the trade in slaves assumed a new aspect. The perfection of their marine, the discoveries which they made on the African coast, and the boldness of their seamen, all contributed to animate this branch of their commerce. Slaves were then procurable by both these ways,—by sea through the means of their ships, by land through the means of the caravans. The Phenicians carried iron and copper to the people of the interior of Africa, and received from them in exchange, gold, silver, and slaves. With these commodities they supplied the Egyptians, who, in these early times, entertained an extreme aversion for the sea, and regarded all those as impious who encountered its perils*. The Phenicians also delivered slaves to the Cyreneans, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, and Romans, but in numbers considerably less. They employed a great many of them either for their own uses, or as merchandise that they sold to strangers. Finally, even though we do not find in authors, any mention that Negro slavery was known from the highest antiquity, nevertheless we shall be justified in concluding from the geographical position of the Phœnician colonies, the extent of their commerce, and the custom of the people, still in a rudimentary state at this epoch, that equally with the Whites, the Negroes constituted an important branch of trade.

When, in the course of events, the Carthaginians succeeded the Phœnicians as the rulers of the sea, they continued and extended their commerce with the interior of Africa, whence they obtained gold, silver, dates, and salt. They supplied both the Romans and the inhabitants of the islands situated on the African coasts, with black slaves, as well as the Balearic islands, where they carried on a great trade, particularly of females, for whom the inhabitants had a very decided taste† (un gout très prononcé). As this commercial nation had colonies in ancient Iberia, they transported thither a great part of their Negro slaves. This trade continued from the

* Goguet, Origine des Lois, liv. 4, 1re partie. Huet, Histoire du Commerce, *passim.*

† Heeren. De la Polit. et du Comm. des Peuples de l'Antiquité, tome 4, p. 120.

very earliest times, down to the possession of Spain by the Moors. It is not, therefore, impossible that the Negroes contributed with the Moors, and the influence of the climate, in giving the Spaniards, especially those of Andalusia, their dark colour; so that these fierce Hidalgos, without doubt, towards the 15th century, trafficked in their ancestors; and he who proclaimed loudly the purity of his origin, had concealed in his veins some drops of that African blood, which he despised and sold!

Thus we have seen that Negro slavery came from India*, traversed Egypt, Greece,—thence passed to Rome, and finally centred in Iberia. This was also the march of civilization. There this trade, which had been so extended, slackened till it was finally lost in the flood of events which succeeded one another so rapidly, and prepared the fall of the Roman empire. Long before this catastrophe, very few black slaves were to be seen at Rome; nor were the changes which occurred after the division of the empire, calculated to revive the trade in Negroes. Besides, where was the necessity, at great expense, to seek for slaves in Africa, when they had them always under the name of serfs, and *gens de main-mórte?* Thus, during all that period that preceded the 14th century, this trade was totally abandoned.

So far we have paraphrased our author, occasionally adding or subtracting as the idiom required, the language demanded, or the sense indicated, but in no way that interferes with the context of the work. And this method of bringing the calibre of M. Linstant's talents to bear upon the judgment of the reader, we think, preferable to a mere abstract of the contents of the volume; because we are not reviewing the performance of an author descended of a race of acknowledged intellect, but of an individual of a family, which, in consequence of its colour, has been considered and treated as an accidental remove from the brute, and partially, if not entirely, destitute of genius.

Does the reader discover in the sentiments which this illustrious Negro has embodied in this essay, anything appertaining to the mere animal,—the organic machine that seems distinct, so far as our finite powers will permit us to judge, to the oblivion from whence it arose? Are there not rather ennobling and elevated views of man and of man's ultimate mission, fused into a correct estimate of his gigantic intellect, comprehensive mind, astonishing energy, and unfathomable destiny? Do we not find in what we have already examined of his work, that he possesses in common with ourselves—the white race,—high and mighty

* By India, Linstant evidenly means "The East."

feelings, prescriptive talents, enlarged understanding, fervid imagination, and acquired erudition. Shall we hesitate to receive into the circle of the literary world, this man, so eloquent, so refined, so charitable, so philosophic, merely because he differs from us in the external colour of the skin? Shall it be said, and will it be believed if related, that in the 19th century, in the reign of the ever-to-be cherished Victoria, in a country which vaunts its liberality and boasts its philanthropy, a whole nation in amity with the English, not only would refuse to receive this noble personage into the pale of its domestic society, but positively excludes him from the rights of political citizenship? Yes, the Negro in America is still the slave, the oppressions of the whites, the force of circumstances, the fate of weakness have made him. There he holds no rank, sustains no figure, assumes no influence, commands no respect. Simply from his colour, *ex lege*, he becomes a slave in the Southern States! Monstrous and infamous enactment! Worthy of the savage Hawkins, knight, partner, and first Englishman-stealer of the immaculate Elizabeth!

But let not the indignation which is natural when taking a rapid glance at this state of society in America, precipitate us into the reprehensible and mischievous doctrines of the trading philanthropists, the long and lanky hungry-looking hounds of Exeter Hall. We disclaim any sympathy with the views and opinions, the delirious nonsense and Quixotic notions of these people, among whom, for one sincere and reasonable philanthropist, one finds a hundred knaves and fools. The Almighty, in his infinite goodness and mercy, in the majesty of his omnipotence, has willed certain states and degrees of rank and suffering to exist among men, not through any hasty or angry motives, but by a fiat of the irreversible laws of nature, which violated in an individual or a nation, subjects the one or the other to the penalty attached to their infraction. Thus the individual who addicts himself to sloth or the gratification of his appetites, riots in luxury, and reposes in an inglorious indolence, quickly reduces himself to the condition of his poorest menial, and in his turn, becomes as much despised. So it is with a nation which abandons itself to pomp, to glory, and the expansion of empire. Its very possessions become impediments to its progress, as we observe in the plethoric alderman's excess of health, the semina of disease. For immense possessions beget immense wealth; immense wealth, luxury; luxury, indolence; indolence, want, beggary, destitution, slavery,—political or corporal.

Thus, we think that both Africa, and Aboriginal America, are now paying the penalty of the infraction of physical and organic laws, violated at those remote periods when the waving fields of England were immersed in vicarious oceans, and the sunny plains

of France gave shelter in their weedy waters to the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, megalosaurus and other monstrous and astounding creatures*. For, in the rapid lightning-like flash of imagination, "a thousand years are but as yesterday;" and it is as easy to imagine the passage of centuries of ages rolling before the mind's eye, as it is to recollect the arrow-like transit of the railway train.

If, then, this hypothesis be founded on fact,—and the ruins of Palenque in America, and the debris of desolate and destroyed cities in central Africa, countenance and corroborate the opinion,—the Indians of America and the Negroes of Africa are now liquidating in chains and degradation the claims which the propounder of inexorable and inexpugnable laws demands for the infraction of their clauses. To hasten the fulfilment of this destiny by every wise and judicious exertion of government or individuals, is wise, is well; but to sever the links of slavery at once, and turn the slave loose upon the usages of civilized society, is only to retard, not advance, the day of his final exodus from bondage.

Man does not improve, advance, or acquire knowledge in the aggregate. It is possible to convert a whole nation in one day to the dogmas of a new religion, but it does not enter into the category of possibilities to make even one Bacon, or one Washington, in a century. The national mind of the African must be elevated by degrees. It must be first assaulted through its interests. It must be attacked through selfishness, appetite, and personal vanity; not by subtle disquisitions of knavish philanthropists and trading missionaries, anti-slavery societies, and tract-printing companies, who for the most part make a profit of charity, and live upon the produce of swindled benevolence. *Poco en Poco*, as the Italians say, is the motto of all

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* We are not ignorant of the opinion generally entertained, that man was not created at the geologic epoch of which we are speaking. This we believe to be Buckland's, Mantel's, and Conybeare's opinion—or *was*—for modern science changes its phases so frequently, that what is orthodox to-day is heterodox to-morrow. These gentlemen are authorities on fossil subjects not easily questioned. But we have seen in the possession of M. Koch, (who it will be recollected exhibited at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, the fossil remains of a gigantic quadruped to which he gave the name of *Missourium*,) several arrow-heads formed of agate, which he assures us he found imbedded in the soil near this stupendous fossil. Now these arrow-heads are exactly similar to those in use by the Indians of the present day, who live upon the banks of the Big-bone River, where the missorium was found; and it is at least a natural inference, that a race of Indians, progenitors of the present, existed at the time this missourium (or according to Professor Owen, *Mastodon Giganteum*) inhabited the plains adjacent Big-bone River; otherwise, how shall we account for the presence of the arrow-heads?

wise men who desire to elevate the character of a people, or to lay the foundation of a great national movement.

Precipitation, temerity, rashness, even in the performance of the most noble actions, mar their effects, though they may not prevent their consequences. The Reformation, for example, wise as were the ostensible motives of the martyrs, namely, reform, not destruction of the Catholic church, beggared an entire nation to enrich a few courtiers, and exempt aristocracy from personal sacrifices, to entail and inflict a murderous Poor-Law upon a suffering people. Reforms such as these cost more than they are worth. They divert the intellectual entity from the road which it had chosen; it may be erroneously rendering the journey circuitous and tedious, but it does not advance man in his great mission,—for all things are to commence again, when it is but learning new modes of expressing thought, novel ways of conveying feelings, and foreign habits of developing reverence, respect, or adoration. To kill the hydra-headed prejudice of the Americans, you must educate them, not enfranchise their slaves. Let the gentlemen and ladies of the Southern States once be made to believe that it is ungentlemanly and unladylike to knock down a Negro, or whip a Negress—that it is contrary to their interest and their characters to hold men in bondage, and they will begin to feel and to think so. All changes in public opinion, whatever utilitarians may think, must come from the enlightened, from above downwards, steadily and slowly; not irregularly and by impulsive efforts, from below upwards. This is the order of the universe of social and political existences. We return to our author:—Having traced the existence of the slave-trade from the earliest periods of recorded time down to the fourteenth century, he pauses to inquire if, during these periods, the Negro was an object of particular prejudice? He replies, substantiating the answer by a reference to Juvenal (Sat. 6), *no!* because if such a prejudice had existed, would not those authors, who speak of slavery, have alluded to a fact so remarkable? Simply, then, the Negro was confounded with the other slaves, and partook of the contempt which was attached to the condition of slavery. Now, how were these slaves treated? How were they considered in the olden time?

Among the Hebrews and their contemporaries, they were recommended to be treated with mildness, and they were forbidden to be chastised with too much rigour. He who killed a slave was punished as a homicide.* The Egyptians punished those severely who killed either a freeman or a slave.† To remind their masters of their humanity, and at the same time to alleviate the wretched condition of

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* Exod. xxi. 20. Job xxxi. 13, 14, 15.

† Diod. 1, 5, p. 88.

the slaves, there had been established even before the time of Cyrus, a species of saturnalia which lasted for five days, during which their masters not only joined in their amusements, but attended them in the capacity of servants.* Even the Greeks, who believed themselves of all the people of the earth only fitted for freedom,† had a law from the most remote times, similar to this of the Egyptians.‡ At Athens, if a slave were cruelly treated by one master, he could demand his sale to another;§ and from Demosthenes we learn that a great many Athenians were punished with death for maltreating their slaves.|| The Spartans acted otherwise towards the wretched Helots. Who can forget the periodical massacres under the name of crypti, of which the latter were the victims? "Such was the excess of calamity of the Helots of Lacedemon," says Montesquieu, "that they were not only slaves of the citizen, but of the state. They belonged not only to all, but to a single man."¶ Revolts and insurrections of the wretched beings were therefore common in Sparta; for any death was preferable to such a life.

The Romans, contrary to the Greeks, thought and taught, that according to natural laws, all men were born equal, and that slavery was a violation of these natural laws.** One might be tempted to believe from this that slaves were more humanely treated among them than the Greeks. But such was not the case. They entertained, it is true, less contempt for the slaves taken in war than for those born in their houses.†† This preference was also pecuniary, as they considered breeding slaves‡‡ a very unprofitable speculation. But apart from these petty exceptions, which disappeared during the great Roman depravity, the comtempt into which the slaves fell, went far to make them forget that they were human. Everything was permitted the master—and it was an axiom, *in servum nihil non domino licere*;§§ and while they compared them to cattle, doubted if they should not be classed among swine.|||| They did not receive their testimony in courts of law, that was always refused un-

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* Herod. 1. Strabo XI.

† Aristot. Pol. Ch. 1.

‡ Eurip. Hecub. v. 291.

§ Athen. VI. 19.

|| Demosthen. Orat. Cont. Med.

¶ Esprits des Lois, XV. 17.

** Digest. l. 1, tit. 5, § 4. Liv. 1, t. 1, § 4. Liv. 50, tit. 17, § 32. In tit. liv. 1, § 2.

†† Just. Lips. sur ces parates de sosie à mercure: *Hic qui verna est quæritur*, V. 24. sc. 1, act.

‡‡ Xenophont. Œconom. III. 9. Hesiodeles jours. 2.

§§ Senec. Controv. lib. 5. Controv. 34.

|||| Senect. Epist. 47. Diog. lib. 50, t. 47, § 32. Cod. lib. 3, t. 1, 46.

less under the torture.* They appeared rather as automata than men, and their value rested on the opinion of the appraiser appointed to value† them. Their unions did not take the name of marriage, and their children were not dependent upon them.‡ They were not subjected to the same punishments as freemen, and for very trifling faults were punished with death.§ These miserable wretches were not permitted to speak in the presence of their masters—and for the least noise, even for sneezing, they were chastised with rods. They were regarded, in fact, as domestic enemies,—hence the proverb *Quot servi tot hostes.*|| "That the Emperors," says M. Linstant, "ameliorated the condition of the slaves; that they forbid them to be put to death but by the verdict of a magistrate; that they punished the master as a murderer who had killed his slave without cause—were modifications dependent upon religious or political causes, and which I have no intention to examine."¶

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* Leo. Const. 49. Terent. Phorm. act. 2, sc. 2. Cujac. Observ. XX. 28. Quintil. Declam. 169. Demosth. in Necœram.

† Dig. XLVIII. 18.

‡ Ulp. t. 5. Inst. lib. 1, t. 10, 11.

§ Dig. lib. 48, t. 9, § 10.

|| Erasm. adag. 31, p. 358. Test. 1, sc. 1. Senct. Epist. 47.

¶ Mr. Linstant, we think, should have alluded to the fact, that though slaves were liable to be treated with all the cruelty and barbarity of a rude age, fond of barbaric pomp and power, that they were not abused so much because they were bondmen, as because their masters were slaves,—for the life of the most exalted citizen and that of the most debased bondman were equal in the eyes of the Roman emperors. We should say, then, that in the reign of the emperors, kindness was the rule, and harshness the exception. A man may, in the moment of anger, maltreat a valuable horse, but he will not often repeat the same treatment, for the best of all reasons,—his own interest. Now a slave was worth more than a horse, and supposing, as we have seen, that the Romans considered slaves as cattle, we have nowhere on record that there existed a systematic code of cruelty for these animals, nay, there are rather facts to the contrary, as every reader of the Bucolics must remember. But independent of this conjectural reasoning, we have direct testimony in support of our position. In the Fragments of Epictetus, translated by Mrs. Carter (Dublin, 1760, p. 422,—Frag. xxx.)—the following humane and kindly advice to the Romans in the treatment of their slaves will be found. We may mention that this practice of giving something from the table to the slaves who were about it, was common in all the respectable families, and on the sugar estates, during the existence of slavery in the West Indies:—"It would be best, if both while you are personally making your preparations, and while you are feasting at table, you could give among the servants part of what is before you. But, if such a thing be difficult at that time, remember, that you, who are not weary, are attended by those who are; you, who are eating and drinking, by those who are not; you

The barbarians,* as the Romans called all other nations but themselves and the Greeks, were by no means so cruel to their slaves as the Romans; and much later—in the last century, the freebooters and bucaniers treated their Negro slaves with great humanity. This may be conceived; because rude nations, by the simplicity of their social relations, keep alive the sentiments of primitive equality and human dignity—sentiments which are only effaced as nations become corrupt.

Such was the condition of the slaves among the ancients, and it is impossible to conceive anything more miserable. Now, if Negroes, for there were slaves of this colour in all these nations, had been the objects of especial prejudice, we cannot conceive to what further extent of barbarity their masters would have been transported. When we find that the Romans were so barbarous as to brand their slaves with a hot iron in the face, and that they imprisoned them in loathsome dungeons at night to prevent their escape—when we see that they suspended them with weights of a hundred pounds to the feet, to whip them—when we find a legislation so infamous as to inflict the last penalty upon a slave in whose presence his master expired; and which imposed the same punishment upon all the slaves of a master who had been assassinated, without respect to sex, age, innocence or guilt, and whether they were in the house or not at the time of the murder†—we would ask them, what would be in similar circumstances the punishment of the Negro slave? No—the ancients did not entertain the absurd idea of aristocracy of skin—it is the invention of modern masters. The few Negro slaves which were at Rome, were like the servile class in general, confounded with the cattle. We even find that this description of slaves were very much affected in Greece and Italy, and formed objects of especial luxury,‡ so that it would appear that their lot was more comfortable than that of the other unfortunate victims of slavery. They were especially reserved to enliven the guests at the conclusion of the repast—a duty which was only delegated to Negro slaves when the host de-

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who are talking, by those who are silent; you who are at ease, by those who are under constraint: and thus you will never be heated into any unreasonable passion yourself; nor do any mischief by provoking another." Mrs. Carter very justly remarks: "There is something strikingly beautiful and humane in this consideration about servants." As Epictetus had been the slave of the infamous Epaphroditus, the *freedman* of Nero, and had been extremely ill-treated by him, he was well calculated to give such advice.

* Tacit. de Mor. Germ. c. 25.

† Diog. Lib. 29, t. 5, § 1 et 14. Tacit. Annal. lib. 14, Nos. 42 et suiv.

‡ Heeren, De la Polit. et du Comm. des Peuples, &c. t. 4, p. 205.

sired to do honour to his visitors. The history of Athens offers us numerous examples of this practice.*

Now let us proceed to inquire how Negro slavery was introduced into Europe, after having remained in such complete oblivion from the fall of the Roman empire to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. Negroes, Mulattoes, and men of all colours swarmed there; but the Moors being expelled the country, they fled to the other side of the Mediterranean, with a view to escape the arm of their merciless enemies. The fortunate issue of the battle of Ceuta, fought in 1415, and the discovery the Portuguese made of some islands through the ambition of the Infant Don Henry, enabled the conquerors to follow the infidels to the coasts of Arguin,† where they made prisoners of all the Mahomedans they found there, and carried them, in 1440, to Lisbon. These people multiplied so much, that when the parents of the Mahomedan prisoners thought, in 1442, to exchange them for Negroes,‡ the exchange excited the cupidity of the Portuguese. Then from all parties of the interior of Africa, tribes came down to the sea-shore, bringing with them, not only gold and silver, but slaves. Hence the origin of the Portuguese slave-trade. Somewhat later, the Spaniards, excited by the lust of money, entered also into the trade, carrying the slaves generally to Seville, where they occupied a portion of the city, apart from the people, and one of them was appointed "judge of the Negroes and Mulattoes" of the city. However, they did not always remain there—a portion was transported to Madeira and the Canaries, which were discovered in 1420, and there employed in the cultivation of the sugar cane. Thus, then, was Africa, so long forgotten by the people of the West, revealed to Europe; and it must be confessed, not under very favourable auspices.

At the period of which we are speaking, the fire of discovery had imparted itself to all classes. Every one, upon information more or less uncertain, set out to explore unknown countries; and attempting to discover some ideal Eldorado, found out a real country, or what was more common, perished the victim of temerity and imprudence. At length, Columbus discovered America in 1492, and a new feature in the history of man was to be perceived, and a new order of things to be commenced. The Spaniards scarcely possessed themselves of the islands of the Antilles, when they divided the inhabitants into allotments,—another name for slavery; and the ill-treatment to which these people were made to submit, soon depopu-

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* Notamment liv. 4, ch. ii.

† Arguin is an island on the coast of Zahara, thirty miles S. E. of Cape Blanco. Long. 17, 5, W. Lat. 20, 30, N.

‡ De Barros. Asiat. dec. lib. 3, c. 8, fol. 33, 6.

lated the islands. As early as 1502, some Negroes, under the government of Ovando, passed from Madeira and the Canaries to St. Domingo. They were at this period treated like the aborigines,—nay, it appears that the latter were exposed to the contumely of the Negroes. Las Casas says, "the Indians are tortured by their masters, and even by the servants and Negroes.* This, however, did not prevent them from escaping with the Indians; so that Orlando was much opposed to their landing in the island, and they were consequently at first only tolerated. "There was even," says Charlevoix, "an edict of the Catholic king against this novelty."† But the system was soon changed. The indigenous population had diminished so fast, that in 1507, fourteen years after its discovery, there were but 60,000, or the 20th part of what they had found there. It was necessary to remedy this decimation, and in 1509, they sought for Negroes in Africa, who were destined, on the virgin soil of Haiti, to submit to all the evils of exile and slavery.

A triple advantage was presented to those who embarked in this odious traffic. In the first place, the Negroes worked harder than the Indians, and supported fatigue better;—in the second, their masters could treat them as they pleased, there being no laws for their protection as there were for the Indians; and, in the third place—and this consideration weighed more that all the others put together—they could more easily replace those who died either from anxiety, overwork, or cruelty.

In the meanwhile, the Metropolitan of St. Domingo, took no cognizance of these proceedings, and according to the demands and the pecuniary means of the masters, vessels continued to bring Negroes from Africa, and Caraibs from Gaudeloupe. But in 1517, a Flemish nobleman, grand chamberlain of the king, obtained a patent for transporting four thousand Negroes to the four larger Antilles. This privilege he sold to the Genoese for an enormous sum, who again disposed of the Negroes at very high prices. This coming to the knowledge of Hawkins, afterwards knighted by Elizabeth, he fitted out vessels in 1562, by means of which he committed the most atrocious acts on the coast of Africa, bringing off no less than 300 of the natives, all of whom he sold into slavery in St. Domingo. This voyage was so successful that he prosecuted the impious enterprise the succeeding year‡. At length companies were formed,

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* Œuvres de Las Casas, par de Llorenti, t. i.

† Charlevoix, Histoire de Saint-Domingue, t. 1, p. 288.

‡ Hawkins was assisted in his first enterprize by his worshipful friends of London, Sir Lionel Ducket, Sir Thomas Lodge, Master Gunson, (his father-in-law), Sir William Winter, Master Bromfield, and others; all which persons liked so well of his intention, that they became liberal contributors

patents multiplied, and the trade in Negroes became so extensive, that on the most moderate calculation, the number introduced into St. Domingo alone, from the year 1680 to 1776, amounted to 800,000. After this fact, we may conceive the number of unfortunate Africans, who were made to supply the deficiency and depeopling of the Spanish West India colonies, and the means, more or less atrocious, which were resorted to to procure them. And it was in the name of religion, and for the purpose of withdrawing the Africans from idolatry, and to teach them the mild laws of the Evangelist, that the first patents were granted, and for a long time continued. In this, as in similar instances, religion has served as a pretext for cruelty.

But though a slave, like the Indian he had come to replace, the Negro was subjected only to domestic slavery. The master had still before him the prospect of the entire extinction of the original inhabitants, and the communications between Africa and Hispaniola were not as frequent as they subsequently became. It was necessary then to soften the rigours of slavery, so that they might not lead to results disastrous to their interests. But why, asks our author, do revolutions which overturn the existing order of things, differ so widely in their results from the point of their departure? It is that the logic of events is more rigorous and more inflexible than that of man, and that once a principle is admitted and launched into practice, in vain we seek to fix a point of arrest. It is necessary, even by the force of things, that it should produce all its consequences. The slavery of man once admitted, we have seen among the Romans in the earlier history of the Republic, that it assumed the patriarchical form; it then passed from that through all the degrees of cruelty, and only stopped at the complete assimilation of man to the brute. We see also the same thing occurring in modern colonization,—the slavery of the Blacks following all the phases of the Roman, and only stopping at a consequence equally absurd; namely,

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and adventurers in the action; for which purpose there were three good ships immediately provided, the *Salomon* of 120 tunnes, wherein Master Hawkins himself went, as general; the *Swallow*, of 100 tunnes, and the *Jonas*, a bark of 40 tunnes; in which small fleete, Master Hawkins took with him 100 men.—(Hakluyt.) Arriving at Sierra Leone, he got into his possession, "partly by the sword and partly by other means," 300 Negroes, which he landed at St. Domingo. In the following year Elizabeth gave him the command of the *Jesus*, (Heavens! what a profanation!) a vessel of 700 tons; this with the *Salomon*, the *Tiger*, and the *Swallow*, vessels respectively of 50 and 30 tons each, formed his second fleet. The atrocities which he committed are detailed at length in Hakluyt, and Edwards (Brit. West Indies) has copied them in his second volume, 4to. Lond. 1794, pp. 42, 43, 2nd Edit.

the negation of intelligence to every man having a black skin! The same causes have always produced the same effects. What is then the great revolution which should accomplish the entire regeneration of humanity? We are ignorant of it. But let every man work upon the common edifice; and when all men shall have learned the true principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity; when all men shall see in other men, whatever be the shade of their skin, but brothers, and shall treat them as such, then we shall see this regeneration so much coveted, proceed with rapid strides,—not among the Blacks only, but all mankind.

Prejudice of colour, M. Linstant thinks, presented two phases in the colonies. At first it was attached to slavery, and it is in this point that it resembles the prejudice of the ancients. We have seen that the brutality and barbarism of the moderns, do not cede in anything to the ancients. Prejudice next attached itself to the *colour* of the Negroes, and it is this last character which it has preserved to the present day, and which has caused all the evils that have afflicted and still afflict the New World.

This division, our author contends, is not arbitrary—it flows from the same state of things. The first period of colonial prejudice appeared, so to speak, at the birth of the colonies. It existed in the time of the slavery of the Indians, and it is yet one of the miseries which they bequeathed to their Negro successors. This prejudice extended with the population and the new establishments—but it will not subsist very much longer.

Let us inquire who were the persons who composed the population of the Antilles in the earlier times? Vagabonds, mutinous sailors, ignorant peasants, outcasts.* Could these persons pretend issue from a more noble origin than the blacks and the free men of colour which they found there, and whose ignorance equalled their own? No—certainly. In Hispaniola, they recognised but two ranks or conditions—planters and slaves; for those white men who were engaged to serve their masters for three years, were to all intents and

* This remark does not hold good of our English colonies,—at least of Barbadoes and Jamaica, where the descendants of some of the oldest families in England are still to be found. The Creoles, Bridges remarks, in his *Annals of Jamaica*, are justly proud of their origin, and preserve their pedigrees with much care. The south side of Jamaica, for example, was peopled principally by the Cromwell party, or the republicans; the north side, by the adherents of Charles the First, or the cavaliers; and the names of *Haughton Court*, *Haughton Tower*, *Everton*, &c. &c., given to large estates on the north-west, in the Parish of Hounee, immediately point out the connection between the older families in England and their descendants in Jamaica.

purposes slaves for that period.* These indented servants (ouvriers) endured every species of contumely from their masters. We find in an order of Council of the island of Martinique of the 2nd May, 1606, that they are forbidden to *be mutinous and insolent*, and it is permitted the inhabitants to punish them as disorderly persons; and further, penalties were inflicted upon them if they complained, or if they absented themselves from their work on this account. This, it may be perceived, was but the reflection of the contempt then existing in France for those who were called *vilains*. Let us follow this first phase in all its developements.

Led by the desire of accumulating wealth, the first Europeans who landed in the Antilles, had no women with them, though many had been already married in Europe. Those who were not, married women of the country, for Ovando drove those from the island who would not marry, and did not wish, moreover, to bring their wives from Europe. From the alliance of these Europeans with the Indians, sprung the *Metis*. When the aborigines disappeared from the island, when as a people they had ceased to exist, these adventurers chose their companions from among the Negresses. Those who married them *de facto* enfranchised them—others lived in concubinage. To the children born of either of these unions they gave the name of *Mulattoes*.† The rank of the children of coloured concubines was not determined by any law, but in this particular, the custom of the first colonists was observed, that is to say, that Mulattoes, legitimately born, inherited from their white fathers. Those who were natural children were generally enfranchised—whence the name *freed*, which the men of colour bore for so long a time. When the edict of the year 1685—the *code noir*—declared that the Mulatto should follow the condition of his mother, it made him a slave, who was the son of a slave mother. But the habits and manners of the people

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* Labat, Nouveau Voy. aux îles de l'Amer. t 1, p. 109. This was the same case in Jamaica, and these "indented servants" were, from the circumstance of the majority being natives of Scotland, called "Scotch new Negroes." See Long's Jam:, vol. 2nd. Their condition, if anything, was worse than the Negroes.

† *Mulat, Mulatre, Mulate*, but generally *Mulatre*, in English, Mulatto, is a word derived from the Latin *Mulus*, in French *Mulet*, an animal begotten of a horse and a she ass, or between a jack and a mare. This word, which was a great insult in Spain, was given in contempt to the children born of a father and a mother of different religions, as a Moor and a Spanish woman, or a Spaniard and a female Moor. It was subsequently applied to every individual born out of wedlock, and finally in the Colonies, to the children of a Negro and a white woman, or of a white man and Negress. (Linstant.) Long (Hist. Jam. vol. ii. p. 260) gives a table of the "direct lineal ascent

prevailed, and Mulattoes continued to be freed. The father who dared to brave public opinion, by retaining his natural son in slavery, was justly condemned. Subsequently, M. Ducasse, Governor of Tortuga and the West of St. Domingo, demanded that they should consecrate by a law that which had been for a long time the custom, and that all Mulattoes should be declared free who had reached their twentieth year. This demand was refused, and custom continued the guide.

However, in enfranchising their children, parents found that it failed to provide for them. Land was of little value, and it was of consequence to the government that it should be cleared; consequently allotments were readily conceded to those who were the first to fell some trees, and to acquire what they called the right of *hache*,* or hatchet; and these allotments descended to their children.

The coloured classes now rapidly augmented, either through alliances between the Whites with the Negresses, or between the Mulattoes themselves. And the indented servants who could not, during their servitude of three years, work for themselves, as well as the Whites who arrived from Europe, marrying women of colour, found a footing in society, and thus had no other cares but the improvement of the property of their wives. Any prejudice as to colour did not then exist, and it could not have existed. The masters had but an extremely limited number of slaves, and in education they were not much their superiors. Society was such as it is in all rising societies. The master and the slave toiled in concert. The first, besides the interest that he had in preserving the slave, his property, had also the desire of increasing his fortune. The Blacks and Mulattoes both sent their children to be instructed in France. Even the slaves themselves, on touching the soil of the

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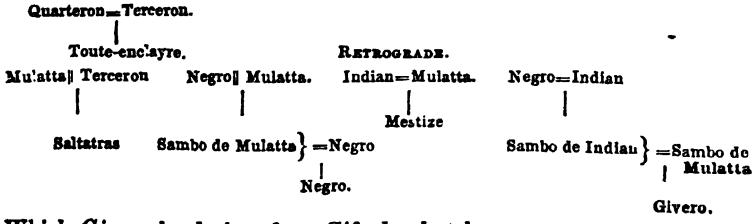
from the Negro venter."—Thus, white man and black woman, Mulatta; ditto with Mulatta, Terceron; ditto with Terceron, Quinteron; ditto with Quinteron, White. The mediate or stationary.



Which *Givero*, he derives from Giferd, a butcher.

* H. D. Considér sur la Colon· de S. D. t. 1, l. 1, 2, p. 88.

mother country, became free. We do not find then, either in practice or in law, any trace of prejudice. The master possessed as heretofore the right to correct his slave; but the law provided that this right should not be exercised but in reasonable limits, and a decree of the 10th May 1671, of the council of Martinique, condemned a master to pay a fine of 500lbs. of sugar for having maltreated a Negress.

If we sometimes find excessive penalties inflicted by the law itself upon the slaves, we must recollect that at this period, all the laws, whether European or colonial, were stamped with that character of barbarism which they have very slowly lost. There always existed a law which protected the slave against the ill-treatment of his master. Thus, at the same moment that a decree of the council of Martinique, of the 20th October 1670, cashiered a lieutenant *because* he *plagued his wife and mutilated his Negroes;* a decree of the same council, issued the same day, condemned a Negro slave to have the leg cut off and nailed to the gibbet, for example, because this slave had killed a young ass.

The edict of 1685, called the *Code noir*, completed the measures which, up to this period, had regulated the government of the colonies. Excessive flagellations, and profusion of lashes, contrasted singularly enough with a certain spirit of justice which seemed to have presided at the framing of this edict. Thus the colonial slave was, according to this new code, incapacitated for all things, as were the Roman slaves in the worst periods of their servitude. He was declared moveable property; he could be seized; his evidence was not received in a court of justice; he could be no party in an action, not even for outrages or excesses committed on his person; while, if he used violence towards a free man, he could, if the latter expired, be punished with death; he could not hold property, &c. Besides these exorbitant provisions, we find others which were favourable. For example; the husband and wife could not be sold separately, nor their young children separated from them if they were the property of the same master; their enfranchisement was encouraged; an entertainment was provided for them on their marriage, &c. Masters could name them testamentary executors, tutors to their children; make them their sole legatees, and they were by the same act, declared free. The slave who landed in France became a freeman, nor could he be reduced to slavery on his return to the colony. All these wise enactments fell into desuetude in the colonies, or were abrogated by posterior laws, while they adopted the barbarism of those which rendered the chains of the slaves so heavy.

Up, then, to the period of 1770, we look in vain for any traces of prejudice. There were no distinctions but those which necessarily exist in a slave country, viz., that between master and slave. Man-

ners did not constitute any other, and the law was the same for all free men. It was impossible that it could be otherwise. In the infancy of a state, distinctions do not exist. Every man is equal. Divisions into castes, prejudices of colour, and a thousand other absurdities disappear, or, to speak more correctly, are lost in the necessity of mutual protection. The disposition, also, of the first adventurers who found colonies, is not very prone to prejudices of any kind ; and we have on record, according to our author, who and what were the first colonizers of St. Domingo ; and at the period of which we are speaking, the numbers of planters did not amount to more than 400, under the government of M. Dogeron.* These consisted principally of bucaniers and pirates, who, wearied with a life of violence, and arrived at a certain age, abandoned the dagger of the rover for the hoe of the labourer. Those who had not been pirates were not much better.† I would now ask, says M. Linstant, could there exist in the bosom of a society composed of such elements, prejudices towards a class which, from their fortune, morals, and numbers were so superior to the other? Under the administration of Dogeron and his successors, the white population was considerably augmented, and from 400, which it was in 1665, it increased to 1500, four years later. But this did not introduce any change in the manners of the colony.

Thus concludes the first chapter with this examination of the first period of colonial prejudice as to colour, and which, as we have seen, had no existence. In the second chapter, to which we can but briefly refer, he traces with great acumen the origin of the prejudice to the distinction which existed in France between the different classes of society—which, of course, he derives from feudalism. He says, that the revolution of 1789 was the result of oppression, which drove the people into acts of violence, their minds having been excited by the writings of philosophers upon liberty and equality; and the affair of July, 1830, was the consequence of the five years' acts of the restoration. Upon these two points there can be but one opinion.

We cannot follow our author further in his elaborate and extremely forcible portrayal of the condition of France and the colony of St. Domingo immediately preceding the revolution of 1789. It would lead us into a dissertation that would end in a plethoric quarto. We have been delighted with his arguments, his style, and his philosophy, and those who have been ever accustomed to consider and treat the Negro as an animal inferior in intellectual capacity to the White man, will have their prejudices removed, their minds enlightened, and their understandings enlarged, by a perusal of this

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* The author means *white* planters.

† This affirmation must be received with some reservation.

really important work. The publication is a corroboration of the doctrine laid down by Pritchard in his History of Man, and carried out at length by Doctor Binns, in his *Prodromus towards an inquiry into the Intellectual Powers of the Negro.* Well may M. Linstant declare that prejudice of colour is fast dying away. Almost in the recollection of the author of this article, if a coloured person struck a white man in Jamaica, the law demanded that his hand should be lopped off. No coloured man could vote at an election, unless he had certain patent letters granted him by the house of assembly,—nor could he hold a commission in the Militia, plead at the bar, practise as a law attorney, or even hold the office of constable! But what a revolution has now taken place! Even before the emancipation of the Blacks, the few coloured and Black population were admitted to all the offices of honour and distinction which are proper to a colony. This wise policy had been insisted upon, even so far back as the time of Long, the historian of Jamaica, but it was always opposed, and chiefly by the later adventurers who settled in Jamaica. In carrying this act, the governor of Jamaica, Lord Normanby, then Lord Mulgrave, the descendant of the old blacksmith who fished up the Spanish galleon off the Coast of St. Domingo, and enriched both himself and the drunken Duke of Albermarle,—was excited by no noble or generous motives, but was entirely actuated by political and party considerations. He was chagrined at some notice taken by the newspapers of the island of the old blacksmith Phipps, and he was determined, as he averred, to humble the people. The vagaries which he committed, and which were followed up by that veracious nobleman Lord Sligo, are matters of history. We judge that Lord Normanby's motives were neither pure nor philosophical, from the fact, that as soon as he was promoted to office, he endeavoured by every means in his power to disfranchise the very persons he had pretended to enfranchise, but which attempt, thanks to the justice and patriotism of Sir Robert Peel, he failed to accomplish. It was a strange mode, indeed, of shewing his consideration for the freedom of the subject, and the principles of the British constitution, to seek to disfranchise, for no reason at all, 50,000 or 60,000 persons, out of a population of half a million. But then there were to be three commissioners appointed to govern the island at a yearly salary (we believe) of £20,000 per annum each, and as the Whigs then were composed, and are now, of a vast amount of pauper nobility, these sweets of office were temptations that seemed to have been irresistible. But let us cease to think of a party that has so long and so continuously proved its incompetency, tyranny, and injustice, and take leave of the works of M. Linstant, with feelings of pride and exultation, that another great proof, in the intellectual excellence of this ingenious Negro, has been offered, of the goodness, and greatness, and justice of the Creator, who has

not made one class of his creatures of the same family and species to be the subjects and slaves of another. No; in the words of Menander, as given by both M. Linstant and Dr. Binns—*Quiconque est né avec des sentimens généréux, fût il Nègre. . . . est noble.*

ART. VI.—*Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal to the Kingdom of Shoa.* By CHAS. JOHNSTON, M.R.C.S. 2 vols. Madden.

MR. JOHNSTON was the medical officer of the iron armed steamer *Phlegethon*, bound on secret service, it was rumoured, to the eastern coast of Africa or India. On reaching Calcutta, in 1841, he resigned his appointment, in order to carry out a long-cherished desire to penetrate the interior of Africa. He was introduced to members of the Government in India, who manifested every disposition to forward his enterprise; and at length he was put in charge of stores forwarded from Aden to the Embassy in Shoa, of which Major Harris was the head. Accordingly, having traversed the course of desert-country taken by the Major in his progress to the Highlands of Ethiopia, he arrived safely at his destination, being during his journey through the wild regions equally dependent upon the native tribes who were employed as his guides, though with this difference, that he had much less of the appearance and circumstance of official state.

Having reached the British mission in Shoa, almost the first thing our traveller did was to come to an open rupture with the Major, although the cause is not explained. One result of the quarrel was that the surgeon enjoyed not the countenance of the Embassy; and to add to his obstacles, he was afflicted with an intermittent fever, that had been of some standing, but was now aggravated by the rainy season; so that he was generally incapable of any very strenuous exertion, and sometimes prevented from leaving his couch. The consequence was that he saw but little even of the kingdom of Shoa, and, of course, was prevented from making those excursions into the countries on the confines of Shoa, and into the interior of Africa, which he had so earnestly contemplated. His principal residence was at a town called Aliu Amba, the air of that place agreeing with the medical demands of his disorder. Here he remained during his sojourn, with the exception of some visits to Ankobar, to have interviews with the King, Sahale Selassée, and a few short diverging journeys. All least his narrative does not inform us of larger or more important rambles. At the same time, it may be mentioned that the book abruptly breaks off. We learn, however, that something like a reconciliation was brought about between Mr. Johnston and Major Harris, and that the surgeon actually returned with the Mission.

It was a necessary consequence of Mr. Johnston's comparatively short sojourn, and also of his limited opportunities of observation and inquiry, that his narrative should present much less of newness in respect of subjects than that of Major Harris. But if there be a lack of novelty and variety in respect of things and objects, the poverty may be said to be brought up to an equivalent by means of the many differences of view entertained by our author; these extending to most essential points as well as to a multitude of subordinate questions. For example, the Surgeon dissents from the Major in relation to the character of the barbarous tribes inhabiting the deserts between the sea and Shoa. A number of points relative to the geographical characteristics of Abyssinia and the adjacent countries; others bearing upon social conditions and religious belief are contested. But our author goes further; for he criticizes sharply, and with disparaging and accusing force, the conduct of the Mission, flatly contradicting its head. The Anglo-Shoan politics, he declares, are in a most unsatisfactory condition. "I am convinced," he says, "that the physical failure of the expedition on the western coast, under Capt. Trotter, is much less to be regretted, than the great moral injury the cause of African civilization and English influence in that continent have sustained by the incapability of one man, and the ill-judged proceedings which characterised his ambassadorial career. I am not the proper person to sit in judgment upon any one; but I know, from personal experience, that as regards Southern Abyssinia, the merchant and the missionary must now seek other situations for carrying out their interesting and philanthropic projects, for the regeneration of Africa." According to our author, the influence of the French has become paramount in Shoa. The monarch, or Negoos, is represented as having been induced to sign a treaty, which Mr. Scott, the surveying draughtsman of the mission, confessed his majesty did not understand; having "only been made aware of the new responsibilities he had incurred, by a sharply worded expostulatory letter." In short, it is pretty plainly intimated that had not the Embassy departed at the time that it took itself away, it would have been unceremoniously dismissed.

We may here observe, that with regard to the portrait of the Negoos of Shoa, as drawn by our author, a favourable impression is conveyed, not only of his intelligence but of his temper and disposition. It was feared at one time, that in his anomalous position in respect of religious creeds, that he was inclined to a sort of Islamism, which, it may be presumed, can hardly be worse than the low and confused Christianity of the Abyssinian Church. The arrival, however, of the missionaries, Messrs. Isenbergh and Krapf, seems to have arrested the wavering King. It is, therefore, with pain that one follows Mr. Johnston, when he reports that the Negoos, on re-

ceiving the *expostulatory letter* which had been written by Mr. Krapf, in accordance to the dictation of the Ambassador, turned to the missionary and said, "in a tone more of sorrow than of anger, '*Did you write that, my father?*'"

It is throughout manifested that whenever an opportunity offers, the surgeon, like a man supposing himself to have been exceedingly ill-treated, never misses to have a fling at the Major. But it is not our business to pronounce judgment in the controversy; neither can we undertake to point out the exact truth, where the subject may be merely one for narrative, or a point upon which no two travellers may entirely agree. Neither of them, certainly, can be charged with giving too faint a picture of what our influence in Abyssinia is, might, and ought to be. In a commercial respect it seems to us to be overrated, not only on account of natural causes and obstacles, but of national character.

In a literary point of view merely, if the Surgeon's volumes want the animation of the Major's, they have also less of colouring; if they fall greatly short in respect of variety and adventure, they afford, from the way in which Mr. Johnston's lot was cast, a better and more real view of Shoan society and character as seen in its familiar, ordinary, and indoor complexion; for while the one travelled as an Ambassador and in comparative pomp, the other had the station of a private person, or an agent at best, whose means were limited. Contemplated as the people were, therefore, by our author, in a more close and less exaggerating manner, the pictures given of their manners and their character have not only greater vividness but a greater truthfulness. His sketches in these respects are often capital specimens, as are also some of his descriptions of scenery. He is not unsagacious in sundry of his speculations; while his numerous anecdotes serve to shed light upon the subjects which he handles. But the work is to be severely blamed in one respect; it is by far too bulky, considering the contents that have any considerable interest or value. It is encumbered with needless and not well conducted disquisitions; and several of the conjectures so lengthedly drawn out, could have been spared without loss or injury. Into one-half of the pages the book should have been compressed, not so much by a process of condensation as one of sheer excision. But now, as in duty bound, we give specimens, sometimes not only for the information they contain, but as illustrative of the author's ability and manner.

First impressions on a survey of the table-land of Abyssinia:

Thus was my eye conducted, and thus my view travelled, until the diminishing effects of distance gradually confounded particulars, and the strained sight was glad to find a bound to further vision in the nearly level line, encroaching upon the sky, that characterizes the bluff termination to the

east of the table-land of Abyssinia. All the time I was thus occupied, it never occurred to me that this long slope of about thirty miles, and rising gradually from the elevation of two thousand feet to that of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea,—that this gently inclined plane, covered with thousands of little hills, and as many little valleys, was the district of the so-called Abyssinian Alps. Of course I had quite a different idea of such a character of country, which required, I thought, the high towering, romantic rocks of mountain limestone, or of granite, that form the chief features of the Alps of Switzerland, or the equally wild scenery of the mountains of Sweden and Norway. I expected that I had yet to travel a long, long distance to obtain a view of those which I supposed to be stupendous hills, and never dreamt that such a sacrifice of truth for effect could be made, or such an erroneous judgment formed, as to call these little eminences the Abyssinian Alps. It is ridiculous so to name a succession of low, denuded hills; the top of almost every one of them being the perching-place of a little hamlet or town, whilst their sides are most beautifuly cultivated to their very summits, and exhibit, on the lower portions of the inclined plane, fields of cotton, of teff, or of maize; whilst the ascent on the journey to Shoa, admits of wheat, barley, and linseed being produced. Little rivulets, whose constant course has deepened their channels into valleys, and formed these hills out of the one level slope, trickle down until, by combining, they form streams, which sometimes do, and sometimes do not reach the Hawash. This river is, in fact, entirely formed of the waters of this slope, which is the prominent feature of the intermediate country between its stream and the terminating edge of the table-land above. A concluding remark upon the subject is, that it would be difficult to find one of these Abyssinian Alps that, from its base, independent of its position upon the slope, would measure seven hundred feet high.

The only scene of the nature of "Highlands," as the term is strictly understood in this country, described by Mr. Johnston, that we have met with, is that which we now extract; and even this but imperfectly meets our notions:—

It took us one hour to surmount this awful steep, which, had it been some thousand feet higher, might not, perhaps, have been unjustly compared with similar passes among the Alps; but, even then, the comparison would hold no longer than the ascent, for, arrived upon the summit, the stranger finds no descent, but an extensive table-land spread before him, and he cannot divest himself of an idea, that he has reached some new continent. A Scotch climate, and Scotch vegetation, wheat, barley and linseed, and yet still in inter-tropical Africa; he feels as if there must be some mistake. Everything, in fact, was different to what I had expected, and the nearly black skins of natives that we met seemed to be unnatural in a country where a chill breeze was blowing.

Here is a delightful landscape-sketch: it is of an Oasis:—

It was a beautiful spot which was selected for the encampment; the whole surface of the earth being one extensive green sward of fresh young grass. Mimosa-trees there grew to an extraordinary height, festooned from the topmost branches with a many-flowered climbing-plant, which, extending from tree to tree, formed a continued suite of the coolest bowers. The alitu also offered its thick shade of round velvet-like leaves; from amidst which its short white trunk seemed to represent the painted tent-pole of some bright green pavilion of the richest material. Doves in all directions fled, startled at our approach; only to return immediately, with louder cooing, to the quickly-remembered care of their young, who, in flat slightly built nests of dry sticks and grass, lay crowding to the centre, as if aware of the insecurity of their frail-built homes. Hares in great numbers bounded from beneath our feet, and after running a few yards, would turn to gaze again upon the intruders on the quiet of their retreats; whilst the tall stalking bustard scarcely deigned to notice our arrival, but seemingly intent upon his beetle-hunt, slowly removed himself from the increasing noise.

The scene was particularly inviting to me after the stones and sand of the previous few days' journey.

During Mr. Johnston's sojourn at Aliu Amba, a Galla favoured him with a variety of stories respecting the countries south and west of Shoa. We cite parts:—

On inquiring, however, what knowledge Karissa had of the Bahr oul Abiad, I found that he was entirely ignorant of such a river; and when I modified the name, by calling it the river of the Tokruree, or blacks, he instantly conceived I was speaking of the Kalli, that is well known to flow to the south and east of Kuffah into the Indian Ocean, and by which caravans of slaves are constantly passing between Zingero and the coast of Zannibar. There must, in fact, exist in this situation a most available road into the very centre of the continent of Africa, for I have subsequently seen Nubian slaves, who had been in the service of Zaid Zaid, Imaum of Zanzibar, that corroborated this statement of Karissa in every particular respecting the transit of slaves across the table-land of Abyssinia, from Sennaar to Lamoo, on the Indian Ocean, and so to the market of Zanzibar. Beyond the Abiah, I was now told, a nation of white people like ourselves existed, but who were cannibals, and had all their utensils made of iron; that they boiled and eat all intruders into their country. He stated, positively, that he had himself seen a woman of this people who had been brought to Enarea, and who had confirmed all the statements he was now making to me. To relate here all the absurd nonsense that Karissa entertained me with, would be sadly misappropriating space; but I could gather from the reports that a singular race of men live in the most jealous seclusion in a large desert-surrounded table-land, similar in many respects to that of Abyssinia. That they were civilized was evident, from the fact of their writing being said to be quite different from the Geez, and it is not a nation just emerged from barbarism that would possess a knowledge of such an abstruse art as that of writing. As to the tale of their being cannibals, I recollected

that, even at the present day, the very same report is entertained and believed by the negroes around Kordofan, of European habits, and that we ourselves are supposed by them to be cannibals. In this manner a stigma of cannibalism has been attached to the Dankilla, but which only shows how careful travellers ought to be before they promulgate such strange and absurd stories.

But our author found good reason at times to discredit his guides and informants, supplying an instructive hint to travellers. Here is an instance:—

Himyak, who was standing by, asked me if I knew what ivory was, or had ever seen an elephant. It so happened that I did not know the meaning of the word "*feel*," which is the Arabic term for elephant, and, as I hesitated in replying, Ebin Izaak, supposing I had never seen or heard of one, pointing to a large mimosa tree, informed me it was a *cow* as high as that; whilst another, with the butt end of his spear, drew a circle on the ground, having a diameter of about six feet, and swore positively that that was the size of the animal's foot. Such is the information we generally get from natives; and whether in natular history or geography, a traveller must exercise great caution in noting down accounts or descriptions which he receives. A native said this, or a native said that, is the cause of all the confusion that exists upon many important questions connected with central Africa.

In our last extract but one, there was something alleged about the Dankelli. This is further said of them with regard to an enormity of another order than that of cannibalism:—

Many of the Dankalli Bedouins do certainly sell their female children. Garahmee, as I have before observed, had thus disposed of three, and Moosa of two daughters; and on more than one occasion I had offered to me for sale, girls from ten to fourteen years old, at the price of about four or five dollars each. In merchandise, the value of a really handsome slave girl appears much more trifling than when paid for in hard dollars; as six or seven cubits of blue sood, worth about two shillings in England, is a more than sufficient temptation to induce even a mother to part with her child. These bargains, I observed, were always transacted with the female relatives; but the returns, I was told, were generally handed over to the fathers or brothers. The girls were frightened to death at the idea of being sold to me, but seemed happy enough to leave their desert homes in search of fortunes elsewhere, with masters of their own colour; and both parents and children, in these business transactions, supported themselves most stoically, although on the eve of being separated for ever.

Delicate dilemmas with the ladies:—

I was, as usual, strongly recommended whilst staying at Murroo to take a wife, like Ohmed Mahomed, Ebin Izaak, and in fact all the rest of my

companions; who, as is usual, had taken to themselves temporary helpmates. One of the girls, who presented herself to me as a candidate, was stated by her friends to be a very strong woman, and had had as many as four or five husbands. I thought this a rather strange recommendation; but it was evidently mentioned that she might find favour in my eyes. I dismissed her very unceremoniously, as if I did not altogether understand the proposal; but at the same time, gave her as proofs of my regard for her people, and of my strong platonic attachment to herself, a few red beads, and a little paper, that she had asked for in the first instance as her dower.

It requires some little address to keep clear of these unscrupulous ladies; and I frequently had cause to fear that my constant rejection of their addresses would be construed into an affront to the tribes to which they belonged. An Arab friend of mine I met at Mozambique, named Said Hamza, told me of an adventure of his in the country of the Muzeguahs, some five or six weeks' journey up the large river that empties itself into the Indian Ocean at Lamoo. He had been fined by the chief for forming some matrimonial connection without his authority; so he determined to have nothing more to do with their women. A girl coming into his hut, he accordingly walked out; and this caused a much greater quarrel than before, for the whole tribe asserted he had treated them with contempt by his haughty conduct towards the girl, and demanded to know if she were not good enough for him. Said Hamza in the end was again mulcted of a lot of brass wire and blue sood, before he could allay the national indignation, which his extreme caution had thus excited.

Such delicate dilemmas are best avoided, as I have before remarked, by engaging the first old woman that makes her appearance. To her must be referred all new comers of her sex; and she will generally manage to send them away without compromising the traveller at all.

Opposite hypotheses have been entertained respecting the inhabitants of Central Africa. One party is of opinion that it is the seat of civilization, the other that it is a region of the deepest barbarism. Our author inclines to the brighter side, and also clings to the hope that the mystery will ere long become unshrouded.

Nothing can be positively asserted; but I believe, myself, that we are on the eve of a most interesting ethnological and geographical discovery, that will at once afford a solution to all the strange and improbable accounts which have reached us respecting the inhabitants of central Africa. What we hear of dwarfs, cannibals, and communities of monkeys, may, perhaps, prove to be the muddied stream of information conveyed to us through the medium of ignorant and barbarous tribes; but which may have a foundation of an unexpected character in the existence of a nation in this situation, which, almost physically separated from the rest of the world by impassable deserts and unnavigable rivers, has continued in its original integrity that perfect condition of society which, once general, then almost extinguished, evidently preceded the barbarism from which the present transition-state has emerged, and which I believe to be gradually progressing to the re-attainment of the previous excellence of the primeval social institutions.

Last of all, we cite Mr. Johnston's conjectures relative to the Doko, or nation of dwarfs.

I will now direct attention to the principal characteristics of the modern Doko; but I may observe, that no Abyssinian I ever questioned upon the subject, either learned or Kuffah slave, could give me any information, excepting an old servant of Dr. Krapf, Roophael, who seemed fully acquainted with them, and I have seen him amusing a whole circle of Shoans with his relation of these people. But be it observed, that Ludolph's "History of Ethiopia" formed a part of his master's library; and he appeared perfectly familiar with the plate of the ant-eating monkeys, to which he always referred as his authority for his strange tale. The fullest accounts of these dwarfs is found in Major Harris's recent work, "The Highlands of Ethiopia." These, such as they are described, cannot, certainly, be men possessing reasoning powers; and without that necessary characteristic of human nature, I cannot conceive how the idea could have been entertained for an instant, that the Doko belonged to our species, or that they could have been believed to be the dwarfs supposed to exist in Africa by those ancient authors who have in their works treated upon the subject. Had it been shown that they possessed any tribute of humanity, a knowledge of God, for example, beyond a mere prostration with their feet against a tree, and a calling upon "*Yare! Yare!*" when in trouble or pain; or of social order beyond mere gregarious instinct; or of the simplest arts of life, requiring the exercise of the least reasoning powers;—then there might have been some reason to accord to the Doko the dignity of belonging to our species; but when we are fully acquainted with the character and manner of living of an animal, that coincides exactly with the chief characteristics of the habits of the Doko, it would have been more philosophical to have classed them at once with monkeys. In that case, no reasonable objection could have been made to the supposition that they were a new and distinct variety of that animal, and which, perhaps, admitted of domestication to a much greater extent than any with which we are at present acquainted. "None are ever sold out of the countries bordering the Gochob, and none, therefore, find their way to Shoa." This I consider to be another evidence of their being monkeys; for had they been real men and women, slave-dealers would most certainly have conveyed some of them either into northern Abyssinia or to Zanzibar. That the Doko may be monkeys admitting of considerable domestication I am the more inclined to believe, from the fact that the ancient Egyptians did call to their aid such a species of animal servants; and in many of the representations of the habits and arts of that interesting people, will be found instances where monkeys are employed upon the duty they are so well adapted for—that of collecting fruits for their masters.

Art. VII.

1. *Histoire Maritime de France.* Par Leon Guerin. 2d edition 2 vols. Paris, 1844.

2. *Note sur l'Etat des Forces Navales de la France.* Par S. A. R. M. le Prince de Joinville. Paris, 1844.

3. *Reponse à la Note sur l'Etat des Forces Navales de la France, suivie de quelques Considérations sur la Marine et le Commerce.* Par M. G. de la Landelle, ancien officer de Marine. Paris, 1844.

4. *Rapport sur le Matériel de la Marine.* Par M. le Baron Tupinier. Paris, 1838.

5. *The Ports, Arsenals, and Dockyards of France.* By a Traveller. Frazer. 1841.

In a recent number of our journal, in treating of the political crisis that has arisen off the northern coast of Africa, we touched slightly upon the present position of French maritime affairs in connection with the recent pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville. So very brief, indeed, were the observations we then had to make on the subject, that we doubt not we shall be excused for entering more at large on that now important and interesting topic, commencing as we are enabled to do, with a regular and consecutive "Maritime History of France" from the earliest period down to very modern times.

This purports to be not only a naval, but as the title indicates, a maritime history of France, embracing, though in a somewhat abridged form, that of the French provinces and coast towns; the history of the foundation, the progress or decline of the French seaports, as well as of the distant navigations, discoveries, and colonies of France, whether lost or preserved. It is somewhat remarkable, considering how fond of book-making our neighbours are, that such a history, comprehending an account of the provincial marine as well as that of the maritime towns, has been without precedent. The only work that at all approaches it in similitude or importance is the *Histoire générale de la Marine* of Boismêlé and Richebourg, published about 1744 in three volumes quarto. But in that publication there is nothing to be found relative to the provinces, the maritime towns, navigation to distant parts, discoveries, or colonizations. Boismêlé described absolutely nothing but naval combats; and even of them, scarcely anything is given of what occurred anterior to the reign of Louis XIV., with the close of which his work stops.

A general history of the naval art among different nations, ancient

as well as modern, is probably yet to be written. The present work arrogates to itself no such pretensions. The author flatters himself that he has chosen a labour much more level to his capacity, as well as to the apprehension of the general reader; and in this he has received the countenance, and even congratulations of many distinguished naval officers, who have expressed themselves highly gratified with the manner and spirit in which the work is written. He has obtained little or no help, he says, from the previous work of Boismêlé, nor have the histories of France, properly so called, stood him in much stead. "The contempt," he proceeds to say, with which they have treated the naval service, would seem to support that singular paradox which escaped, like so many others, from Madame de Sévigné, and seriously repeated by the president Hénault: —that since the battle of Actium, sea-fights had been productive of no results. This, however, must surely be understood, as having reference merely to France, and that in a limited or modified sense. So little, in fact, has the maritime history of France engaged the attention of the general historian, that M. de Sismondi, in the twenty-eight or thirty volumes of his *Histoire des Français*, has not devoted more to it than about a hundred pages. It is true, that previous to the time of Louis XIV., scarcely any materials existed for a maritime history of the country; and, indeed, this povety of materials is such that one could hardly believe that France possessed, before the seventeenth century, either coasts or towns, sea-ports or a marine, or seamen of any kind.

M. Guerin gives us an interesting account at the commencement of the primitive maritime establishments, upon the coasts of the country which now constitutes France. Hence, we have the origin of the towns of Nantes, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, and the state of the French naval power during the Norman conquest of England, and the epoch of the Crusades.

The Crusades, says one of our able contemporaries, which commenced under Philip Augustus, (Louis VIII.) tended in a considerable degree to accelerate the progress of the French navy; but when the French historians speak of the 700 armed vessels of Philip, of the expedition of St. Louis to the Holy Land, the embarking of 60,000 men at Aigues-Mortes, the departure from Cyprus with eighteen hundred vessels, the project under Charles VI. for an invasion of England, one cannot but discern amidst the haze of prejudice, exaggeration, and passion with which they abound, that these efforts were the product of the fitful fever of the moment, neither well directed nor well conceived, nor sustained by any definite or intelligible object. The greater number of the eighteen hundred vessels above stated, would be found on minute inquiry to be coasting smacks or barges, or large sloops, barks, galleys, or coracles hired from the Venetians, the Genoese, the Pisans, and navigated by outlandish and foreign sailors.

As was to be expected, the periods most interesting and critical in the history of the French marine, are those in which England and France come into conflict; and like all other writers of his nation, whenever M. Guerin has to describe the naval transactions of these early periods, he contrives almost invariably to award the palm of superiority to the maritime power of his own country. Speaking of the death of Charles V. of France, and the state in which he left the marine of his kingdom,—our author observes, "it was in this state of the kingdom that Charles V. died in the year 1380, leaving a marine which was become the terror of the English, insomuch that they scarcely durst show themselves upon the waters which separated their island from France."

But perhaps there cannot be given a better specimen of the general style, manner, and spirit of this writer than his description of the preparations for a grand descent upon England in 1386, under the famous Admiral Jean de Vienne, to which we have just alluded. That we may detract nothing from the full force of the passage, we give it in the original.

L'amiral Jean de Vienne, de son côté, luttait d'activité et de dévouement avec le connétable. Les nombreux vaisseaux que l'on avait fait construire et équiper dans les ports de royaume étaient loin de suffire pour le transport de l'armée d'envahissement. On rassembla, à prix d'argent, tout ce qu'on put en trouver, des côtes de la Castille à celles de la Prusse. Ils furent réunis, au mois de Septembre de l'anné, 1386, au nombre de trieze cent quatre-vingt-sept, entre l'Ecluse et Blankenberg. On eût dit que c'était un pont flottant que l'on voulait jeter de la côte de Flandre à celle d'Angleterre. Cent mille hommes au moins et cinquant mille chevaux devaient être embarqués sur cette flotte immense, dans laquelle pourtant, comme dans toutes celles du même siècle, il semble que les vaisseaux eussent perdu en grandeur ce qu'ils avaient gagné en nombre. C'était, entre les seigneurs de France, à qui déploierait sur ces vaisseaux le plus, de luxe et de magnificence. Des étoffes de la plus de la plus grande richesse les tapissaient; les plus brillantes couleurs les couvraient à l'envi: toutes les proues étincelaient d'or sur azur; les mâts, pressés comme les arbres d'une forêt, s'élevaient enlacés jusqu'au sommet de feuillages d'argent et d'or; les voiles étaient parsemées de devises, d'armoiries, d'écussons brodés en soie par les plus nobles dames, tandisque de tous côtés flottaient au gré du vent des banderoles, des flammes éclatantes, et les drapeaux et les étendards resplendissants des banneiets. Le jeune roi Charles VI. qui avait encore sa raison et qui était un prince de courageuse humeur, se prenait de joie au spectacle des préparatifs jusqu'alors inouës de cette expedition, de laquelle il se flattait d'être, et il disait, dans le langage de son temps, au vieux connétable de Clisson, qui l'écoutait le cour tout gonfle d'aise. Ami, j'ai été en mon vaissel, et me plaisent grandement les affaires de mer, et croi que serai bon marinier.—Vol. i. p. 115.

In giving a general *coup d'œil* of the marine of France under the celebrated Francis I., M. Guerin remarks:—

Few princes have more occupied themselves with the marine and the condition of the ports than Francis the First. It may be said that in this respect, he did all that it was possible to do in his time. His fleets were almost exclusively French; and though he had at his command the Dorias and the Genoese vessels, (for Genoa was then a dependency of France), he yet availed himself only of the services of his subjects. Whilst endeavouring, moreover, to attach to himself, on occasion and with a discernment which does him honour, the most skilful seamen of Italy, he could hardly dissimulate his predilection for those of his own country, whenever any one presented himself, as happened in the case of the baron de la Garde: he received him, promoted him with eagerness, and invested him with the highest naval offices. In uniting in the same personage, with the dignity of admiral of France, those of admiral of Guienne and admiral of Brittany, without however wounding provincial susceptibilities by the suppression of these two latter titles, he communicated a like impulsion, gave more of unity and force to the marine of the kingdom upon the ocean; he completed also that imposing naval concentration in putting the commander of the galleys, admiral of the Levant, under the orders of the admiral of France, when their fleets were found combined. Whilst beginning to form a royal and regular marine, he was far from neglecting a commercial marine, and knew how to derive from it the most signal services.

The marine of France greatly declined under the three last princes of the house of Valois; so that in fact, it may be said, that during the civil wars the French navy was at its lowest ebb. And when Henry IV. ascended the throne, he found the inconvenience of the despicable condition to which it had been reduced; he, therefore, set himself to revive, as far as in him lay, what had thus fallen into decay and ruin;—but the hand of the assassin cut him off ere he had completed his designs. His efforts, however, were not without their due effect; and, after his death, French commerce being in a very unprotected state, the states-general of 1627 were obliged to demand a navy of forty-five ships. On the complaint of the Parliament of Provence, the government awoke from its lethargy and purchased seven ships of war in Holland to cruise in the Mediterranean. But, already had there a man appeared upon the political stage to whom the glory of raising the French navy from its humiliating position is especially due; a man who, under a weak exterior, was possessed of an energy and perseverance that surmounted every obstacle; one of those rare spirits that know how to subject all their passions to one alone, their "ruling passion"; one of those political geniuses who appear from age to age in the history of a people, in order, it would seem, to mould the national movement to their will; a minister of sovereign power who, for all justice, lent an ear but to one word, the grandeur of the country of which he was the head; for already was Richelieu the soul of the government. In the sovereign dictatorship to which he had aspired, he did not forget the

marine; for no one in the kingdom had yet, like him, perceived its importance; his idea was, (though in this we think he was mistaken) that the empire of the sea had been awarded by nature to France. That he might not be thwarted in his projects, he deprived the Duke of Vendôme, under the plea of dissatisfaction, of the admiralship of Brittany; in 1626, purchased of the Duke of Montmorenci the post of admiral of France, and then suppressed it; and, afterwards, constituted himself the grand-master and superintendent of navigation and commerce. This was the prelude to a new era in the French marine. In the year 1627 Richelieu obtained from his sovereign, the permission to build ships. He established foundries of cannon at Bronage, at Marseilles, and at Havre-de-Grace. Nor did he confine himself to these material improvements. He instituted commercial companies for America and Canada, and thus directed the genius of his countrymen towards maritime enterprise, and speculation.

He was only solicitous, [says M. Guérin,] for the greatness of France, and in order to compass that, he sought the progressive and continued abasement of the house of Austria and of Spain; the repression of English insolence; the equality of the flag upon the seas. Knowing, as he used to say, that the old claims to maritime domination are power and not reason, he only demanded, in compliance with the wants of that age, and in order to attain his ends in reference to naval affairs, the construction of forty good substantial vessels for the ocean, and forty galleys in the Mediterranean, reserving to himself the choice of adding, in cases of urgency, to the naval power of the king, the naval forces of commerce, which he assisted and encouraged in every possible manner. And what Richelieu required, there is no doubt he very soon obtained. But the first requisite to enable him to dispose of this sudden start of France internally, was peace,—unity in the interior. Ill-advised was the rebellion of the Catholic party against his powerful will! Nor ought one to suppose that the cardinal-minister would entertain any more respect for the Huguenots, who scarcely concealed their intention of dividing France into petty republics. Richelieu decided on making an end to the business, and as speedily as possible, with his interior forces, to bring the whole energy of his political power to bear against the foreigner. He knew that with Rochelle the last hopes of the Huguenot party would be extinguished. He resolved on the siege of Rochelle, therefore, and, knowing that the English kept up continual relations with the inhabitants, he freely accepted a maritime war with England, notwithstanding the near alliance of the family of Charles I., sovereign of that kingdom, with Louis XIII. He ordered the seizure of all the effects the English possessed in France, in reprisal for the acts of hostility which they had commenced upon the coasts of Brittany and Normandy.

The taking of Rochelle in the following year, after a protracted siege, was the means of affording fuller scope and effect to the Cardinal's designs. Harbours were deepened and fortified; store-houses

and arsenals erected; and those engaged in any way in the building or navigating of ships, were forbidden, under severe penalties, to enter into the service of foreign powers. Richelieu died in 1642, but not before he had had the opportunity of witnessing the progress his country had made in nautical science and skill. Previous to his death, France possessed thirty-five galleys and sixty ships, one of the latter of which, named La Couronne, mounting seventy-two guns. This vessel, we are told, being two hundred feet in length, and forty-six in breadth, and an excellent sailor, excited so much interest and curiosity among the maritime countries of Europe, that several English and Dutch shipwrights made a journey to France to inspect her. During the minority of Louis XIV., the number of French men-of-war decreased, but before the wars of the Fronde in 1649, France still possessed twenty-five galleys, and about thirty two and three-deckers.

Great changes were introduced into the marine of France by Colbert. M. Guérin dwells largely on this fact; but before detailing what those changes were, treats us with a long chapter on the "Navigations lointaines et mémorables, découvertes et colonizations des Français, jusques et compris l'établissement des compagnies des Indes par les soins de Collert." Mazarin, when about to expire, is reported to have said to Louis XIV.: "I owe to you everything, Sire; but I believe I acquit myself in some sort with your Majesty, in giving you Colbert." This minister attained his knowledge of commerce through his post of controller-general of finances, and through commerce, he soon arrived to an intimate acquaintance with maritime affairs. He gave to France a mercantile code; he formed a general office of assurance in favour of the maritime towns, and a chamber of commerce, where the most intelligent merchants were invited to discuss the causes of national prosperity. And while encouraging agriculture, he accorded a special protection to the great manufacturing establishments. Colbert guaranteed to commerce, and particularly to that of the two Indian companies which he created, the support of the naval forces of the state. This solemn engagement, necessarily obliged him to give an extension hitherto unknown to the military marine of France.

When Louis XIV. assumd the reigns of government, France had no ships of the first and second class, and but few, and these in a ricketty condition, of an inferior order. Colbert ordered the breaking up of some of these and the sale of others, following up this order with measures for immediate reparation, and the construction of new vessels. He encouraged native skill and industry, and rendered his country much less dependent for shipping materials on other nations. He distributed the sea-faring population into classes and inscribed them, so that between 1668 and 1681, sixty thousand enrolled seamen were distributed over the maritime provinces. Mean-

while, the Indian companies affected the whole coast of France; and had their operations alone constituted the maritime movement witnessed at this period, a great benefit would have been the result. All along the coasts there were buildings raised to serve as entrepôts; in the smallest ports vessels were being built, which they were in a hurry to launch, in order to depart on a voyage of speculation across the ocean. Great, and rich, and poor, every one wished to encounter the hazards of the sea, every one felt a vanity in becoming a mariner; and as, in this vast struggle, the most daring were the most in esteem, all conditions seemed to approximate. Every one, to whatever rank he might belong, were he skilful, or were he courageous, sought to aspire to a naval command. Never has a movement so magnific been impressed upon the French shores, and this movement one man alone had produced. So that in less than five years France possessed a marine of thirty sail of the line, several of which mounted a hundred and ten, a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and thirty guns, besides a number of other vessels of an inferior rank; which number, in 1672, rose to sixty ships of the line and forty frigates, and which, continuing its ascending movement, reached 198 ships and 170,000 seamen, or more than a hundred thousand of the latter in addition to those enrolled. Whilst, under the direction of Vauban, the greatest of military engineers, five principal arsenals were created, namely, Toulon, Brest, Dunkirk, Rochefort, and Havre. "But," says an able contemporary, speaking of the progress of French maritime power, "these were but sudden spirts, indicating no steady national progress; and hence, about the end of Louis's reign, the navy languished and was neglected." Colbert died on the 6th of September, 1683, at the age of sixty-four. In the eyes of other nations, never had France appeared so fair as at this epoch. "Regulations," says our author, "on which neighbouring nations founded their administration; academies, whose glory rendered Paris the centre of the world; monuments, which equalled in splendour those of Rome and Greece; an industry immense, the products of which were the order of the day throughout all Europe; gigantic canals, magnificent harbours, some of which had been almost wholly reconstructed, others sprung suddenly from non-existence to rise as by enchantment to the highest state of grandeur and power; a marine which did not reckon less than two hundred and seventy-six ships of war, not to speak of an innumerable quantity of merchant vessels, the construction of which the state had encouraged and assisted:—these are what France had then to present to the marvelling regards of the foreigner; and the whole was, in greater part, the work of Colbert."

M. Guérin is fond of repetition and recapitulation. Lest we should not be duly impressed with his preceding record, he now and then stops to recapitulate and to marvel at the maritime glory of

France. Whenever he gets to a period similar to that of Louis XIV. for instance, in which her nautical progress was more than usually accelerated, he will not leave it until he has again treated his readers with a fresh *resumé* of the chief parts—and this he does almost *ad nauseam:*

"We'll lose no drop of that immortal man!"

Thus, the chapters detailing the maritime history of France under the *grande monarque* and his minister Colbert, are succeeded by another long one going over the same ground, and headed, "Maritime France at the peace of Nimeguen;—State of the coasts, the harbours and maritime places of France, under the reign of Louis XIV. with a retrospective *coup d'œil* of some of the maritime towns;—Administration of the marine, &c."

The four following chapters, recording events from the rupture of the peace of Nimeguen to the death of Louis, are replete with interesting matter, detailing as they do the various encounters of the English and French fleets at this period, more especially on the American coasts and in the West Indies, as well as the occasional descents upon Ireland. In these days of infernal machines and invisible shells in naval tactics, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to peruse this writer's account of the infernal machine employed against St. Malo, and the attack upon Brest in the year 1694.

Among the maritime places of France, whose privateers caused the greatest damage to the commerce of the allies, there was only Dunkirk that could contend with St. Malo. The English, knowing that the fleet of Tourville had been dismantled in the Mediterranean, projected an infernal execution against this latter town. The example of bombardments, it must be confessed, had been given them by Louis XIV., but they were for outdoing him, and an ordinary bombardment did not seem to them sufficiently capable of satiating their hatred against the people of St. Malo. Moreover, it is well known that the latter, from the year 1688 to 1697, captured from Great Britain and the United Provinces as many as three thousand three hundred and eighty-four merchant vessels and a hundred and sixty-two convoy ships. William III. therefore, moved by the complaints of the merchants of the two States over which his influence more particularly extended, sent against St. Malo an infernal machine under the escort of twenty-five vessels of second and third-rate rank, to annihilate at one stroke a town which had caused so many annoyances to the chief props of his ambition. It was a sort of reminiscence of the machine vainly sent against the dike of Rochelle, during the reign of Louis XIII. and the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu. Its success was no greater than that of its predecessor; it only destroyed a few roofs of houses and wall-fronts. The inhabitants of St. Malo, who had seen without inquietude the English squadron approach,

whose cruel design was at first masked under the Danish flag, a nation with which France was then at peace, were unmolested except in having had their sleep troubled in the night of the 30th of November, 1693; whilst their enemies were chagrined at the expense and shame of a mishap.

It is true that England held in reserve other schemes of vengeance against the maritime towns of France, for the following year. Louis XIV. appeared at the commencement of the campaign of 1694, to cede the ocean to the allies, in order to act as absolute master in the Mediterranean, and make a double impression upon Spain, and the maritime States of the Duke of Savoy, with the intention of causing them to sue for mercy, and detach them from the league of Augsburg. Whilst Tourville retained Genoa in neutrality and feigned an attack upon Barcelona, which brought on the taking of Girone by the Marshal de Noailles, the English and the Hollanders strove with diabolical conceptions to destroy, one after another, all the maritime towns of France. Their first project, in the year 1694, was against Brest. Lord Berkeley had the command of a fleet of sixty-one ships of war, English and Dutch, without reckoning the bomb-ketches and the infernal machines like that which had miscarried against St. Malo. The object of this armament was to destroy the principal fort of France upon the ocean,—by means of a simultaneous attack by land and sea. Louis XIV., apprised in time of the departure of the allies and of their projects of descent, entrusted the defence of Brest to Vauban, who made himself responsible for it. By the orders of this immortal engineer, mortars were placed under the direction of some fusileers and grenadiers, upon eight large flat boats; four of these boats were sent to the bay of Berthaume, two to Conquet, and the two others to the mouth of the river Châteaulin, to receive the enemy that dare approach these divers points. In a short time Vauban made the passages under the château bomb-proof. The vessels which were in the harbour were placed, by his direction, out of reach of the enemy's galliots. He disposed around the place, ninety mortars and three hundred pieces of cannon. In fine, there were in Brest a considerable number of bombardiers, three thousand Breton gentlemen, four thousand infantry, and a regiment of dragoons. Lord Berkeley arrived on the 7th of April, 1694, and cast anchor between the bay of Camaret and that of Berthaume. General Talmarsh, who was at the head of the enemy's troops destined for debarkation, wished first to make himself master of the port of Camaret, and advanced for that purpose, with a battalion of grenadiers and from eight to nine hundred men, in a sufficient number of *chaloupes*, whilst several war-ships protected his descent from all their fire. But the troops of Talmarsh, and the ships that were to second them, were received by batteries so skilfully disposed, that their terrible effects were most severely and fatally felt by the enemy. Vauban had posted in a retrenchment, not less skilfully managed, a battalion of marines under the orders of the Marquis de Langeron. The captain of this battalion, Benosse, perceiving the surprise and disorder of the enemy, sprung suddenly sword in hand from the intrenchment at the head of sixty men, who were immediately followed by sixty others, and charged the English and Dutch with so much vigour, that they put them to the rout, slew a great number, and pursued the rest to their chaloupes. These being over-crowded on a sudden, and the sea very

low at the time, remained stranded. The French infantry and cavalry hastened immediately to the spot, and obliged all those of the enemy who had not yet perished, or had not regained their vessels, to beg for quarter. This enterprise cost no less than two thousand men, prisoners and killed, on the part of the English and the Dutch. The General Talmarsh went to Plymouth to die of a wound received in this unfortunate descent. A Dutch ship of thirty-four guns, which had remained stranded, fell into the hands of the French; the English rear-admiral of the blue, two smaller ships, and a galliot of the same nation carrying five hundred soldiers, had been sunk by the batteries from the shore; those from among the other vessels of the enemy, who had been exposed in protecting the debarkation, had suffered greatly in their rigging and crews; so that it was with great difficulty they were brought back to England. Vol. 2, p. 83—86.

Such are the circumstantial details in which this writer deals whenever he has the slightest occasion to trumpet forth the naval prowess, skill, or success of his own people: but it is surprising, (nay, perhaps not surprising!) how few, if any, passages we meet with in this lengthy work, where any particulars are given at all, if even the fact itself be mentioned, when the French themselves were unsuccessful. So much for the fairness of some modern French *historians*. In fact, we are sometimes tempted to conclude, that this is a misnomer; and that, instead of *historians*, we ought to substitute *panegyrists*.

Our author thus concludes the fourth chapter of his second volume, in reference to the death of Louis XIV:—

En resumé, in spite of the interruption of his long prosperities since the peace of Riswick, Louis XIV., after a reign of seventy-two years, left France aggrandised by several provinces, fortified in all her coasts, enriched with fine harbours and vast colonies, respected even to the extremities of the world; her marine, after having ruled (*dominé*) over all the seas of the globe, still gave umbrage to England and Holland. Without speaking of the *éclat* diffused by the arts, sciences, and letters, it is enough that the reign of Louis XIV. ever reckons among the noblest in its great results, the fairest and most glorious of those that have rendered the European monarchies illustrious.

The maritime affairs of France, during the regency, and the reign of Louis XV., though in many respects interesting, are not of sufficient moment to induce us to dwell upon them; yet it may not be amiss to call attention to two circumstances to which this writer himself briefly alludes; namely, the gradual and continued abasement of the power of France before the advancing sway of England, and the eventual disappearance of the last maritime glories of the reign of Louis the XIV.

The war of 1754, terminated in 1763 by the peace of Paris, may

be said to have swept French vessels from the bosom of the ocean. At the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI., some important changes and promotions took place in the marine; the American struggle for independence too, roused the government of France, as well as the natives, from their apathy to maritime affairs; and between the years 1778 and 1783, the maritime forces of France, if not so good or so well appointed as in the reign of Louis XIV., were, at least, placed on a respectable footing. Alterations were now made in the construction of vessels, and, consequently, in the mode of sea-fighting. Of the comparative naval power and position of France and Great Britain at this period, that is, just previous to the declaration of war on account of American independence, does this vain and boasting writer thus speak; the passage, it must be confessed, somewhat reminds us of the feelings now existing between the two nations, as well as of their reciprocal position:—

There was no occasion [says he] to entertain fears in regard to English superiority of naval tactics, and still less was there cause of disquietude on account of the marine artillery, that of France being without a parallel at this period. Though France had a less number of vessels than England, she had enough in case of need, to maintain the struggle against the latter single-handed; they were generally in better condition and of a better construction than those of her adversaries. Moreover, in virtue of the family compact, the co-operation of the Spanish marine was assured to France. On the other hand, it could be perceived that Holland, rather than take part with Great Britain, would make common cause with the enemies of that power. The whole world waited with anxiety for the first cannon-shot between the French and English ships: on the one side a fair naval reputation was to be reconquered; on the other, the *prestige* of half a century's maritime successes to be preserved; on both sides, immense theoretical progress made during peace, skilful manœuvres, great tacticians, illustrious navigators, *savants* of the first order, who were disposed, like the celebrated Borda, to descend to the foaming arena, there to risk their persons in support of their new systems;—in both armaments, an *élite* of brave captains who burnt with impatience to come to the conflict, and many of whom seemed to long for the opportunity which was to make them great and illustrious men. In expectation of this vast struggle, both continents regarded the sea with respect,—the sea, which alone, for the first time in the modern world, was about to decide, as in the ancient days of Actium, the fate of both nations. Considering the progress of science during peace, there was a resemblance between the state of things then and now, when steam-ships have not been tried in combat;—the past taught nothing to the future; for a long time had there been a weighing of forces on both sides, for a long time hesitation. But at last the first cannon-shot went-forth; it was England that sent it. Two frigates, the *Belle-Poule*, of twenty-six guns, and the *Arethusa* of twenty-eight, had the honour of the rencontre which committed the two nations to the full indulgence of their reciprocal hatred, and commenced the war.

At the commencement of hostilities, the French naval forces consisted of sixty-four ships of the line, and a proportionate number of frigates and inferior vessels. Louis XVI. extended to the naval service of his kingdom, the warmest encouragement and support. In 1789, before the revolution, it consisted of eighty-one ships of the line, from 118 to 64 guns; of sixty-eight frigates, from 40 to 30 guns; and of 141 smaller craft; the whole armed with fourteen thousand guns, and manœuvred by seventy thousand sailors. The revolution, however, put an end to all that this monarch had effected. "We had, in 1789," says Kerguelen, "a powerful marine, and it is now" [speaking of the epoch of the Republic] "so to speak, annihilated."

M. Guérin devotes a chapter to each year of the American war, down to the peace of 1783. His last chapter describes the naval events that occurred from the conclusion of that peace, to the end of the reign of Louis XVI. In it are comprised some interesting facts; the works carried on at Toulon and Rochelle; the construction of the port of Cherbourg; the visit of the king to the latter, and his instructions for the voyage of La Peyrouse; the unfortunate end of that navigator; and the voyages of Bruni d'Entrecasteaux and Marchand in search of him. While these navigations were in the course of accomplishment, the French revolution advanced with giant strides, and beat down before it every obstacle. If it spared not Louis XVI., if it sent him to the scaffold, as it did on the 21st of January 1793, could it be expected to hesitate in degrading, or even sacrificing a few naval officers, who, unfortunately for themselves, besides shedding a lustre on the service with which they were connected, possessed, likewise, that of birth? In vain did d'Estaing and Kersaint give pledges of fidelity to the Republic. The office of high-admiral of France having been suppressed by a decree of the convention, and three posts of admiral having been created in its place, d'Estaing had had one of these. Kersaint had been on the point, about the same time, of becoming minister of the marine. But from the popular favour which had surrounded them as it were for a moment, both were destined to fall by the fatal knife. The venerable Duchaffaut, more than eighty years old, and while still suffering from the effects of his wounds, expired in prison. La Motte-Piquet, more fortunate, died peaceably at Brest, in 1791. La Touche-Tréville owed his safety to the movement of the 9th thermidor (27th July 1794). Promoted successively to the grades of rear-admiral and vice-admiral by the Republic, he signalized, in 1799, his transient command of the flotilla of Boulogne; he also made a brilliant expedition to St. Domingo in 1801. Invested with the command of the naval army of Toulon in 1804. La Touche-Tréville exhausted the remains of a health, for a long time enfeebled, in

fulfilling, with the activity of a young man, all the duties of his commission, and died, as he had wished, on shipboard, the 19th of August, of the same year. Kerguelen occupied, for a short time, important functions in the administration of the marine, and was named rear-admiral. Bougainoille passed through the revolutionary epoch unopposed and unimpeded, on account of his amiable qualities. Under the empire he became a senator, and enjoyed the honour of a navigator till the year 1811, the period of his death. As to the last of the high-admirals of France, *de nomine* rather than *de facto*, who preceded the Revolution, he was of so perfect a character, that a thousand hearts were found ready to defend him from the assaults under which his family became extinct: the good duc de Penthièvre, nominated commandant of the national guard of Eu, afterwards mayor of Brie, terminated his career at Vernon, on the 4th of August 1793, and, what is somewhat remarkable, not by the hand of the public executioner.

Louis XVI., at his death, left to France a flourishing commerce and valuable colonies. French commerce had, indeed, during his reign, made an advance unknown since the glorious days of Colbert. In the Indian ocean the French possessed the Isle of France, and the Isle of Bourbon; and although, on the one hand, the establishments at these two islands cost the nation between five and six millions annually for their administration and local defence, on the other, they secured its navigation and commerce in one of the richest seas of the globe. French dominion on the western coast of Africa extended over a territory of about two hundred and fifty leagues. The isles of St. Louis and Goree were the two principal establishments of the French on this coast. Upon the latter there was the strong fort of St. Michel. The differents posts or settlements which France possessed on the western coast of Africa, from Arguin and Portendie as far as Albreda, were provided with sufficient defences against the natives, and contributed to insure the trade in gums, which was then, as now, carried on with these countries. On the northern coast of Africa, in the Mediterranean, grants which extended as far back as the sixteenth century, and which had received, in 1694, the title of *concessions d'Afrique*, gave to the French, and especially to an association formed at Marseilles, under the name of the African Company, facilities for carrying on the coral fishery, as well as the commerce in corn, wax, wool, and leather, by means of the ports of Calle, Bonne, and Collo, and assured to France, in the regency of Algiers, a marked preference over other Christian nations. In consequence, a considerable maritime movement, less great, however, than that which was afterwards to result from the conquest itself of Algeria, was made at Marseilles.

In South America, French Guiana, by the enlightened administration of Malouet, was in a fair way of progress. At the Antilles, the

slave population had increased in less than ten years, in a manner to leave no doubt of the extraordinary prosperity to which the French islands had risen; in many cases, it had more than doubled from the year 1779 to the year 1788. As to St. Domingo, the number of slaves had there augmented, in that lapse of time, from two hundred and forty-nine thousand, to four hundred and five thousand; the white population, on the contrary, had diminished; in all the French Antilles there were only about fifty thousand whites; the part of St. Domingo dependent upon France contained between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand. This immense disproportion, which was a source of fortune to the governing country in time of peace and quietness, was to become a source of fatality and ruin if ever an open conflict should occur between it and its slaves. Towns and villages sprung up there as by enchantment. There were no less than forty-six parishes. The town of Port-au-Prince, by its happy situation at the great western gulf of the island, became the capital. The government of the colonies was distributed, under the reign of Louis XVI., into the civil and military administrations. The French portion of St. Domingo, by reason of its extent and its importance, had two superior councils, that of Port-au-Prince, and that of Cap, and several admiralties; it possessed also many particular commandants and two colonial regiments. La Martinique, Guadeloupe, St. Lucie, and Tobago, had each their particular government, though the governor of the first of these isles preserved the title of general commandant of the Windward Islands; Martinique and Guadeloupe had, besides, their organized superior councils, admiralties, and colonial regiments. Martinique had then its five important positions: the fort St. Pierre, fort Royal, fort Trinity, fort Morigot, and fort *du Mouillage*.

In order to maintain the colonies and the maritime glory of France, the government of Louis XVI. left to its successors sixty ships of the line well appointed, as many frigates or corvettes, and a great number of inferior vessels; officers of the highest distinction, able from their experience, and confident in their crews. Hence was France respected, as she had the power and the means of eliciting respect, upon all seas and in all quarters of the globe. In less than three years, from the 25th of October, 1790, which was the close of the ministry of La Luzerne, to the 11th of August, 1792, which inaugurated the republican era, and witnessed the commencement of the administration of Gaspard Monge, six ministers had succeeded one another in the department of the marine. But of all the the French administrators of this department of the public service, at any period, Colbert was unquestionably the ablest and the greatest.

The Republic, which was the author and cause of such a number of remarkable facts and occurrences on the continent of Europe,

was the epoch of great decline in the French marine. If France at this period, and during the Directory, were not altogether wanting in ships, she was wanting in capable officers. Moreover, the greater part of her colonies were lost; and the Negroes, in full revolt, and in the midst of the most sanguinary proceedings, proclaimed the independence of St. Domingo. In 1793, on the proposition of Jean-Bon Saint-André the white flag was replaced by the *pavillon tricolore*. The events of Toulon in the same year; the naval battle of the first of June, 1794, in which the French fleet commanded by Villaret-Joyeuse was totally defeated by the English, under Admiral Howe; that of Belle-Isle, and others of less importance, had contributed largely to exhaust the maritime forces of France, when the battles of Aboukir and Trafalgar, of glorious memory for England, came to complete their entire ruin. Thus, though Napoleon had endeavoured to gain back such superior naval officers as had quitted the service in disgust during the previous period, yet history bears witness to the fact, that the efforts of his admirals, such as Gantheaume, Mississy, and Villeneuve, were ineffectual when employed against the British men-of-war, commanded by Nelson, Cochrane, St. Vincent. It is somewhat remarkable, as M. Guérin justly observes, that the signal destruction of his naval power was never repaired "by the surprising genius who then presided over the destinies of Europe." Notwithstanding some subsequent slight actions, in which the French were victorious under Captain, afterwards Admiral Duperré, and Rear-Admiral Bouvet, they were unable to preserve their colonies, though temporarily restored by the peace of Amiens in 1802. Towards the close of the empire, the ports of France were in a state of blockade, and the vessels which the Emperor had caused to be built, remained for the most part inactive.

At the fall of the empire, England restored some of the French colonies; but the Isle of France, now called Mauritius, Tobago, and St. Lucie, remained in her possession; the island of St. Domingo, forming henceforth the republic of Haiti, was no longer among the number of the possessions of France.

The Restoration, in which are to be included the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., numbered among its patriotic ministers, Clermont-Tonnerre, and Hyde de Neuville, who exerted all their efforts to restore the marine of the kingdom. The part which the French, commanded by admiral de Rigny, took at the battle of Navarino, was as glorious as the event could admit of. The last year of the reign of Charles X. was marked by the memorable expedition of Algiers, which gave to France a vast territory, at a short distance from the shores of the Mediterranean, "and," says our author, in a would-be triumphant sneer against England, "capable of itself, whatever may be said of it, as the English well know, of making up for all the lost colonies."

Under the reign of Louis Philippe, little attention was at first bestowed upon the navy, and yet it cannot be said to have declined from the position which it had gained by the Algerine expedition. Hence, in 1831, a fleet, under the orders of Admiral Roussin, forced its way up the Tagus, strongly defended as the latter was by batteries; and a squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Baudin, took the fort of St. Jean-d'Ulloa, hitherto reputed inpregnable, on the coast of Mexico. In this last expedition, the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, acquitted himself, it is said, in a very gallant manner. Indeed, the dedication of this younger son of the king of the French, to the naval service, induced the latter to regard the interests of the marine with some favour. The prince was appointed, some short time afterwards, to the grand mission of transporting the bones of Napoleon from St. Helena, to their final and triumphal deposit, in the vaults of the Hospital of Invalids. He is now raised to the dignity of admiral.

Every one remembers the memorable year 1840, for the excitement and feverish state of anxiety that existed throughout Europe, on account of the "Eastern Question," as it was called. France was truly rampant for war with England, and England, cool and cautious as she generally is on such occasions, was not without her misgivings, though divested of all fear or perturbation as to what might be the issue of this extraordinary feeling on the part of her pugnacious neighbour. Then it was that the author of the work standing last on our list, visited the five great arsenals of Cherbourg, Brest, L'Orient, Rochefort, and Toulon. At the first of these places, he describes the progress made since 1827 in nautical improvements, and maritime conveniences, as exceedingly great. The harbour had been deepened, and the works commenced by Louis XVI., had been brought to a conclusion. Of the dockyard, harbour, and roadsted, of Brest, he also speaks most highly. Machinery, in its most recent improvements, is here well understood, and practised; and the number of workmen employed is very great, being no less than 12,638, of whom 3641 are galley slaves. But the port of L'Orient seemed to attract his attention, and excite his astonishment the most of any. Here the ships are of superior construction, and the industry and enthusiasm of the workmen truly surprising. Open as early as five o'clock in the morning, the dockyard is not closed till after sunset. Not only are the ships here generally superior as regards grace, force, sailing power, and durability, but the tactical arrangements are of a superior description, and our author observed slips for the construction of thirty vessels of all sizes. He also noticed workshops then in course of erection, in solid granite, for the building of steam-engines for vessels of war, and concludes, from the durability of the material, that the French government designs this as a regular branch of industry, and that, in this respect, we

are to consider France completely independent of England. From a careful and minute survey of all these arrangements, and the accommodations for the construction of vessels, the deduction of this "Traveller" is, that within the last ten years previous to his visit, France had made greater progress in naval affairs, than any nation in Europe. Moreover, there are some localities more especially devoted to the production of steam-engines; and the foundries and workshops employed for that purpose, are very spacious and excellently arranged. At Rochefort, too, great activity was apparent; the construction of steam-boats seemed to be the order of the day; two of 220 horse-power, and of the length of a 90-gun ship, were then on the stocks, and preparations were about to be made for four others of 440 horse-power. Not only were steam boats being built here with rapidity and zeal, but immense machinery was in the course of construction, with a view to the fabrication of steam-engines for vessels of war. All this was under the direction and management of the celebrated engineer, M. Hubert. But at Toulon, as we might naturally expect, there was, if possible, a still greater bustle and activity. At that famous port there are nearly 6000 free workmen in the dockyard, and upwards of 3500 galley slaves. A variety of nautical arrangements and accoutrements evidently demonstrating the advancing condition of France in maritime affairs, elicited this writer's special notice. Among other things he informs us that eight steamers were then plying between this port, Africa, Corsica, Italy, and the East. The arsenal and the fleet of Toulon, he says, are making, and must continue to make, great progress, provided France maintains her African colonies; and on the whole, he repeats, that within the last ten years, France has advanced in her navy, more rapidly than any European nation whatever.

It is now four years since our "Traveller" visited the "ports and arsenals, and dockyards of France," and more than three since his book was published. It undoubtedly excited some little attention at the time, as disclosing to the English people, and more particularly to those interested or curious in such matters, the actual naval power and position of France. But beyond a transient notice, it was not likely that such a book would extend the interest it might create. Men were too well assured of the pacific policy of the two ruling minds of France,—we mean Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, to be at all seriously alarmed by its statements. And nothing had occurred of any moment to disturb the dream of tranquillity and security, in which we were fain to indulge, till the Prince de Joinville comes forth, with a paper inserted first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of May last, and afterwards printed in the form of a cheap pamphlet, the object of which evidently was,—war with England. If that were not the object, it is difficult to say what was. It has been hinted, indeed, that it was to render the prince popular with the

sea service, in order to obtain a larger budget from the chambers, or that possibly there might have been the *arrière pensée* of justifying the appointment of the prince as commander of the expedition against Morocco, by pointing to the pamphlet as a proof of his patriotism.

One of the positions of the prince in this pamphlet is, that France is anxious for a strong and powerful navy to protect her interests and her honour. And, in reply, it might very seasonably be asked, who has threatened or attacked either the one or the other? But what the pamphlet principally insists upon, is the necessity to France of a great steam force. "Our line of conduct," says the prince, ought to be directed by the example of our neighbour. She creates for herself a formidable steam force, and reduces the number of her sailing vessels, of which she has discovered the uselessness." The answer to this was ably given by some of the newspapers, soon after the *brochure* appeared; and, therefore, as regards the grand distinction between the state of England in this respect, and that of France, and the superior claims and appliances enjoyed by the former for the full developement of the advantages of steam navigation, we need not here stop to discuss that question at any length. "Steam," the prince proceeds to say, "has changed the face of things, and our military resources can take the place of our impoverished navy. By the aid of steam, the most audacious war of aggression is henceforth practicable. A few hours will suffice to transport armies from France to Italy, to Holland, to Prussia. Steam leaves no such chances between France and her enemies, as existed thirty years ago, for this new resource is most admirably adapted to the special necessity of our country, and time, wind, and tide, cannot now disturb her, for she can calculate to the day and the hour. What has been done at Ancona by the aid of favourable winds, may now be done without and against winds with still greater quickness." But does the prince forget that if France avails herself, to whatever extent it may be, of the recent invention of steam-power, other nations, and more especially England, does and will do the same thing; and even as regards the latter country, with much greater facilities? Let France be assured that she can never invade England by the aid of this invention. In no country has the science of steam machinery, and the tremendous extension of steam power, been more promoted, or succeeded better, than in Great Britain. Hence, by sea at least, we are far more formidable to our enemies than in any previous epoch of our history. And, moreover, we have every reason to believe, that, transcendent as has been the maritime glory of our naval commanders in times past,—of such commanders as Nelson, Rodney, St. Vincent, &c., we have those among us still, whose ability, skill, and courage would render them equal to any emergency, and probably rivals of those distinguished heroes.

But the advice which this young admiral gives to his countrymen, that they should bestow all their attention on the equipment of war-steamers, seems most irrational and preposterous. Steam vessels, as now constructed, the veriest landsman must be aware, are not at all adapted for an engagement. The least derangement or accident to their paddle wheels would put them *hors de combat**. None are aware of this more completely than our English tars; and yet how much more needful were it for their own safety, that our neighbours should perceive it, inasmuch as it is well known that their materials are of an inferior quality to ours, their machines are of inferior power and workmanship, and for a supply of coal, they are dependent upon others.

There is, moreover, an important point on which the Prince de Joinvelle is at issue with the able and intelligent author of the "Report" that stands fourth on our list. The prince, on the one hand, asserts that there is an *excess* of the *materiaux de la marine* in the five great arsenals of France. The Baron Tupinier, on the other hand, an experienced government officer, a member of the Board of Admiralty, and *directeur des ports au ministère de la marine*, declares the contrary; that is, that there is not more of these materials than are sufficient to equip from twelve to fifteen ships, and as many frigates, which he considers necessary for the safety of the service. The forges of Brest and Toulon, he maintains, are insufficient. He tells us, besides, that not one of the arsenals contains a manufactory of projectiles; and he goes on to suggest many improvements in the port of Brest, and several in that of Toulon, each of which is of great importance to the navy of France,—much greater than the construction of war-steamers. Here, then, are two contradictory affirmations: which of the two is more worthy of belief? "Varius Sucronensis ait, Emilius Scaurus negat: utri creditis, quirites?

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* Since this was written, we have read the Prince de Joinville's own account of the action off Mogadore; from experience he seems to have become more aware of the liability of steamers to be suddenly and effectually deranged. He says, "A single ball might derange the machinery of a steamer and compel it to stop in a critical position, from which it could neither retire nor defend itself." On which the *Times* of September 13th, pointedly remarks,—"The Prince de Joinville is, it must be confessed, doubly unfortunate; when he writes a pamphlet on steam tactics, he entirely overlooks the obvious inconveniences which attend that new mode of conducting operations; but when he is conducting actual operations, he is at once arrested by the difficulty. A good naval officer, we venture to affirm, would have foreseen the danger in print and surmounted it on the quarter-deck; and we are justified in criticising with equal severity the author and the admiral."

"The three leading fallacies of this 'Note,' of the Prince de Joinville," says an able contemporary,* are these:—"1st, That steam navigation is an art in which the French are peculiarly fitted to excel, so that the means of war, as modified by this invention, are relatively more favourable to France than they were before that invention: 2nd, That the maritime authorities of England are disposed to rely principally on steam to carry on naval warfare, and that the British Admiralty are acting on this principle, not only by creating a powerful steam fleet, but by reducing the number of sailing vessels. 3rd, That the advantages to be derived from steam in privateering, and in local operations of a sudden character, would sensibly improve the maritime position of France."

It might be demonstrated, we think, without the possibility of cavil, that the first of these propositions is not founded on real fact. The invention of steam as an agent in navigation, is doubtless a great improvement, and an advantage to all nations that are able to make use of it; but to say that the French are peculiarly fitted to profit by it, is to assert what can scarcely be admitted. Every dispassionate person who knows anything of the peculiar capabilities of the two countries, will be ready to acknowledge that while France is supereminently distinguished for excelling in everything appertaining to military science and discipline, England far surpasses, because better adapted to surpass, from her position and singularly commercial spirit, all other countries, in undertakings of a nautical or maritime nature. To show this in detail, let us briefly advert to a statement of the number of marine steamers of each nation. Those of the United Kingdom, not of the royal navy, on the 31st of December, 1843, were 855 vessels, amounting to 109,288 tons; whereas, the steam merchant marine of the various ports of France, on the 31st of December, 1841, (the latest of which we have any account) was 107 vessels, amounting to 10,183 tons. We perceive from this statement that the steam mercantile navy of England is not only eight times as numerous as that of France, but its tonnage is nearly eleven times as considerable. Now, it may be asked, is this disproportion less or greater than than which exists between the *sailing* merchant-vessels of the two countries? Because if less, then the advantage of steam would be on the side of France:—but no, it is far greater; for we have only about twice as many registered ships of this class as the French; in tonnage, rather more than five times their naval capacity. This will decide on which side the adaptation of steam navigation to the natural resources of the respective countries, would appear to preponderate. Then, there is the system of internal communication constantly kept up by steam-vessels between the various ports of the

* The British and Foreign Review.

United Kingdom and Ireland; with some slight exceptions, scarcely worth calling exceptions, France has no internal steam communication for the transport of goods and passengers. Except at Havre, Nantes, and Bordeaux, situated at the mouths, respectively, of the Seine, the Loire and the Garonne, nearly all the ports of the Atlantic are effectually cut off from communications with the interior. Consequently, the French ports not having a supply of coal within a reasonable distance, are deprived of one most essential condition of steam navigation. Our neighbours are obliged, of course, to pay very dear for this necessary article, and much of what they consume is supplied from foreign sources. "All our maritime departments," says M. Chevalier, "from Bayonne to Havre, having no French coal-pits within reach, and being destitute of means of navigation to bring foreign coal from the neighbouring ports at a low rate, have been obliged, up to this time, to pay exorbitant prices for this combustible."* But there are other essentials to the full developement of steam navigation beside coal, and one of the first of these is iron, and the means of working it. Now, how stands the case with regard to these? The present prices for iron in France are double what they are in England, and as to steam-machinery, though we have already seen that the French engineering establishments have greatly improved of late, yet it is a great question if ever their marine engines can be made to equal in solidity or effect those made in this country. Until a recent period indeed, a large portion of the enginery on board French vessels was of English origin. These, and many other considerations which we have not space here allowed us to specify, will surely warrant us in doubting whether the opinion of the Prince Admiral is not founded on an imperfect induction of facts, when he wishes his countrymen to believe that the invention of naval steam-power has placed at the disposal of France, means "admirably adapted to her resources and the genius of the nation."

With regard to the second fallacy, that the British Admiralty have determined to give up "the wooden walls of Old England," and confide the protection of our country to a steam-fleet, this statement only shows how grossly ignorant the Prince is, like many political writers among his countrymen, of what is really doing in England. No doubt, there are many situations and many occasions in naval warfare, wherein steamers present decided advantages over the larger men-of-war; and hence their construction and appointment are not neglected; but in truth, there probably never was a period in our history, when more attention was paid not alone to the building of steamers, but to the whole subject of naval architecture, or when

* Michel Chevalier, Des Intérêts Matériels en France. 6me edition. p. 105.

more new ships of the line were prepared for future contingencies. Suffice it to say, that in the last twelve or thirteen years, twenty line-of-battle ships have been launched, four of which carry 120 guns, and none less than seventy. Here, then, is a fact which demolishes at once the Prince's fancied grounds of statement, that the maritime authorities in England are disposed to rely principally on steam to carry on a naval warfare.

Not only does the Prince display a remarkable state of ignorance as to our-well known maritime activity in guarding against the contingencies of war, but he appears to have very singular notions of the efficiency of steamers in warlike operations on a grand scale. Let France provide herself with a fleet of steamers, and then, says he,—(and we are puzzled to know which he displays most in this passage,—ignorance or gasconade:)—

> In the Mediterranean we should reign as masters; we should secure our conquest of Algiers, that vast field opened to our commerce and our civilization. And then the Mediterranean is too far from England; the arsenals of Malta and Gibraltar will never be able to maintain a steam fleet, which is so difficult and expensive to provision, and always in danger of sinking into inactivity for want of fuel. France is, therefore, free to act victoriously on this theatre; all her projects may be accomplished with steam ships, without caring for squadrons of sailing vessels, whose vigilance will be deceived, and whose swiftness will be surpassed." (! !)

With singular inconsistency, in the very next page to the passage here quoted, the Prince observes, that "with a steam navy England is in a condition to threaten all the Atlantic coast of France, and even to reign in the Mediterranean by cutting off our communications with Algiers and blockading all our ports." Now, what can be said of these contradictions, but that they are the result of a crude theory adopted by a very volatile writer?" England would require something more than a steam navy to preserve the maritime sovereignty of the Mediterranean, or to blockade the ports of France. It might serve as a very useful auxiliary to a powerful and efficient fleet, but it would be the height of folly for England to depend wholly on a steam force in any very important naval enterprises.

We shall offer but a few words on the third and last proposition. We have said that the object of the Prince in the publication of this *brochure* was war, or something like it; and that we are justified in this supposition, we think the following passage will prove;—a passage that we have read, and we have no doubt that our readers will peruse also, with feelings made up of surprise, indignation, and disgust—surprise, that the son of a pacific monarch, in relations of amity with the sovereign of this country, should have dared to give vent to such sentiments;—indignation, that his countrymen, who have uniformly of late years experienced the advantages of English

association, hospitality, and even welcome on British shores, should have given their countenance to them;—and disgust, that a well-educated native of a Christian country, and a high and dignified subject of a Christian government, should be allowed to give publicity to such views, nay should openly entertain them, without the marked and indignant reprehension of the supreme authorities. But we will quote the passage:—

It remains for me [says the Prince] now to speak of another means of action which, in the case of a war, we shall have to employ against England. Towards the close of the Empire, there issued from our harbours numbers of frigates, whose duty it was to sweep the seas, without uselessly engaging an enemy superior in number. These frigates inflicted serious losses on English commerce. To injure commerce is to injure the vital principle of England —is to strike at her heart. At the present moment, this lesson ought not to be lost to us, and we should put ourselves in a condition, on the first firing of cannon, to act powerfully against English commerce, with a view to destroy its confidence. To this end we should establish, in every part of the globe, judiciously-stationed cruisers. In the Channel and in the Mediterranean the task might will be confided to steamers. *Steamers used in the packet-service in time of peace would, from their quick sailing, make capital cruisers in time of war. They might chase, pillage, run down, and burn a merchant vessel, and even escape war steamers, whose sailing qualities would be impeded by their weight of metal. (!!!)*

The French political writers of the present day talk very loudly about the advantages to be expected from the conquest of Algeria in spreading their civilization. Here then we have one sample of what this civilization is—the open advocacy of fugitive privateering, as an improved system of modern warfare: "ex uno disce omnes." "Civilization," it has been well and truly said, "tends, if not to put an end to war altogether, at least to substitute the contest of regular forces for the cruelties of man; and we are persuaded that the spirit of our times, as well as the nature of modern inventions, would tend to discourage rather than to promote the odious practice of private warfare.

Art. VIII.

1. *A return of the Number of Persons convicted of Offences against the Game Laws during the year* 1843, and printed by order of the House of Commons, August, 1844.
2. *Selwyn's Nisi Prius,* tenth edition. *Game.*
3. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir* Robert Peel, *at Tamworth,* September, 1843.

The subject of the Game Laws in connection with the present ——tical position of British Agriculture, and, what is of no less im-

portance, in its bearing on the morals of the densely crowded, and still augmenting population of our rural districts, has for some time past occupied the attention of those who have made the condition and future prospects of Agriculture in England matters of serious reflection, and have watched the progress of the criminal statistics of this country. Several of the local farmers' clubs and agricultural associations have, in their official reports, commented on the havoc committed on their crops by game, at a time when, in consequence of foreign and colonial competition, and the feeling of instability caused by the apprehension of future changes in the Corn Trade, it has become absolutely necessary for them to collect all their resources, put forth all their energies, and by the adoption of the most approved methods of husbandry, as well as the expenditure of capital in drainage and other improvements, to raise the largest possible quantity of food at the least possible expense. Several leading landowners, including the right hon. baronet at the head of Her Majesty's Government, have recognised the justice of the complaints made by the cultivators of the soil, and have announced their intention of restricting the preservation of game on their estates. Parliamentary returns at the same time demonstrate that offences against the Game Laws are rapidly on the increase; and several magistrates and public authorities have expressed decided opinions to the effect, that the strict preservation of game in the centre of fertile agricultural counties, not only is a serious injury to the occupiers of farms, but tends materially to demoralize the labouring population. It is stated by journals, usually in possession of correct information, that the Secretary of State has for some time had the question under consideration, with a view to the introduction into Parliament next Session of a bill for the complete reivsion of the Game Laws.

Under these circumstances, we think it a proper opportunity to offer some observations on the operation of the present system, both upon agriculture and the morals of the labourers; tracing its history, pointing out its defects, and suggesting what may be in some measure a remedy for the evils which exist in relation to it.

To the Forest Laws imposed upon the Saxon population of Enggland by the Norman invader, we must look as the great original of our modern Game Laws. Under the Saxon Government, game was strictly preserved in the royal forests; for in this island hunting, as an ancient author remarks, hath ever been esteemed a most princely diversion and exercise. But every freeholder had the full liberty of sporting upon his own territories, provided he abstained from the king's forests. Passionately addicted to the pleasures of the chase, William the Conqueror and his sons established a far more rigorous and stringent system than had hitherto prevailed. The right of pursuing and taking all beasts of chase or venary, and such other animals as were accounted game, was declared to belong to the king

only, or to such as were authorised under him; and several districts were ruthlessly depopulated for the purpose of preserving game. The Normans extended their care to five wild "beast of venary"—the hart, the hind, the hare, the wolf, and the boar:—

Spumantenque dari pecora inter inertia votis, optat APRUM.

The "beasts of chase" were also five—the buck, the doe, the fox, the martrou [a large kind of weazel with valuable fur], and the roe. The "beast and fowls of warren," were the hare, the coney, the pheasant, and the partridge. To preserve this game, a code of laws were enacted, under the name of the Forest Laws, by virtue of which, the most abominable tyranny and atrocious cruelties were committed.* To kill a beast of chase was as penal as to kill a man—such value did those royal sportsmen set upon human life when weighed in the scale against their own pleasures!

Our ancestors naturally winced under these audacious enactments, which set at defiance all principles of natural justice. They contended earnestly for their relaxation; and, accordingly, observes Sir William Blackstone, "the immunities of the *charta de foresta* were as warmly contended for, and extorted from the king with as much difficulty, as those of *Magna Charta* itself." This charter was confirmed by Parliament, 9 Henry III., and many forests were disafforested; while the severity of the whole code was mitigated.

From this root, to quote the words of the eminent judge already named, has sprung a bastard slip known by thename of the Game Laws, now arrived to, and wantoning in, its highest vigour; both founded on the same unreasonable notion of the permanent property in wild creatures.

That these laws were, in some measure, demanded by the Act 1 and 2 Will. IV. c. 32, passed in 1831, we do not deny. The abrogation of the invidious and impolitic clauses respecting qualifications by birth and estate, to shoot game, was an improvement; and the regulation making game an article of lawful traffic, has been, in one point of view, attended with beneficial consequences. But all the substantial evils of the old system were perpetuated; and an extensive alteration in our present Game Laws is loudly demanded by the interests of the country, on the following grounds:

1. Because the preserving of game to anything like the extent to which it is now preserved, is injurious to the agricultural interests;

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* Richard I. renewed the severe laws against transgressors in his forests, whom he punished by putting out their eyes, &c., as in the reign of his great grandfather.—*Hume's History of England.*

the crops being seriously injured by the multitude of game that now overrun the country.

2. Because the principle on which all game laws are based, viz., that permanent property can be acquired in creatures, *ferœ naturæ*, which can change their abode and owner at pleasure, has always been regarded by the English peasantry, as Blackstone (Commentaries, Book iv. c. 33, page 416,) expressed it, as an unreasonable notion; and because, consequently, the game laws offered strong temptations to the rural population to infringe upon the law; thus, generating habits which tend toward crime and a contempt of the public authorities.

There have been acts of parliament in abundance for the purpose of creating property in game; for example, 13 Rich. 1; 21 Edw. 1; 11 Hen. 7; 25 Hen. 8; 23 Eliz.; 1 Jac. 1; 22 and 23 Car. 2; 4 and 5 Will. and Mary; 5 Ann; 13 Geo. 3, c. 80. But to what purpose all these musty statutes? You cannot reconcile the farmer, who is prevented from touching the hares that swarm in his fields, and devour, and what is worse, destroy his produce with impunity before his eyes, to the system; and every effort has hitherto been in vain, to convince the Yorkshire or the Suffolk ploughman returning from work, that it is just that he should be restrained from knocking on the head the animal that runs wild across his path, or from pursuing and capturing the "top and bottom dishes" that scamper at large, on the Queen's high road.

The Act of 1831, defined the word game, as including hares, partridges, pheasants, grouse, heath or moor game, black game, and bustards; and imposed innumerable penalties upon those who destroyed any of these animals. Under all the leases then existing, the sole right of the landlord to kill the game on his tenants' farms, unless where there were special covenants reserving the right to the tenant, was fully recognized; so that where the lease was silent on the subject, the occupier was held to have no power to destroy the game on his lands: "The lessor or landlord may enter upon land occupied under any lease or agreement made prior to the act, *or authorise any other certified person to enter upon such land*, to kill or to take game thereon, and no such occupier as aforesaid, may kill or take game upon such land, except where such right has been expressly granted by such lease or agreement." In the leases in existence in November 1831, there was rarely, if ever, a clause, authorising the tenant to kill game, and on the majority of estates, there are *no leases at all*. The custom, of course, always was, that the landlord was entitled to the game; but it would have been, in our opinion, more beneficial and more equitable, if it were enacted, that unless there were a special agreement *reserving the right of the lessor to the game*, the occupier should have

power over it. Such an arrangement would materially check the preservation of game for the unsportsmanlike purpose of *sending it to market;* while it would promote a fair understanding between the landlord desirous of enjoying field sports, and the agriculturist. *All present game is preserved, not only for the amusement of country gentlemen who love a day's shooting, but for the benefit of parties who relish no such amusement, and look upon game as a saleable article!*

By the 12th sect. it is provided that where the right of killing the game upon any land is given by the act to any lessor or landlord in exclusion of the right of the occupier of such land, or where such exclusive right hath been or shall be especially reserved by or granted to, or doth or shall belong to the lessor, landlord or any person other than the occupier of such land, shall pursue, kill, or take any game upon such land, or shall give permission to any person so to do, without the authority of the lessor, landlord, or other person having the right of killing the game upon such land, such occupier shall, on conviction thereof before two Justices of the Peace, pay a sum not exceeding £2, and for every head of game so killed or taken, a sum not exceeding £1 with costs.

In cases where game is specially reserved by covenant to the landlord, it is of course no more than just that the tenant should be liable to punishment for invasion of the rights of the landlord. But it may well be questioned whether the present remedy given to the landlord is the best that could be devised. Many are of opinion that it would be desirable to leave him to the common remedy of an ACTION. The present is too summary, too stringent, and perhaps places the occupier too much in the power of the lessor.

We beg to remark that we by no means wish to deprive country gentlemen of their recreations, to cut off from them all manly out-door sports; and, by abridging their pleasures on their estates, to force them to abandon their country halls and seats, and exchange the healthful amusements of the gun for the exciting gaieties of the Metropolis. We do not say,

> Ride not, course not, hunt not, shoot not,
> Dance not, flirt not, fiddle not, flute not;
> Do not play at whist or ecarté,
> Never go out to an evening party.

We should be sorry to interfere with the legitimate pastimes of country gentlemen; because those pastimes attach the genty to their homes; and thus secure to the country the blessings and advantages of a resident proprietary. But it may safely be predicted that the excessive preservation of game is not necessary or congenial to gen-

uine sport; and that the present penal code is in many points fraught with mischief. The sportsman of old used to sing as he sallied forth,—

> For exercise, air, to the field I repair,
> With spirits unclouded and bright;
> The pleasures I find, no stings leave behind,
> But health and diversion unite.

But what is the character of much of the sport, to preserve which the existing Game Laws are maintained? Read the paragraphs which may be found every day during the season in the fashionable papers. The following will serve as a specimen :—

SPORT.—The following is a list of the game killed during the last week by a small party on a visit to the Hon. ——, at ——— park :—On the two days, pheasants 279, partridges 13, hares 225, rabbits 216, woodcocks 12, snipes, teal, and other water-fowl 29; total 774. Last three days, pheasants 180, partridges 21, hares 177, total 615. Grand total 1839.

This wholesale butchery scarcely deserves the name of "sport." Such inglorious warfare in well-stocked preserves, has surely little to recommend it to the thorough sportsman. If bracing air, vigorous exercise, and healthful excitement be wanted, commend us to the moors.

In viewing the Game Laws with reference to the present position and prospects of British Agriculture, it must be confessed that they assume an aspect of grave importance. It is, we think, impossible to enter into an examination of the great controversy which has for some time agitated England and Scotland, without being impressed with the fact, that the time has arrived when British farmers not only apply modern science to the cultivation of the soil, but when those animals which now devour so large a portion of the fruits of the earth, should be materially reduced in numbers, and in some cases exterminated. Several of the best husbandmen in England have pronounced the present system of preserving game to be adverse to the interests of agriculture; and if the matter were rested on mere economical grounds, a strong case could be made out against the policy of our Game Laws.

At the meeting of the Lichfield Agricultural Association in September last, Lord HATHERTON made the following statement: "that he knew from his experience as a stock farmer, *that it was impossible to succeed where game was rigidly preserved;* it was therefore his intention to destroy all the rabbits and hares upon 900 acres of his land." At a similar meeting at Tamworth, Sir ROBERT PEEL admitted that much damage was done to the crops by the abundance of hares and rabbits; and concluded his remarks by saying, that he

should be pleased when there was not a single rabbit on the whole of his property. The remarks of Mr. William Richardson, a tenant farmer of Lincolnshire, may be taken as an index of the sentiments of the class to which he belongs, on this question:—

Where men have cultivated their land at great labour and expense, *was it not a shame that the produce should be thus eaten away by those obnoxious vermin?* Let the landlords keep their game and the tenants their corn to themselves, and let them feed the population of this country at the least possible expense.

A most startling exhibition of the ravages committed by game, is made in a letter from Mr. A Hallon, of Cowdenlaws. It appears that on about 700 Scotch acres of land, held by Mr. Hallon and four other farmers, for crop in 1841, the sum of £700 sterling was awarded them as compensation for the damages done by the game; and they did not think that they were indemnified by that sum. "No arbiter, whatever," he says, "can estimate the damage which our crops sustain during the whole time from being sown till again in the stack-yard; as pheasants, partridges, &c., first pick up the seed, and cause a thin braird; then the rabbits and game eat it down as soon as it comes above the ground; so that what comes to maturity at last, is deficient in quality and full of greens, being rather like a second crop, in many instances, than a first." Some farmers calculate, that four hares consume as much as a sheep.

The following facts, stated by a respectable conservative and agricultural provincial newspaper, the *Herts and Beds. County Press*, are deserving of serious consideration:—

In order to arrive at the truth, we have made patient inquiries in several districts, and we have found to our amazement, that many farmers are injured to an extent equal to an additional rental of ten shillings per acre on the whole of their holdings, by hares alone, putting altogether out of view the damage done by rabbits, which may be fairly estimated at a similar sum. This of itself is surely a great fact, and the question naturally arises whether there is not something radically wrong in the system which compels a tenant to submit to have his farm overrun, and his produce consumed, without the power to destroy or to obtain compensation, except by a tedious and most vexatious process. This is a question for consideration by all well disposed landlords; and we doubt not, that it only requires to be put plainly before them, to ensure a more equitable state of things. The necessity for this is so palpable, that one instance of grievous injury sustained by means of the system alone, requires to be mentioned. A tenant occupying 500 acres, has to keep no less than 1,000 hares, the average being ascertained to be two hares to an acre; in many parts of Bedfordshire the average is far higher. No stipulation for these is made on his entering the farm: in course of time the landlord (perhaps a new one) finds that hares are a useful marketable commodity at 1s. 6d. each, and he has them strictly preserved at his tenant's

expense—*not, mind, for the sake of showing sport to his friends and neighbours*, but for slaughter by his keepers, who, be it observed, are paid by the proceeds of the sales effected at Leadenhall! We subjoin a statement of the profit and loss to landlord and tenant, in the instance above referred to:—

	£.	s.	d.
"Loss to tenants by the consumption of 1,000 hares, on a farm of 500 acres, per annum, as estimated by an old observer and sufferer, is equal at 17s. 6d. each, *i. e.* 1 sheep to 5 hares at 3s. 6d. each	175	0	0
Waste caused by hares in feeding equal to one fourth ..	43	15	0
	£218	15	0
Gain to landlord by sale of 1,000 hares at Leadenhall Market, at 1s. 6d. each	£75	0	0

N. B. Every hare on a farm costs or wastes annually, to the value of 4s. 6d. at least; rabbits 2s. each."

An Oxfordshire farmer makes the following calculation. If we take the quantity of land under cultivation in England, to be twenty-five millions of acres, and assume that the depredations committed by game, amount in value, to one bushel of wheat per acre, the loss would amount, with wheat at 56*s.* per quarter, to £8,750,000 annually, a sum that would pay the whole poor-rate of the country, which never exceeded the sum of £8,622,920. It is material to observe, that game damage corn not only by what they eat, but to a much larger extent, by what they *destroy*; the farmer frequently finding in his fields, large patches of land with the corn cut through, and the upper part of the stem lying on the ground, as if the only object of the hares was to clear a road for themselves. Sir Harry Verney, a Buckinghamshire magistrate, recently made some pointed remarks on this subject:—

I think the sanction and co-operation of the magistrates would aid very materially in inducing the Government to propose a measure on the subject; and I entertain the hope that those who, by giving their time and attention to the affairs of the county, do the inhabitants important service, will confer on them an additional benefit, and obtain another claim to their gratitude, by representing in forcible terms the vast amount of injury caused by the preservation of game in very great abundance. I am confident, gentlemen, that the subject is one of the utmost importance to the welfare of all classes among us, and I intend to give notice at the adjourned Sessions, of a motion in reference to it.

After the startling facts that we have mentioned, who can doubt the propriety of attempting to devise some means to put an end to the present state of things? The farmers have felt severely the operation of the New Corn Bill, the Tariff, and the Canada Flour Bill, in conjunction with the Income Tax, on profits; and have

strong claims upon the legislature for relief, wherever it can be afforded without injury to the rights of other classes of the community, or the general welfare of the country. The government are, we have reason to believe, fully alive to the importance of the subject. A year ago, Sir Robert Peel publicly expressed his opinions with reference to the preserving of game, as far as the interests of the farmers were concerned; and Sir James Graham is now understood to have originated very extensive inquiries relative to offences against the Game Laws.

The returns lately laid before the Houses of Parliament, by no means exhibit the operation of the Game Laws in a favourable light. During the year 1843 there were no less than FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE persons convicted in England and Wales for offences against the Game Laws; while thirty-four men were transported for the same. The cost of prosecuting the culprits, and maintaining their families when thrown on the parish, is estimated at £100,000 a year. Since the commencement of the year 1844, there have been four cases of murder arising out of these laws. A short time ago, a young man named Roberts was executed in front of Kirkdale jail, for killing in a poaching affray, Lord Stanley's gamekeeper. About the same period, James Elesley was committed by the Coroner of West Surrey, for the murder of Lord Grantley's game-keeper; and since then, another unfortunate man has been executed at York Castle, for killing under nearly similar circumstances, a game-keeper employed by the Marquis of Normanby. Another game-keeper in the employment of Sir Thomas F. Boughey, Staffordshire, was shot during the month of August, and died about ten minutes after he received the poacher's fire. Perhaps too, it ought to be added, that since this last-mentioned catastrophe, two of the Earl of Stradbroke's game-keepers in Suffolk have committed suicide, from excitement and vexation, it is generally surmised, arising from their harassing and obnoxious employment.

The effects of the Game Laws on the general habits of the peasantry, are, it is to be feared, exceedingly bad. At the Suffolk Summer Assizes, Mr. Baron Alderson, in charging the grand jury, said, "they would permit him to suggest, that in the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, gentlemen particularly attended to the preservation of game. The question they would consider was, *whether this had anything to do with arousing any parts of the population to acts of mischief?*" Generally speaking, game is now more plentiful than ever, and it meets a ready sale in every market. The temptations of the labourers are multiplied—game running wild upon the right hand and the left, and high prices! The sale of game has tended to keep down the price of poultry, but it has extended the operations of the poacher. When it is considered, how often a labourer has the opportunity of killing a hare or bird without detection, can we

be surprised that so many yield to temptation; especially when we reflect on the destitute condition of a large portion of the population? Persons inspired with contempt for any of the laws of the land, or accustomed to disobedience of authority in one case, will gradually acquire a disregard for all law. Few poachers follow in Shakspeare's footsteps—have their frolic, libel the justice, and having sown their wild oats—reform. No: *Facilis descensus Averni.* The country lad begins by bagging a partridge; next he captures a hare; till at length, led on step by step, and grown daring by impunity, he takes the field by night with some desperate companions, baffles the watchers, and too often settles down into the hardened villain, that will not hesitate to mark his sullen vengeance by midnight incendiarism.

ART. IX.—*Essays on Natural History.* By CHARLES WATERTON. Second Series. Longman.

Mr. WATERTON has never published more racy and characteristic pages than these. Never did he appear more unaffected and unreserved; never were his generosities and humanities beheld to better advantage. It was widely before known that he is one of the most estimable of proprietors, the best of landlords, as well as the most enthusiastic and liberal students of nature. He is an indefatigable labourer in the science of rural economy, and the most practical of philosophers. To be sure, he has singularities other than those of going further than, and beyond, most men in recognized and approved paths; for he is remarkable also on account of the odd ways he frequently takes, and the strange notions he cherishes. But in no instance does he cease to command your respect and liking; for even when you may laugh, or may shake a head of doubt and of dissent, the fair dealing and thorough honesty of the individual, his manly tone of sentiment, his heart of tenderness, his unquestioned range of knowledge, and his powers of thought, together with his boldness of enterprise,—place him at a vast height above the drivellers who assume eccentricities, or who give themselves up to morbid fancies.

We shall not on the present occasion, however, expend words relative to the speculation which such a character, or such a history as that of the Squire of Walton-Hall, Yorkshire, has provoked. We rather refer to the review of the *first series* of his Essays, to be found in our second volume for 1838, for certain of our remarks, in order also to eschew repetition. To an extract, besides, from Sir George Head's "Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England in the Summer of 1835," we beg to direct attention, as bearing very

closely on some of the features in the celebrated "Wanderings," and other peculiarities of Mr. Waterton's head and disposition. Accordingly, we adopt a direct and narrowed course,—one that is easy and simple, but which may, at the same time, serve the purpose as well, namely, that of pointing out to our readers where they may, without any considerable trouble or expense, fall in with more of character, of incident, anecdote, amusement, and information than, at the moment, we can name as treasured in one volume, purporting to contain merely papers on "Natural History" and a rapid "Autobiography."

We started with pronouncing upon the characteristic contents of the pages before us, and with an acknowledgment of the superior sentiments that pervade them. But a prefatory notice now to be cited, cannot fail to make a much deeper impression and afford a far richer promise than anything we might attempt. "The volume," says Mr. Waterton, "which I now present to an indulgent public, is an unsolicited donation to the widow of my poor departed friend, Mr. Loudon, whose vast labours in the cause of science have insured to him an imperishable reputation. If this trifling present on my part shall be the medium of conveying one single drop of balm to the wound, which it has pleased Heaven lately to inflict on the heart of that excellent lady, my time will have been well employed, and my endeavours amply rewarded."

We must notice one other short statement that is an index, having a large scope and abundant exemplification. The Naturalist was about to sail for the continent, where he was likely to remain for a considerable period. He had, therefore, various instructions to lay down for the servants who remained behind. For example, he "called up the gamekeeper and made him promise, as he valued his place, that he would protect all hawks, crows, herons, jays, and magpies within the precincts of the park," during the sojourn abroad of the master himself. This is quite after the manner of the ardour we noticed in the review of the former series, in which Mr. Waterton advocates the cause of creatures that have got a bad name.

We have not been able to come to such a nice decision as to say whether the "Autobiography" as continued in the present volume, or the "Essays," are the most entertaining and curious part of the publication. In fact, the one department so often and completely invades the other—so much of the man as well as the naturalist stand forth,—so much of the author, the tourist, and the enthusiastic student of the inferior creation, in all that is thought, done, and written, that you read on, and re-read, heedless of irregularity, and with such a combination of entertainment and instruction as is perfectly extraordinary. The interest of the particulars, however common-place or trivial they might seem in another man's hands, never flags, for you so constantly see the worthy author's sincere,

although oft facetious, self, in whatever is transacted or described, as to be both bettered and pleased. Indeed, we question whether it be possible for him to dissever his own personality from anything he thinks about or looks upon; or to fatigue his readers, whatever the thing be that he puts pen to. It is to be regretted, therefore, that this is to be the last of his publishing ventures.

Mr. Waterton's account of himself, in the present volume, commences where left off in the former, bringing it down to the current year. The greater portion of this time was passed on the Continent, with his son and two sisters-in-law. Catholic countries have great attractions naturally for a person of our author's religious and strong persuasions. The Eternal City therefore soon received the travellers, which the ornithologist entered in a style worthy of the most devout and persevering pilgrim, *albeit* he modestly gives another reason for the exploit than that of real and profound devotion. This is his story:—

I had a little adventure on the road from Baccano to Rome not worth relating, but which I deem necessary to be introduced here in order that some of my friends in the latter city, and others in England, may not give me credit for an affair which deserves no credit at all. These good friends had got it into their heads that I had reached Rome after walking barefoot for nearly twenty miles, in order to show my respect and reverence for the sacred capital of the Christian world. Would that my motive had been as pure as represented! The sanctity of the churches, the remains of holy martyrs which enrich them, the relics of canonized saints placed in such profusion throughout them, might well induce a Catholic traveller to adopt this easy and simple mode of showing his religious feeling. But unfortunately that idea never entered my mind at the time; I had no other motives than those of easy walking and of self-enjoyment. The affair which caused the talk, took place as follows. We had arrived at Baccano in the evening, and whilst we were at tea, I proposed to our excellent friend Mr. Fletcher, who had joined us at Cologne, that we should leave the inn at four the next morning on foot for Rome, and secure lodgings for the ladies, who would follow us in the carriage after a nine o'clock breakfast. Having been accustomed to go without shoes month after month in the rugged forests of Guinea, I took it for granted that I could do the same on the pavement of his Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, never once reflecting that some fifteen years had elapsed from the time that I could go barefooted with comfort and immunity; during the interval, however, the sequel will show that the soles of my feet had undergone a considerable alteration. We rose at three in the morning after, and having put a shoe and a sock or half-stocking into each pocket of my coat, we left the inn at Baccano for Rome just as the hands of our watches pointed to the hour of four. Mr. Fletcher having been born in North Britain, ran no risk of injuring his feet by an act of imprudence. The sky was cloudless and the morning frosty, and the planet Venus shone upon us as though she had been a little moon. Whether the severity of the frost, which was more than commonly keen, or the hardness of

the pavement, or perhaps both conjoined, had deprived my feet of sensibility, I had no means of ascertaining; but this is certain, I went on merrily for several miles without a suspicion of anything being wrong, until we halted to admire more particularly the transcendent splendour of the morning planet, and then I saw blood on the pavement; my right foot was bleeding apace, and on turning the sole uppermost, I perceived a piece of jagged flesh hanging to a string; seeing that there would be no chance of replacing the damaged part with success, I twisted it off, and then took a survey of the foot by the light which the stars afforded. Mr. Fletcher, horror-struck at what he saw, proposed immediately that I should sit down by the side of the road, and there wait for the carriage, or take advantage of any vehicle which might come up. Aware that the pain would be excessive so soon as the lacerated parts would become stiff by inaction, I resolved at once to push on to Rome; wherefore, putting one shoe on the sound foot, which, by the way, had two unbroken blisters on it, I forced the wounded one into the other, and off we started for Rome, which we reached after a very uncomfortable walk. The injured foot had two months' confinement to the sofa before the damage was repaired. It was this unfortunate adventure which gave rise to the story of my walking barefooted into Rome, and which gained me a reputation by no means merited on my part.

Why, we think that a man who has such correct notions on the merits of old *Grandfather Squaretoes* over the pretensions of young *Sharpfoot*, as he elsewhere manifests, would not have exposed himself to the inconvenience and confinement that resulted from his walking bare-footed, over so many miles, into the capital of the Pope. The passage referred to may as well be cited:—

He was a cunning and clever shoemaker who first succeeded in turning old Grandfather Squaretoes into ridicule, and setting up young Sharpfoot as a pattern for universal imitation. What must have been old Dame Nature's surprise and vexation when she saw and felt the abominable change! The toes have their duty to perform, when the frame of man is either placed erect, or put in motion: shoes at best are a vast incumbrance to them; but when it happens that shoes are what is called a bad fit, then all goes wrong indeed, and corns and blisters soon oblige the wearer of them to wend his way

With faltering step and slow.

When I see a man thus hobbling on, I condemn both his fortitude and folly: his fortitude, in undergoing a pedal martyrdom without necessity; and his folly in wearing, for fashion's sake, a pair of shoes so ill adapted to his feet in size and shape. Corns are the undoubted offspring of tight shoes: and tight shoes the proper punishers of human vanity. If the rules of society require that I should imprison my toes, it does not follow that I should voluntarily force them on the treadmill. The foot of man does not end in a point; its termination is nearly circular. Hence it is plain and obvious, that a pointed shoe will have the effect of forcing the toes into so small a space that one will lie over the other for want of room. By having always worn shoes suited to the form of my foot, I have now at sixty-two the full use of my toes; and this is invaluable to me in ascending trees.

We remember that in the former volume, Mr. Waterton owned that he could not boast of any very remarkable strength of arm, but he at the same time declared that his legs, in consequence of much walking and climbing of trees, he supposed, had acquired vast muscular power. It is to be hoped that his rash undertaking, on the pavement of his Holiness Gregory XVI., has not seriously or permanently affected his toes, and that he may reach the age of fourscore and two, still able to talk of ascending trees as a thing invaluble to his pursuits. See to what account he turns his agility and the perfect confidence in his own capacity :—

As we were resting our horses at a little inn on the side of the road, I had a fine opportunity of getting close to a very large herd of Italian buffaloes. These wild-looking animals had got a bad name for supposed ferocity, and when I expressed my determination to approach them, I was warned by the Italians not to do so, as the buffaloes were wicked brutes, and would gore me to death. Having singled out a tree or two of easy ascent where the herd was grazing, I advanced close up to it, calculating that one or other of the trees would be a protection to me, in case the brutes should prove unruly. They all ceased eating, and stared at me as though they had never seen a man before. Upon this, I immediately threw my body, arms, and legs, into all kinds of antic movements, grumbling loudly at the same time; and the whole herd, bulls, cows, and calves, took off, as fast as they could pelt, leaving me to return sound and whole to the inn, with a hearty laugh against the Italians.

We have not deemed it necessary on this occasion to mention when the extracted passages are plucked from the Autobiography, and when from the Essays. Indeed it is not easy, neither is it important, in the case of a writer of Mr. Waterton's original stamp, to convey a notion of his particular mode of procedure. Suffice it to say that there is not a page in the book that we should wish either to expunge or to meet with in any other part than where it is. We return, however, for a few seconds to Rome, where, together with the objects, the recollections, and the observances which cannot fail to engage much of the time of visiters and strangers, no matter of what faith, he combined other subjects and pursuits not less interesting to the man of science and of enlarged tastes. The following passage lets one behold the author in his expanded and comprehensive range of sympathies and fancies. He thus confesseth and describes :—

I fear the world will rebuke me when I tell it, that instead of ferreting out antiquities and visiting modern schools of sculpture and of painting, I passed a considerable portion of my time in the extensive bird-market of Rome. I must, however, remark, that the studio of Vallati, the renowned painter of wild boars, had great attractions for me; and I have now at home a wild boar done by him in so masterly a style, and finished so exquisitely,

that it obtains unqualified approbation from all who inspect it. The bird-market of Rome is held in the environs of the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion. In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year, and at the close of summer, cartloads of ringdoves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda.

Our author has other peculiarities to describe with regard to the feathered tribes as treated in Rome. But we pass on to obtain a glimpse of the great slaughter-house, and of the sudden and wholesale havoc that is there wrought among the swinish race. Of the slaughter-house of Rome, he says,—

It is probably inferior to none in Italy, for an extensive plan, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the mean time, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams.

Our naturalist was, no doubt, deeply gratified on the day of a peculiar solemnity or observance which would find small countenance and sympathy in his own country; for in Rome there is a season for pronouncing a benediction on the beasts of burden. Here religious ceremony and the interest taken by him in the inferior animals, must have united and combined. He also was lucky enough to find an opportunity of measuring argument with an Englishman on the

occasion, and also of offering a comment, as well as of perceiving a parallel which, we think, must have tickled the fellow-countrymen. We give a passage relative to the matters just now alluded to:—

At last the day arrived on which the beasts of draught and burden were to receive a benediction from the hand of a priest at the door of St. Anthony's church. The sun shone brightly, and the scene was truly exhilarating. Every horse, and mule, and ass, was decked out in splendid colours, and in trappings corresponding with the means of their owners, whose faces bespoke the joy of their hearts, and whose orderly conduct at once proclaimed the religious feeling which had brought them to the place. When the animals had received the benediction, they passed onwards with their masters, to make room for those behind them; and this was the order of the day, until the last blessing upon the last animal brought the exhibition to a close. As this scene of primeval piety was going on, an English gentleman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was standing by my side, remarked that he was tired with looking at such a scene of superstitious folly. "If it be folly," said I, in answer to his remark, "to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal under another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other Christian country. Where is the well regulated family which, on sitting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, does not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it, through the mouth of the master of the house, or by the ministry of a clergyman, if present; 'Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domino!' Who ever thinks of cutting up a young roasting-pig, immersed in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it? 'Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts!'"

We had always before this thought that the petition plainly meant the invocation of a blessing *to us through these thy gifts.* However, Mr. Waterton discovers proprieties where others might be ready to take offence; while his friendly feeling towards animals ought to beget a kindred sentiment on the part of every one of his readers, both for many creatures that have got a bad name, and for the poor beasts of draught and burden, so serviceable to man, and so uncomplaining in the service.

It would not be difficult to pick out passages that might excite some degree of derision, or give a pulse to ridicule, particularly where the autobiographer confesseth to certain matters of faith and devotional regard; especially were the person in the habit of scoffing at whatever he did not appreciate, or had no charity for sentiments and opinions that had never been instilled into himself. But we would not join in any stronger expression of scepticism or distaste than that which is indicated by a kindly smile, a hearty shake of the hand, or a "*well, well,—we shall not battle about these things.*" They are in this instance more like idiosyncracies than errors; and are not more likely to gain over others to the credulities so honestly entertained by our author, than are his regrets about the abolition of the old-

fashioned mode of chimney-sweeping, and the delights of climbing which the little sooty boys were wont to monopolize in city and in winter. He once had a hankering after climbing chimneys himself, and actually waxes romantic when picturing to himself the white-teethed urchins who were wont at such early hours of the rawest mornings, to greet the ears of soulless indolence and pamphered indulgence with their shrill cries.

The most important and alarming event that befel Mr. Waterton and his party during their tour, was a disaster at sea; the steamer in which they had embarked in the Mediterranean to return to England, having been run down by another, and escape the most narrowly effected. The account of this frightful affair is given with graphic power, the narrator himself unconsciously coming out strongly in his most characteristic features.

We close with one of his very many practical hints, merely remarking that of all the naturalists with whom we are in the slightest acquainted, personally or through their works, Mr. Waterton is the least swayed by theory and the most by facts,—for that his science is but little else than another word for self-experience and independent research, not in the closet or in books, but mainly at first-hand and in the haunts of the creatures he delighteth to study and to describe. Now for our concluding and brief extract.

Where swans are kept on a moderately sized sheet of water, the old ones as spring approaches, begin to pursue their own brood with a ferocity scarcely conceivable. It is an unceasing pursuit, both night and day; till at last, the poor fugitives, worn out with exertion, betake themselves to the land, where the unnatural parents allow them to stay, and then desist from further persecution, until the young ones return to the water. To curb these rancorous proceedings on the part of the parent birds, I cut through the web of their feet, and this at once diminished their powers of speed. The young birds soon perceived the change in their favour, and profited by it; for, on finding that they could easily outswim their pursuing parents, they set their fury at nought, and kept out of reach with very little exertion.

ART. X.—*Poems.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT. Wiley and Putnam.

Hearken to sentences in Miss Barrett's preface. "In any case, while my poems are full of faults,—as I go forward to my critics and confess,—they have my heart and life in them,—they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed immemorable verses to the many rejected by the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry

has been as serious a thing with me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure, for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain,—and as work I offer it to the public,—feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspirations,—but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere."

Any person who may be unacquainted with the merits of this lady's former productions, or who has been denied the pleasure of judging of her high aspirations through her works, and of the profound sense which she has everywhere manifested of what belongs to the poet's mission, will, however, discover in the passage just now quoted, that hers is no ordinary mind, and that she is as certain to write with great earnestness as she is capable of expressing herself with remarkable energy. Indeed, it would be difficult to name within the range of the poetry of the last quarter of a century, a publication that presents so much of independent effort, of original power, and of sterling beauties, as do these volumes. They even afford abundant tokens of advancement beyond her preceding triumphs, evincing more matured confidence in her own peculiar genius, a more resolute avoidance of the obscurities both of thought and construction, and a nearer approach to the simplicities of all sorts, than was her wont. The prevailing tone of the pieces is that of a searching thoughtfulness, generally in a melancholy, but not a moody or morbid vein,—a thoughtfulness that begets thought, exalts its strains, and rewards by its strong service towards permanency while it excites. It is a bracing book, by means of force, wealth, and lofty grace; displaying much variety both of subject and of treatment. In a word, Miss Barrett unquestionably takes a position in the foremost rank of British poetesses; nor, as it appears to us, is there almost any walk in which her muse might not gather laurels, or any conquest to which she might not strain her efforts with a fair promise of acquitting herself excellently well.

Limited as we are towards the close of the month for room, we have to be contented with a few general observations, and one or two specimens that admit of being extracted with the slightest introduction. The first example is a sweet imaginative piece, most felicitous, to our thinking, in style and dress, to the title of "The Romance of the Swan's Nest."

Little Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass:
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow—
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,—
And the smile, she softly useth,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure, chooseth,
For her future within reach!

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon,
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mare shall swim the wind!
And the hoofs, along the sod,
Shall flash onward in a picture,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face!
He will say, "O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace."

"Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer, "Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand."

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter and dissemble—
"Light to-morrow, with to-day.'

"Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong!
To make strait distorted wills,—
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rose-bud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove!
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
'If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee!
'I am a duke's eldest son!
'Thousand serfs do call me master,—
"But, O Love, I love but *thee*.'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowd that praise his deeds!
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the weeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,—
Tied her bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two*.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could show him never—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

A more soaring and sterner effort, called "The Dead Pan."

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Said the old Hellenic tongue!
Said the hero-oaths, as well as
Poets' songs the sweetest sung!
Have ye grown deaf in a day?
Can ye speak not yea or nay—
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenched locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?—
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the ravens run for aye.
For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke, would
No sob tremble through the tree?—
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye.
For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills,
Of the everlasting hills.
Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crowned to starry wanderings,—
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities—
Now Pan is dead!

Jove! that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail:
While in idiocy of godhead,
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feathers in the cold.
Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory
Of thy regal look and tread?
Will they lay, for ever more, thee,
On thy dim, straight, golden bed?
Will thy queendom all lie hid
Meekly under either lid?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden
Hair, all mist-like where he stands;
While the Muses hang enfolding
Knee and foot with faint wild hands?
'Neath the changing of thy bow,
Niobe looked lost as thou!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron,
Pallas' broad blue eyes eclipse,—
And no hero take inspiring
From the God-Greek of her lips?
'Neath her olive dost thou sit,
Mars the mighty cursing it?
Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther
He swoons,—bound with his own vines!
And his Mænads slowly saunter,
Head aside, among the pines,
While they murmur dreamingly,—
"Evohe—ah—evohe—"!
Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,
Dull and senseless as a stone:
And old Pluto deaf and silent
Is cast out into the sun.
Ceres smileth stern thereat,—
"We *all* now are desolate—"
Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
As thy native foam, thou art;
With the cestus long done heaving
On the white calm of thine heart!
Ai Adonis! At that shriek,
Not a tear runs down her cheek—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves, we used to know from
One another,—huddled lie,
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
Close beside her tenderly,—
As if each had weakly tried
Once to kiss her as he died.
Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes! Time enthralleth
All the cunning Hermes, thus,—
And the ivy blindly crawleth
Round thy brave caduceus?
Hast thou no new message for us,
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?
Nay! Pan is dead.

Crowned Cybele's great turret
Rocks and crumbles on her head:
Roar the lions of her chariot
Toward the wilderness, unfed:
Scornful children are not mute,—
"Mother, mother, walk a-foot—
Since Pan is dead."

In the fiery-hearted centre
Of the solemn universe,
Ancient Vesta,—who could enter,
To consume thee with this curse?
Drop thy grey chin on thy knee,
O thou palsied Mystery!
For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adjure you,—
Ye return nor voice nor sign:
Not a votary could secure you
Even a grave for your Divine!
Not a grave, to show thereby,
Here these grey old Gods do lie.
Pan, Pan is dead.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1844.

ART. I.—*Characteristic der Antiken Historiographie.* Von HERMANN ULRICI. 3 vols., 8vo. Berlin. 2nd edit. 1844.

THE energies of youth usually manifest themselves either in proud dreams of active and heroic exploits, or in musings of romantic scenes, fanciful or sentimental longings. These two opposite directions of the mind, were in full play in the youthful nations of early Greece. The Spartan was rough and martial, brave and bold, and in his wanton pride of animal strength, he sacrificed everything to one single feeling, *heroism*, which absorbed all his other feelings, and rendered *war* his only occupation and worth of life, even in a political and diplomatic point of view. That people so disposed, would not much respect and encourage the arts and sciences, which so far from giving impulse to war and conquest, on the contrary, only tends to effeminate man into the enjoyment of luxurious habits of rest and quiet,—is but natural, and requires no farther explanation*. Just the reverse of all that was discernible in the Athenian. Liberty, and enjoyment of life's pleasures, was the end and efforts of his existence. The Athenian, too, loved and knew how to die for his country, but not because the *law* imposed it upon him as a paramount duty, but simply because he could not enjoy life without perfect liberty†;

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* We well know that there were also celebrated sculptors of Sparta, among them *Gitiadas* (Paus. L. iii. p. 250, 251), *Doryclidas*, *Dontas*, and others. But they all lived mostly in the earlier time of the arts, which never attained their culminating point at Sparta.

† Comp. the speech of Pericles, Thucyd. II. 35—47.

but life itself was, with him, *the arts;* they were the soul of even the state itself, which changed its form very frequently, according to the spirit of the age, in the same way as the former did; while at *Sparta*, the form of the state stood as firm and immutable as the rigid *law* that gave birth to it. The most common labour at Athens was refined into art, because they had discovered the secret of uniting the useful with the beautiful. The Athenians, in the spirit of a corporation of artists, coveted for political greatness, as a mere means to enjoy more freely and abundantly the refined pleasures of life. Sparta wanted more than freedom, it wanted to rule and command over other nations in the true spirit of warriors, worshipping the principle *heroism*, while Athens squandered the treasure which flowed into her coffers from Delos, in public edifices and works of arts; it never dreamt of subjugating Sparta; it was, at best, the mere hobby of some few ambitious individuals,—as for the people at large, if they wished to rule, it was simply the better to enjoy, to be free and at liberty to gratify their cravings for amusements both physical and spiritual. Athens' politics has never found great favour in the eyes of the masters of that art*, while her works, in the region of the fine arts, have to this day remained inimitable. Philosophy and history were the only sciences which flourished there in the palmy days of the Athenian state.

Let us now consider what shape that *serious* science, history, could have assumed among a nation so disposed, and what demands the gay and spirited Athenians could have made at her hands, to inspire a desire for its cultivation. For, although among the heroes of Greek historiography, only Thucydides and Xenophon alone, belonged by birth to Athens, yet were Herodotus (of Halicarnassus), Philistus (of Syracuse), Ephorus (of Cumæ), Theopompus (of Chios) and many more, natives of places which were more or less related to the Athenian spirit and taste. As for Polybius and the later Greek historians, they partly form the intermediate link between the Greek and the Roman and Byzantine spirit in history, and partly belong altogether already to the latter, or are so degenerated in themselves, that all we discover in them of the Greek spirit, is its weak sides and defective points alone.

The Hellenic history takes its rise from a wonderful mist of fables and fictions, so gradually and slowly, that it is almost impossible to draw a distinct line between the one and the other, to ascertain the period when the one ceased and the other began, and more especially as also the history of the neighbouring nations of Asia, Africa, and Europe, could boast of no firmer or more solid footing

* Machiavelli in his *Discorsi* and *Principe*, always draws his theories and examples from the Romans.

than the Greek, about the same period. It is not our intention to inquire here about the probable causes of this phenonomon, and we only observe that the very peculiar character of the Greek history, which is, undoubtedly, based on that of the people themselves, is likewise the reason why it has never been entirely freed of the shackles of mythology, and fiction, even at a far later date, when history had already assumed a certain and factitious character of her own among other nations; and it was only with the fall of the regal power and the rise of the Republican constitution, that the life of the Grecian began to be historical, a phenomenon which we see subsequently repeated in the Roman history.

The first periods of the historical time, were in most of the Grecian states so poor in real adventures, that history was obliged to fill up her pages with the attempts that were then made in the changes and alterations to be wrought in the constitutions and laws of the respective states, until the outbreak of the Persian wars, when the events assumed a more interesting and political character. It was but natural, that, when historiography first began to dawn among the Hellens, before the Persian wars, the writers did not find the events of the monotonous periods varied and multifarious enough to render their perusal of any interest to the reader, and that they were consequently induced to draw their materials from the more interesting and eventful, though less historical periods of the heroic age, blending thus together the poetical with the real, the fictitious with the historical, without any marked line between them. But, when with the Persian war, Greece came in a more practical contact, not only with her own states, but also with foreign countries, by which her diplomatic and commercial intercourse at home and abroad received an extensive increase; it was but natural that, with the multiplication of the historical matter, the historical records should also assume a more careful character, rejecting from their columns all that was not strictly true, or, at least, deemed to be so; in short, all subjects that appertain more to the region of fancy and fiction than to the real occurrences of material and practical life. With the Peloponesian war, Greek history, which, in the time of Pericles, had extended her speculations and political accounts to foreign countries and nations, began again to be reduced more to home affairs, to the transactions of her own states. But, as the arts, sciences, and religion had, in the meanwhile, undergone, in Greece, a perfect developement in spirit and form, they could not fail to exercise also a certain influence on the history of the country, now limited to the affairs of her native territory, and to fill her pages with the progress of the arts and sciences then flourishing in the Hellenic states. Shortly after, Alexander conquered, with Greek assistance, and to a certain degree *for* Greece, the half of Asia, and carried the fame of his arms to the remote and wonderful Indies.

What a rich mine of real and practical matter, was thereby opened for Greek history! Greece, however, had by these events, lost her own independence as a nation, pursuing a line of politics of her own; she, henceforth, stood under the protectorate of Macedonia, which treated the Hellenic states more as conquered provinces than allied powers, a circumstance which greatly diminished the historical interest in the political movements of the times, but roused the curiosity of the historian, on the other hand, more to the *literary* gain to be obtained by that adventurous expedition into unknown lands and strange people, which principally now occupied nearly all the branches of practical life, in a spirit peculiar to the Hellens alone. Even after the death of Alexander, when the world around them changed masters, politics, and situations,—the Hellens cared but little about those mighty vicissitudes which changed the face of the known world; and they pursued, though not quite free from those influences, and with some modification according to the changed spirit of the age, their æsthetical occupations, even in politics and history, with unabated zeal and progress. Even the Roman yoke could only annihilate and bring the *coup de grace* to Hella's political existence, which was for some time already approaching its end; and her history was thenceforth obliged to borrow its political matter from Roman history, but, as regarded the other branches and departments of human life and knowledge, history treated them in the old Hellenic spirit, without in the least allowing foreign power and politics to interfere in their peculiar and harmonious developement of their indigenous elements.

The first object of our inquiry, is, naturally, the origin of Greek history. So far as it is possible to look into remote antiquity with some degree of historical truth, it appears that but a few poets had, at some long intervals, appeared among the Greeks before Homer, in the production and recital of some national songs, which were, however, soon forgotten and silenced by the powerful voice of Homer's muse*; at least, no sound of their voice has escaped the destroying tooth of time, so as to leave us some traces, at least, of their existence. After Homer and Hesiodus (and a few contemporaries with the latter) sang the so-called Cyclic poets, touching the birth, combats, and deeds, of the gods and demi-gods (Theogony, Titanomachy,) they were on the one hand, as it were, the prophets of the Greek people, even religion assumed among them the garb of art, being probably produced, and most certainly developed by poetry; and on the other, a sort of compilers of the existing manifold fables, fictions, traditions, and genealogies, bringing them

* It is now generally admitted that Homer's songs are the most ancient monument of national literature of Greece. The so-called Orphic songs were of a later date; so also the Ilias of Dares, Dictys, &c.

into a chronological order, and in suitable selections for the amusement and istruction of the Greek people at large. Their songs are, according to *Creuzer*, *Heeren*, *Heyne*, and others,—to be considered as the origin of Greek history, an opinion that certainly receives great strength from the circumstance of the poetical colouring which prevails throughout the whole of the Greek history, even of a far later date; and we undoubtedly agree thus far in the main point of the view, that the Greek history wears somewhat the garb of poetry, even in its sketches of common facts and occurrences in real life. But we cannot, on the other hand, go the whole length of the view with *Creuzer* and others, that Greek history owes her origin to those cyclic poets, *i. e.*, to the prosaic translations made out of their poetical songs. Whatever affinity there may exist between religion or philosophy with poetry, the very character of history, reflecting facts and events such as they really occur, and nothing beyond, is in itself at variance, and in direct opposition with that of fanciful poetry. It may be true that poetical productions preceded in Greece the prosaic, and so it was, perhaps, with all nations in the early stages of their civilization. Still, it does not follow that prose is the offspring of poetry; it is, certainly, at least as old as the latter, only that its productions are more subject to perish by the sickle of time than those of poetry. Young nations, like individuals, are naturally poetical; feelings and expressions of subjective emotions are in themselves *poetry* when uttered by the lips of youth, and lyrical were necessarily the first songs of humanity. But also the accounts of the past, of the heroic deeds and all that belonged to the earliest ages of the human race, were naturally *poetry*. At a time, when writing was but little known, and the necessity was not yet felt of saving the passing events and deeds from oblivion, by dint of historical records, the recital of those events and exploits were listened to by lively youth with pride, desire, and hope of once being able to realize them themselves. To raise such hopes in youth, and encourage them at the same time to similar enterprizes, it required the enchanting pencil of the poet, to intoxicate and captivate the listening ear with strains of melodious harmony. Having passed from mouth to mouth, from age to age, and clime to clime, the facts and events had naturally lost of their original purity and truth, and appeared at last in a shape and form so entirely different from, if not even at variance with the former, that *History* could impossibly admit them in her sphere, and thus handed them over to the poet, to illumine the obscure points, to convert an untrue tradition into a poetical truth, and to lend to the disfigured substance, a showy garb. The first history thus necessarily became an *Epos*, in the same way as the first philosophy; and even religions were originally mere *poetries*. In the early ages of the creation, transcribing, describing, imitating or copying and repeating of mere dead letters and knowledge, were

things utterly unknown to man, and everything that was produced and uttered was the original and genuine creation of the mind, so beautifully called by the Greeks *Poiesis.* He to whom that heavenly spark of genius was denied, was silent and listened. *Art* was of divine origin, born in the fulness of the divine spirit, imparted to the few elect, while *science* was the mere offspring of necessity. Nations like individuals, live in their early youth more in hope, in future, than in the present, which occasionally passes over their head amidst the sanguine anticipations of the glorious times to come. It is only adolescence and mature youth, that feel the necessity of taking cognizance of the present in which they must live and act. A more developed, but at the same time more complicated state of social relations around them, compel them to study and become conversant with them, such as they really are; in other words, to strip them of all poetical delusions and embellishments, and confine them to their proper sphere, *Prose.* All the objects of the present, all the passing events for the time being, the plain nature of which requires plain language and description, are in themselves hostile to the free operation of the imagination, and claim the absolute service of the reason and discriminating faculties alone, and instead of being formed by word and thought, they on the contrary shape and determine the latter. But such a state of things is altogether at variance with the character of *Art,* the elements and native sphere of which, is *freedom* in the most unrestricted acceptation of the term. It is, in other words, the first appearance of *science* in its as yet undeveloped condition. To *Art,* the outward world is but a model, after which it works with all the liberty of an unrestrained fancy, while to *science,* it is the very object of operation and striving; *science* wishes to comprehend objects by means of an idea, of a principle; it tries, as it were, to transfer both the spiritual and material phenomena in nature, into the soul of man, by means of an abstract vehicle or notion. The thought is thus in science, bound to the nature of the things from which it cannot deviate, rendering consequently, also its form subject to be determined by the nature of the things on which it speculates. Science cannot serve two masters at once, and must therefore be exempt from the laws of Æsthetics, to which *Poesie* pays homage in form, contents, rhythm, rhime, &c. Science is therefore in its very nature closely allied with *Prose,* which is but the natural garb of the former, so that if the productions of prose are younger than those of *poetry,* it follows likewise, that *Science* is younger than *Art,* a fact that perfectly accords with the soil from whence it originated, as well as with the march of the human mind, and the process of its gradual and natural developement.

The prose of science, in its active and creative character, was thus, as it were, not the offspring, but only the younger sister of *Poetry,*

the first productions of prose having been no doubt, sketches of nature and history, of nature, as the world of man. With the attempts however, to arrive at a more accurate and more intimate knowledge of the things as they really are, arose also a desire and effort to describe objects of nature, occurrences in travels, life and manners of foreign cities and countries, the curiosities met with in foreign lands and among other nations, and finally the history, vicissitudes, and political events also at home. These latter historical attempts, may have been preceded as a sort of stepping-stone, especially in Greece, by the Epos of the natural philosophers, and the compositions of the Gnomic and Cyclic poets. The march of development of Prose which ever since language existed, had no doubt existed at the side of poetry, though it has only at a later period entered on the stage of active operation in the field of knowledge in general, and the very circumstance that it originally ran parallel with poetry of nature, was certainly the cause that Prose had originally also assumed, after its development, a *creative* character, similar to that of her elder sister, *Poetry*. As soon, therefore, as the practical life of nations had become more stirring and complicated, rendering it both necessary and interesting, not only to arrive at a proper knowledge of the things in their true form, substance, and spirit, but also, to hold fast that same knowledge by means of writing; as soon as the human mind had arrived at a clearer consciousness, and began to distinguish between reality and fiction, between object and subject—Science with her genuine History could not fail to make their appearance. Both worked hand in hand, to establish reality on a firm footing, and entrust it to memory. With the better development of practical, the poetry of nature gradually lost itself into a sort of poetical prose, a transformation which forms at the same time the nativity of prosaic works, of the sciences and history.

Indeed, the accounts we have from the ancients on the first rise of the sciences among the Greeks, perfectly agree with this our view. Dionysius of Halicarnassus (de Thuc. his. jud. c. 5) says in plain words, that the most ancient historians, and more especially Hecataeus of Milesia and Acusilaus of Argivia, had only one single object in view, to give a more extended circulation among the people at large, of the various writings and monuments which had been preserved among the different nations and in the different towns, *exactly so as they had been transmitted to the natives, without either adding to, or abstracting from them anything.* They thus related again, with strict historical truth, all they had seen and heard of those traditional facts and events. Neither can there be any doubt that Hecataeus and Acusilaus belong to the first writers in prose. It is true, that *Pliny* (H. N. V. c. 31) names Cadmus of Milesia, and (ibid vii. c. 57) Pherocedes of Syros, as the founders and inventors of Prose; but those former two patriarchs of Science, if they were not contem-

poraries with the latter, lived at best only within a few years from their time.* Vossius at least agrees with Josephus (Apion I, p. 1034), that Cadmus and Acusilaus had flourished a few years before the Persian wars, while Hecatæus, he places in the reign of the first Darius, and adds (chap. 2) that Cadmus, Eumelus (of Corinth), Archilochus (if he may at all be numbered among the historians), Theogenes (of Rhegium), Hecatæus and Acusilaus, belong to the oldest historians who are to be placed in the period, the farthest removed from the Peleponesian war, and that we may add to their number also, the others mentioned by Dionysius. And though it appears†, that even the ancients were ignorant of the exact age when those men lived, yet seem they all to agree, at least, in point of their contemporaneous existence with one another‡. Pherecydes is usually considered as the oldest and *first* writer of prose; his subject being, according to *Theopompus*, the gods and objects of nature; probably, a sort of empiric philosophy, based on observations of nature. Pliny, however, considers Cadmus (of Milesia) as the oldest prosaic writer, while others, such as *Strabo* (1, p. 48), Josephus (Apion. 1, 1,) look at him as the first historian, in the same way as Hecatæus is considered as such by *Suidas*, *Vossius*, and others. The latter, and many more of those mentioned by Dionysius, had composed, as shown by Creuzer§, travels which, for aught we know, might in some measure have resembled those of Herodotus, while Dionysius of Miletius (about the 70th Olympiad), wrote first in his *Persicis* the history of his own time and country. Such was then the process of developement, which was pursued in gradually forming observations and descriptions of nature, to real history in the proper sense of the term.

It is true, that the writings of those men may have contained among others also, a great deal that belongs to the region of fable, fiction, and mythology; a fact, even mentioned by Dionysius himself,

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* F. W. *Sturz*. Pherecyd. fragm. call. illus. p. 7, puts Pherecydes between the 45th and 58th Olymp. If we thus assume with Diog. Laert. 1, 16, the 58th Olymp. to have been the time when Pherecydes flourished, he would have been older than Hecatæus by 25 years. *Vossius* (1, c. 2) seems rightly to suppose that they all belonged to one and the same period from 250 to about 400 B. C. The oldest amongst them may indeed have been Cadmus, Hecatæus and Acusilaus. Comp. *Creuzer*, Hist. Gr. Ant. fragm. p. 17, sq.

† Dion. Hal. ibid 23.

‡ The passages in *Clem. Alex. Strom.* VI. p. 629, and *Suidas* (Voss. de His. Gr. p. 194, 196.) which place the oldest logographers and Prosaics far beyond the 60th Olympiade, hardly deserve any notice whatever, (Comp. *Dahlmann Forschungen* auf. d. Gebiete d. Geschichte par. II. sec. 1, p. 109, 112, sq.

§ His. Gr. Ant. fragm. p. 3899.

and which is even seen in Herodotus, who had as yet no clear notion of the critical distinctions between fiction and history. Still, it does not follow (as *Creuzer* would have it, according to a passage in Clemens of Alexandria) that they did nothing more but convert into prose the verses of Hesiodus and the Cyclic poets. Clemens, it is true, maintains that fact (Strom. vi. p. 629) of Acusilaus and Eumelus, whom he notwithstanding, calls historiographers; but these are after all but two out of the whole number, and it were rather dangerous to extend the rule to all of them, since even Hecatæus of Miletius, ridicules in his preface the fables of the Cyclic poets, and shows himself altogether independent of their influence (*v.* Demetr. de Elocut. 12, p. 8.) Moreover, Dionysius reckons among the number the same Acusilaus, who, he says, had collected and compiled all the national monuments and writings, just so as they found them among the natives; and we are always inclined to attach more credit to him, than to the later Alexandrine critic. Also Josephus* observes of that same Acusilaus, that he had corrected and made emendations in many parts of Hesiodus; that he had, in other words, made use of Hesiodus, but with the circumspection of a critical historian who tries to separate the false from the true, and fiction from history. In the same spirit wrote also Hecatæus, as we have shown above from the passage of Demetrius; and we have thus two most authentic witnesses on the two earliest historians of antiquity, who contradict the opinion of Clemens, and the general assumption, that the first beginning of Greek history was nothing more than a sort of prosaic poetry, or collection in prose of the fables and fictions of mythology, without the least regard for historical truth and reality. Neither can we conceive to what end and purpose they should have taken the trouble of transcribing into prose the verses of Hesiodus, if they did not mean to improve and correct their contents from their idle stories. To write merely for the sake of writing, savours more of the scribbling mania of the nineteenth century, in the same way as the assertion of Clemens does, when he maintains that Acusilaus and Eumelus had committed plagiarisms from Hesiodus, and adorned themselves with his plumes, a crime, we should think, quite unknown in those early ages of civilization. It is possible that the two last named historiographers had heard, in the towns and countries which they had visited, just the same fables and traditions which had been sung by Hesiodus; nor is it unlikely that in an age when criticism was hardly yet in its infancy, that the poets should in some measure have been quoted as sources for historical narrations of facts, by prosaic writers of a subsequent period; but it certainly does not follow that their intention was to dissolve the verses into prose, and to make a double work in a different language of only one and the same stories.

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* Contr. Apion. 1, p. 1034.

Neither do we want to be informed by Strabo (1, p. 48) that the prose of Hecatæus was much related to the spirit of poetry. In the early stages of civilization, all the branches of life are related to each other, in a sort of family union; poetry and prose, religion and philosophy, natural and political histories, all bear a patriarchal unity among themselves. But this affinity lay more in the as yet simple and undeveloped spirit of the people and the age, than in the objects themselves. It is true that the Greek history had in its first rise contained many poetical points, but so it had even in the subsequent periods; and it never indeed put wholly aside the poetical garb which it had adopted from the very outset; a proof that the poetical garb belonged more to the national spirit at large than to that of history in particular, and that there is consequently no evidence whatever of prose being the offspring of poetry.

It thus appears that the early parts of the Greek poets were a mixture of poetical and religious fables, of descriptions of natural phenomena; and of which man with his vicissitudes formed but an integral part. There was one peculiar circumstance in Greece which prevented for a long while history from occupying there its true and proper sphere of genuine reality in facts and events regarding the past and the present. Among many of the other nations of antiquity, such as the Egyptians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, and Romans, there was an early custom, (in connection probably with the religious *cultus*), for the priests to register and inscribe in the so-called *Annals* all the state ordinances, political and civil regulations, as well as the national events, at least so far as they stood more or less in connection with the religious rites and worship of the country. With this usage, not only the skeleton to true history was formed, but also public authenticity was lent to the very outset of historical records. But to the poetical character of the Greeks, such an institution, dealing in dry and mere facts, was, and more especially in the first periods of their political independence, as unnatural as repulsive; so that when subsequently a few historians actually wished to sketch the true history of the early settlers of Greece, they were lacking the authentic and public sources from which to draw their materials; and no wonder that in those early stages of civilization, criticism alone could not guide the first historian through the immense tract of fabulous regions, without their being reflected and mixed up even in his truly historical pages.

This peculiar direction, which we never lose sight of, even in the latest historians of Greece, we may fairly call the *poetico-mythical* element of Greek history, to which was already early associated the political element so greatly developed in the subsequent ages, in the palmy days of Greek independence. At a subsequent period, a third element, the *rhetorical*, developed itself out of the former, in Greek historiography, when the writers displayed their views and

opinions in a sort of pragmatical reasoning, warning and instructive observations, in all the departments of practical life, and more especially in morals and politics.

In pursuing these elements attentively throughout the whole series of the Greek historians, we find them most conspicuously, though in altered forms in all of them, so long as Greek genius was permitted to follow its own free course. Thucydides (I. 1 c. 21) maintains of the oldest historians we have mentioned above, and who were called by the ancients themselves *logographers*, or *mythographers*,—that they had paid more homage to the amusement of the hearer or reader than to the statement of the real truth of things. That friend of strict truth no doubt alludes hereby to those fables and mythological traditions which had been, according to Dionysius (de Thuc. his. jud. 5,) mixed up with real historical facts, without critical discrimination in the selection of the facts, a reproach from which he does not exempt even Herodotus. We must, however, bear in mind that those early historians never intended to pass as true and historical what they did not themselves believe to be so. They stood as it were upon the boundary line between poetry and prose, between poetical delusion and prosaic reality, between poetical belief and prosaic disbelief.

This *chiaro-oscuro* of truth and fiction must, no doubt, have been reflected in their historical writings, but they were, nevertheless, truly *historical* because they related nothing that the spirit of the age did not consider as such. Dionysius justly observes (ibid c. 7) "that those early historians found it necessary to interlard their local descriptions with mythical episodes." But when he premises with the remarks that: "the sayings and traditions which had been preserved in town and country, were carefully transmitted from fathers to sons, and from the latter again to their descendants, and that it was furthermore required from those who wished to publish them, that they should write them down just so as they had descended from ancient times," he seems to imply, that the ancient logographers were in some measure compelled by those who acquainted them with those local and national traditions, not to separate the historical from the fictitious, or the real from the mythical, but to notice them down in that mixed state as they received them. In this just remark he, on the one hand, exonerates the logographers from the blame of wilful falsification of truth, and gives, on the other, the true aim and end of the ancient logography. It was not then intended to dissolve into prose the verses of the poets, and to increase, thereby, uselessly, the number of works, but to preserve the past and passing events, and to save from oblivion the sayings and traditions of ancient times. It is thus evident that their object was not to treat the public with critical essays or lectures on history, in opposition to fiction and mythology, but simply to separate the

real traditions which had descended from father to son, through generations, from the embellished inventions of the poets. It was not their purpose to transcribe the stories and narrations of the poets, but to publish in an unaltered shape, the national traditions of the various towns and countries, without regard to the fact, that some of them had already been told by the licentious poets. This our view, satisfactorily also explains why *Cadmus* and *Hecatæus* who, notoriously had themselves reported so many fables and fictions as to incur the suspicion of plagiarisms, should, nevertheless, profess, the former, to revise Hesiodes, and the latter to ridicule the sayings of the Greeks.

To judge from the general testimonies and existing fragments, the ancient logography had that in common with the Homeric *epos*, that it likewise purported to delineate the whole life and world of the Hellens, in all their manifold ramifications. The logographical works embraced, not only mythological fables, fictions, traditions, and historical narrations, but also travels and descriptions of nature, as well as curiosities from all departments of life, customs, manners, &c., a striking specimen of which we still possess in the works of Herodotus. The main question was to distinguish the real facts transmitted by traditions as such, from that of poetical creation or invention; to effect that end, the logographers endeavoured to discover the characteristic works which they deemed most apt to lead to the desired end. It was natural that rising history should first begin its critical career with attempts in the field of the traditions, to sift the true ones from those invented by the poets, before it pursued the more difficult task of distinguishing historical from traditional facts. Logography was thus an important stepping-stone to real history at large, among the Hellens, such as it afterwards developed itself out of these elements. As yet, the poetical element was still prepondering in tenor and conception, though the historical element, with a tendency to the political, was already prevailing in the descriptions of the passing events, as well as of the genuine traditions, in opposition to the poetical inventions, or our modern *romance*.

Between the first attempts of the ancient logographers and the excellent work of *Herodotus*, an immense chasm must appear to those who see in the former, only prosaic transcribers or translators of the verses of the early poets. This vast and sudden bound of the Greek genius, may certainly in some measure be explained by the entirely new life which began to flourish throughout Greece, with and after the Persian wars, and to which Greece greatly owed her culture, developement, and maturity, and not less the works of Herodotus himself. By the second common, great, and successful enterprise of all the Greeks in the historical time, that poetical expedition of Troy received a characteristic counterpart in the field of true history,

which challenged observation, contemplation, and comparison, and the national spirit was thus strained to new strength and excitement. The separate and individual states of Greece, measured their respective forces, political positions and boundaries, by the standard of the share they bore in the glorious victory over the common enemy, and they began to become more sensible of the importance of their political connection with the whole on the one hand, and of their own independence as a political body, apart from the union, on the other. The dormant powers and energies were, in short, roused and excited by the happy success, and the vast results arising from the aggressive war upon Persia. Greece learnt then for the first time, the surrounding world, both politically and geographically; it saw for the first time, foreign tactics, both military and diplomatic; it became acquainted with foreign politics, maxims, and style of proceeding: Greece had, in short, been awakened to self-consciousness, and thrown into continual contact with states affairs, both at home and abroad. All these circumstances, no one can deny, conspired to rouse and develop among the Greeks the *historical* sense, and we may fairly say, that by the Persian wars, the proper line of demarcation was drawn between the *poetico-mythological* and the *historico-political* world of the Greeks, and that these wars served as the proper basis for the latter.

For that reason, Herodotus, commonly called the father of history, occupies the middle ground between the logographers and the strict historians, at the head of which shines Thucydides. Herodotus forms the point of transition, from youth to manly maturity of the Greeks. Dionysius on that account, does not quite separate (ibid c. 5) him from the old logographers, and he only observes: "that Herodotus has raised History to more elegance and greatness by giving it a more extensive sphere of operation, and an increase of matter in his narrations."

Indeed, the plan and spirit of his work are certainly not so very different from those of the logographers. The first five books, at least, resemble more a work of travels (to which are added by way of incident the most interesting mythological and historical accounts of the different nations and countries he had visited) than of real history. He appears to have inquired with a sort of almost childish curiosity into everything that he deemed worthy of notice. Neither must we wonder to see him treat rather superficially, the spirit, character, and relations of the nations and even individuals whom he brings under review. He is an artist of nature; and he sketches and describes things just as they strike his unexperienced but lively fancy, without allowing his critical reason to subdue its buoyancy by cold arguments, while the open and frank manner in which he relates his stories and adventures, vouchsafes for his own belief in them; and we can therefore not agree with Thucydides, who reproaches him

(L. c. 21) with an intentional fraud, with having received in his work, many fabulous anecdotes to amuse his wonder-loving countrymen, though he was himself perfectly aware of their utter absurdity. Herodotus wrote in the spirit of his age and nation. However inclined he might have been to be a little more critical, he frequently forgot himself, and gave himself up with all the ardour and enthusiasm so peculiar to his country, to the pleasing fairy tales of olden times. The mythologico-poetical element does therefore not lie at the basis of his style, it being for the most part simple and without any poetical elevation; neither does it lie at the basis of his separate stories and anecdotes which he interwove in his books, but in the whole spirit which pervades almost every word of his; not in his individual poetical talents, but in the poetical spirit of the age to which he belonged.

Not less does the political element in his history bear the stamp of the Hellenic politics of his time. It is universally admitted that the ancients had taken the idea of the state as the centre of moral and intellectual life generally,—that all the departments of life stood more or less in connection with the spirit and life of the state in particular. But this assertion is more true of the Romans than of the Greeks; and we have only to compare the speech of Pericles (Thucyd. II. 35—47) with the sketch of the Athenian character given by Pliny (H. N. I. 30, 5) to be convinced that the central point of Greek life, was not the idea of the state, but that of perfect *liberty*, so peculiar to lively youth at large. This idea of liberty was in a political point of view, the original altar of patriotism, but it soon degenerated into arbitrary power and love for government; while in a mental point of view, it was indisollubly amalgamated with the idea of *art*, and generated in a moral point of view that overfondness for sensual life, so well becoming the Hellenic youth. In Sparta that same idea of liberty took a more serious direction towards *heroism* and *state life*, proverbially *Spartan*.

It is true that the Athenians, as well as the Greeks of the other states, were perfectly aware, that, without the state, the other branches of life cannot obtain due developement (Comp. Plato, de Republ. VI. p. 496, sq.), but they considered it after all, only as the *means* for a certain end, so that whenever its interests clashed with those of the latter, it was generally sacrificed to the latter, without considering that the loss of the one endangers likewise the existence of the other, and more especially at the time when *freedom* has already degenerated on the one hand, into political despotism, and on the other into licentious sensuality.

Herodotus declares at the very outset of his work, the aim and object of it, namely: that the deeds of men, and more especially

the great exploits of the Greeks and barbarians in their wars with one another, should not perish in the stream of time nameless and gloryless. (lib. 1, init.) This was, as we have already observed above, the natural object of the first historians, when roused to the consciousness, that the perception of historical facts in their real and veritable form, is a necessary condition of intellectual life. The means Herodotus took to effect that purpose, are very simple; he visited nations and countries and noticed down all the remarkable things he was told of, with a certain degree of certainty. (II. c. 123.) His attention is directed nearly to all branches of human life, to the state, politics, manners, customs, religion, curiosities of nature and the arts. The politics of a country he usually learns in a natural way by the reports and accounts of the natives themselves, which fill the last four books of his works, in the form of a purely *political history*. In several places (III. 80, *sq.*; v. 78, 66, 92,) we already see the avowed design of giving a sort of political lectures, by inserted speeches on government and constitution*. These formed already the germs of the rhetorical element, so greatly developed in the subsequent period. Already Herodotus takes the liberty of interweaving in his narrations, real or imaginary speeches of historical persons. These speeches are, however, with him, very short and without any pretension to rhetorical brilliancy. They bear, as everything else in him, the garb of charming simplicity, of political wisdom, neither far-fetched nor thoroughly calculated, but in the true spirit of the Greek line of policy during the Persian wars. The Athenians, when they undertook to support the Ionians against the Persian oppression, certainly calculated not the little chance of success they had against the powerful foe, nor the fatal consequence, likely to result for themselves, from that untimely interference; they, in short, acted very unwisely and impolitic, in a worldly sense, by allowing themselves to be carried away by the impetuous impulse of the moment, and an overwhelming feeling of wrong, and compassion for the sufferers. Just so is the proceeding of Herodotus. He, also, never inquires into the internal condition of foreign states with the sharp eye of political wisdom, but his open soul receives all things that bear the stamp of good, sublime, and beautiful; he approves of them, though clashing with political interests, and represents them in that same pleasing light, without caring about the political foibles. This characteristic trait of Greek policy, or rather impolicy, is still visible, even in the much later Greek historians.

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* That these speeches I. 80 *sq.* had never taken place among the Persians, but is altogether a story invented by Herodotus, is an admitted fact. Vide *Heeren*, Ideen &c., I. p. 431.

When Herodotus read his History to the assembled Greeks (Suidas v. Thucyd.) he is said to have cast his look upon a youth who seemed to be affected even to tears. This was *Thucydides*, son of Oloros of Athens; they were the tears of a great mind, shed at the recital of the great deeds of the ancestors, when the soul is moved in turn by feelings of admiration, and a longing desire to have witnessed those grand exploits in person. There was in Thucydides noble-mindedness, united with all the capacities requisite for the general and the statesman, as also patriotic zeal and enthusiasm, but adverse circumstances, it seems, made him only an *historian*, to which he was called by his talents, as a statesman and orator. Thucydides appears in quite a different light and character from Herodotus, and the former may again be considered as the representative of the political character of the Greeks, after it had undergone a sudden change and developement by the vanquishment of the Persians, in the fifty years before the outbreak of the Peloponesian war. He is evidently imbued with a spirit both serious and critical, and he was the first among the Greeks to apply criticism to politics and history. The political and statesman-eloquence seem to be his forte, yet does he not lack poetical harmony, and this combination of talent was probably the cause, that he was considered by many later writers as the pattern and king of historians. Even the ancients* acknowledged the poetical elevation of his style, and have for that reason probably deemed his style unfit† for the forum,—not as is generally supposed, on account of the briefness and obscurity alone, but partly and chiefly also for the poetical colour that pervades his history. It sometimes even appeared to us, as if that so famous brevity and obscurity of the style of Thucydides, were by no means artificial and selected with him, but the natural consequence of his deep poetical feeling; it appeared to us, as if he was trying to keep his language within the bounds of prosaic meagreness and precision, while his poetical spirit revolted against such an attempt.

That energetic brevity, roundness, and fulness so peculiar to the poetical element of Thucydides, are at the same time in opposition to the previously prevailing Epos, with its easy, unlimited, and free choice of expression. Dionysius (Hal. ii. 11) justly observes on the other hand, that Thucydides is particularly great in the *pathetic*. The ancients speak in high terms of his sublime style of representation as a masterpiece; a tragic earnestness, nay, a tragic frown, at human weakness and worldly misery pervades his graphic views of life and the world. Everything in him reminds us, that he existed

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* Dion. Hal. Epis. ad Cn. Pomp. 3; Marcell. Vita Thuc., and more especially Dion. Hal. de Thuc. jud. 22, 27, 29, 46 where he rather disapproves of the poetical style in Thucyd.

† Dion. Hal. 1-8; Cic. Brut. 83; ibid Orat. 9; Quinct. Inst. Or. X. 1

in the golden age of Greek tragedy, in opposition to the simple childish, and natural poetry of the previous epoch, and we might thus fairly characterize the prevailing element in Thucydides as the *tragico-dramatic*. This glowing poetical disposition of his mind hindered him not, nevertheless, from a patient, cold, and critical inquiry and investigation into the state of things. His knowledge and his thoughts are prosaic and real, and his criticism keen and ingenious, and he only gives way to the poetical fire of his mind when dressing his profound reflections into words. Of this we read a striking example, in the eighth book of his Histories in particular, which so greatly differs from the first seven in form and delivery, that it is generally considered spurious ; by some, as the production of his daughter, and by others, as that of Xenophon or Theopompus. The style is certainly more dry and prosaic, and (perhaps on that account also) more plain and clear; but it was in all probabilty, the mere rough sketch which was left in that unfinished state by his death. In Herodotus, the poetical element of his history, proceeded more from the spirit of the age and his nation, while in Thucydides, it was the genuine creation of his own individual poetical talent.

Again, in Herodotus the colouring of the whole is more poetical, or rather, keeping the medium between politics and poetry, while in Thucydides, the poetical element is more in the back-ground; the tone of his works, and even of his histories are *politico-rhetorical*. It was Thucydides who so developed that element of Greek Historiography, that he may justly be considered as its very inventor. His leading notion was evidently, to instil into the mind of the reader, the fundamental principles of diplomacy more in an indirect way, by the insinuating art of his delivery, than by direct precepts of politics; and this his aim and object he pursues with masterly skill and consequence. He does not want to give rules, and teach politics in examples, or the developement of detached principles; but he tries to sketch the whole states-life of Greece, by distinct groups, by the characteristic distinctions of the single states among themselves, and their connexion to the whole. Greece, he meant, was to learn first to know *herself*, in order to know what she lacks, and at what she is to strive. And to effect that end, he justly chose the history of the Peloponesian war, where all the virtues and foibles of the Greek spirit show themselves in fullest display, where all the mental and physical powers of the country are in full play and activity, according to the individual qualifications of every state respectively. Dionysius of Hallicarnassus, is thus wrong in disapproving (Ep. ad Cn. Pomp. 3) of the selected subject of his History. On the contrary, the selection of the very subject, and the manner he treated it, warrant us the grand designs he had in view, which are

moreover evident in many single passages of his work*. The introduction forms the sketch of old Greece and that of the Peloponesian war; the principal picture is not filled up, as in some modern histories, with the names of the individual leaders of the events†, but with the individual *states*, personifying in themselves the heroes of the day; they are, as it were, the acting personages of the great historical drama, and on their character rests the developement of the catastrophe. To bring that spectacle into full play, Thucydides made use of the licence of the old historians, to invent and insert speeches made for the occasion, speeches, which only with him may truly be called so in the widest acceptation of the term. This licence or privilege owes its origin, as is evident to every one, to the peculiar spirit of the Greeks, and more especially to the Hellenic principles of politics and diplomacy. Only among a nation and in a country where the statesman was inseparable from the orator, where history attempted to appropriate the whole region of politics—only there, could it occur to the historian to interweave into his narrations long and often purely invented speeches, without offending the ear, or tiring the patience of the reader. But at the time of Thucydides, the political life of Greece was at its culminating point, the foundation of which was the Persian wars. During the succeeding periods, when Greece came into close and manifold intercourse with Persia, as well as with the individual states of its own territory, politics had been developed and moulded in Greece to a real subject of *art*, to a general national art, in which every member of the state was to participate. As such, it stood in need of a fixed form, which under the then existing republican relations and circumstances of Greece, could only answer to the exigencies of politics, when assuming that of *eloquence*.

Thucydides, in transplanting, by the mighty power of his genius, the historio-graphy, altogether upon the field of politics, adopted with it, also, its form, *eloquence*, and made at the same time use of it to serve his own purpose. Thus, we find the best and longest speeches in Thucydides, are put into the mouth, not of individuals, but whole nations, whom he introduces in a colloquial character, to exhibit the inward disposition of their mind. Hence, the special at-

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* Such as—I. 22; also II. 35, where he puts, certainly not without design, into the mouth of Pericles, the praise of the Athenian state. In close connection with it, are likewise the speeches made on the diets of Sparta, (I. 68, 80, 120,) in which, parallels are drawn between the characters of the Lacedemonians and Athenians, as also the interview with the Melisians V. 85.)

† Not even the characteristic of Pericles is found in him, for II. 65, is not to be reckoned as such. Comp. Poppo I. 57.

tention he pays to the political relations of the states among themselves; hence, his style, full and rich in thoughts, his reiterated sentences pointing to the nature of man, and more especially of the Greek citizen*. Everything, in short, leads in him to his desired effect. No wonder that his eloquence was not, as Cicero complains, fit for the forum, since it was the natural means to his end, and of which he made use, not merely in that sense which the Greeks evinced for plastic beauty, not merely to develop the grounds and causes of the historical phenomena, or the mind and character of some individual personages†, nor to show and teach merely the art of eloquence, or to enhance thereby the splendour of the sketch, but simply and solely to embody in it that sublime idea of an elevated, exalted, and comprehensive politics‡. We must, however, not forget that Thucydides owes much to the spirit of his age. His was the time when Greece began to be roused to a sense of self-consciousness and self-knowledge. The Persian wars had shown what a mighty genius the Greek sky had called forth into the field of action, which ripened into all the various departments of human life during the succeeding 50 years of comparative rest and tranquillity, so that at the outbreak of the Peloponesian war, Greece exhibited to the world both her matured virtues and foibles. After the fall of Athens, the time of reflection and self-contemplation seemed to have arrived; but even Sparta's sober heroism soon lost its balancing power, and degenerated into that arrogant and wanton desire of dominion which was, in Athens, the mere effect of extravagant sensuality, and an immoderate desire for life's pleasures. Thucydides wanted to lay hold of the abstract principle and cause of the Peloponesian war, and unfold it in a clear light to his reader, and he was thus led by circumstances, the spirit of his age and nation, as well as by his own genius, to inquire into the nature of man and state generally, which inquiry disclosed to his eyes, the abstract principles of consummate politics, and states' wisdom upon a broad scale, and in a most critical point of view. His historical criticism did not proceed, as Heeren thinks§, from his resolution of writing the history of his time. Why not write such a history uncritically? But it was, on the contrary, the history of his time, that developed in him the pure idea of criticism; the bare chaotic notion of which had, however, already occurred to his predecessors||.

* Comp. I. 41, 78, 84; II. 8; IV. 108; VII. 66, 69, &c. Also the speeches teem with similar observations.

† *Vide* Heilmann: Kritische Gedanken über d. Character u. die Schreiart d. Thucyd. p. 24.

‡ Comp. Krüger I. 1, p. xviii, Poppo I. 1, p. 47-69.

§ Ideen &c. III. p. 389.

||Already Dionysius of Miletium, wrote the history of his time; not less so, Herodotus in part of his work. Thucydides was thus not first to have conceived that notion, so as to be called its inventor, as *some* would have it.

These two points, the spirit of *criticism* and of pure *states' history*, are the two grand merits of his work by which Greek historiography has made a step towards a higher developement. His endeavours to give serious warnings to Greece, and lead her back to the proper way, belong to the whims of his time *alone*. Words have, as yet, wrought no improvement in the minds of declining nations. It is, therefore, neither the task of history to serve the state, nor the office of the historian to teach and amend the citizen. This tendency, which is in Thucydides still more perceptible (though enveloped in a sublime idea) than in Herodotus, and has been laid hold of by the later historians in a still higher degree, is, therefore, false and altogether incompatible with the spirit and object of history at large.

Xenophon*, on the other hand, resembles more Herodotus, only that with him the poetical element is rather suppressed, whenever it is incompatible with the subject he treats of. On account of the quiet, smooth, and harmonious flow of his language, Cicero† calls him *more sweet than honey*, and thinks that the Muses had spoken by his mouth, but is, at the same time, of opinion that he is of no use to the orator. Indeed there is but little oratory in the form of his representation, which resembles more the masterpieces of Polyclet, Myron, and Praxiteles, so celebrated for their charming and plastic grace. That *grace* appears in him *artistico-poetical*, communicating itself so wonderfully to the whole history, to the single events and relations, as generally to all the historical phenomena in their external form, that they appear themselves all and separately artistico-poetical. But it belongs, also, more to the national spirit of the Athenian people, than to Xenophon's own individuality; the same grace showing itself, also, though modified, in Plato, and the orators of his time. This poetical element is mostly seen in his *Cyropædia;* the history is idealised, truth not mutilated, though richly coloured with poetical hues‡. Xenophon himself, however, seems to have looked at that work as a purely historical one, as is evident from many passages§, a proof that he looked at history generally, from a poetical point of view. The Greek writers pursued

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* V. Diogen. Laer. vita Xenophontis; Krüger de Xenophontis vita quæstt. criticæ Hal. Sax. 1822.

† Cic. Orat. 9; de Orat. II. 12; Quinct. inst. or. X. 1. § 33; Dion Hal. I. 1.

‡ Comp. Cic. Epist. ad Quint. Fr. I. 1; Anson. in Grat. act. p. 728. For a long time the opinions were divided on the question whether the Cyropædia is to be numbered among the historical works. At present it is negatived by nearly all literati.

§ Cyrop. I. 1; Conf. VIII. c. 5. § 28.

generally, the history *subjective* ends, partly of artistical (poetical, and rhetorical), and partly political, or ethical tenor.

To arrange the historical matter so as to fit it for those ends, it was necessary to represent truth in a somewhat different light from that of strictly real, a proceeding which they did not at all consider unhistorical or fraudulent. Xenophon wanted to represent in the life of Cyrus, according to his aristocratico-monarchical notions, the ideal of a ruler. He made history subservient to that notion, by which the historical facts naturally received a poetical colouring, to suit the abstract leading points of his ideal; and which proceeding Xenophon deemed quite in order. The same views we also find in his other writings. With him as with Thucydides, a subjective end lies hidden in the politico-rhetorical element of his history, and this was to instruct and form the general statesman by models and examples, to raise his mind to the great men of the past, and to lead him into the most manifold and intricate situations and relations, in order to show him the power in man, which controls the relations and events of life. This was no doubt his object when he undertook to describe the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from the midst of the Persian empire. The same notion guided also his pen in his Cyropædia, where he plainly declares it. Neither does he dismiss it in his history of Greece, the continuation of a work of Thucydides; though it has been justly observed, that it was probably a mere commentary, rough sketch, or notes to a real history which was to follow. Here also we see him guided by the image of Agesilaus, whom he adores as a pattern of both a general and a king, in a profusion of words far beyond the meagreness and poverty of the subject itself (Hist. Gr. V. 1, 3; VII. 5, &c.) The rhetorical element goes everywhere hand in hand and with equal steps with the political. The speeches are neither so long nor so frequent as in Thucydides, and are still less of a brilliant character; they appear in all parts, only inserted for the purpose to develop the character and spirit of some individual commanders, or to show how eloquence may become useful to the general.

This tendency of Xenophon entirely corresponded with the spirit and position of the Hellenic states of his time. The few exalted minds looked with pain and grief at the sunken and debased character and life of the people, and rested some hope of salvation still on the few great men whom they wanted to encourage, form, and instruct, that they might prove the prop of the nation at large. This was also the notion of Socrates, when he maintained that it was more great and difficult to form a statesman than the state itself. This was likewise the leading notion of Plato's *Republic*, which appears to us in the light of a large educational establishment; neither did that notion less pervade the whole of Xenophon's writings. He too laboured under the mistaken impression, that by word and writing a

fallen state may still be revived and restored to its previous vigour. Hence, his open attempts to give a sort of political lecture or instruction by means of history. And though that mode of proceeding was already in full force and practice in his time, yet was he greatly restrained from indulging in those rhetorical flourishes and extravagant moralizing which distinguished the historians soon after him, by his delicate and fine sense for the poetical art, by his religious and ethical views of the world and its vicissitudes, as well as by his respect for the truth of *facts*, which was with him still more important than that of words.

Already with Xenophon we must conclude the golden age of Greek historiography, the beginning of which was formed by Herodotus, and the culminating point by Thucydides. Its flourishing period was short; because, as it appears, it stood in close connection with the political life of the Greek states during and about the Peloponesian war. At best we can add to the list only Ctesias and Philistus, who may in some measure be placed in the middle, between that and the new third epoch. Ctesias appears similar and related to Herodotus, not only for the loveliness of his Ionic dialect, (V. Demetr. de Elocut. 212—217, p. 84 sq.) but also for the richness and abundance of his fables and mythological sayings in his Persian and Indian history.* The only difference between the two is, that Herodotus believed those fables in some measure to be true, and spoke of them in that poetical spirit peculiar to youth, which likes to indulge in fabulous dreams, while Ctesias resembled more the man who passes stories upon credulous youth, well knowing them to be mere fictions. Ctesias, whose age had produced a Thucydides, ought certainly not to have repeated nor believed anecdotes and traditions, which even Herodotus has as yet doubtfully received in his histories, however fantastical the remote miraculous land of India may have appeared to him; and he thus gave the first proof of the degeneration of the poetical element in Greek history. But he was, on the other hand, as the style and contents of his writings evidence, also free from the besetting sin of the succeeding historians, rhetorical pomp, and a mania for lecturing and instructing. The reverse of him was Philistus. His model was Thucydides;† and following his example he firmly adhered to historical reality, and kept aloof from the regions of history, all fables and fictions.‡

But he, on the other hand, deviated from his path, by being the

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* V. Aristot. His. anim. VIII. 28; Plut. vita Artax. in init; Gell. N. A. IX. 4; Diodorus seems to have followed him in his history.

† V. Dion. Hal. Ep. ad Cn. Pomp. 5; Vett. script. cens. III. 2; Cic. de Orat. II. 13; Ep. ad Quint fr. II. 13; Quinct. I. O. X. 1.

‡ Dion. Hal. Ep. ad Cn. Pomp. 5.

first who lent to his historical representation a truly rhetorical colouring, by arranging his speeches so as to render them quite fit for the forum.* Thus began with Ctesias the degeneration of the *mythico-poetical* elements, and with Philistus, that of the *politico-rhetorical* elements in Greek Historiography. The new school after them, seized both directions, and brought, as it were, to maturity, the germ of corruption in history, sown by *Ctesias* and *Philistus*.

Theopompus and *Ephorus*, together with their successors, Anaximenes, Callisthenes, Clitarchus, Timæus, and others,† extended, it is true, the field of history, supported as they were by the physical extension of the Hellenic territory, as well as by the mental developement of the Hellenic spirit and culture. But, instead of confining themselves with the acquired increase of historical matter, to the sphere of historical reality, they, on the contrary, drew into it even more than their predecessors, a vast number of mythological fables and traditions. Even Dionysius, who speaks in so high terms of Theopompus, cannot help blaming in him the great many digressions and extravagances in which he indulges, as well as the numerous fables and fictions with which he interspersed his history.‡ Also Ephorus had no doubt received in his large historical work, much that was not historical, as Polybius reproaches him,§ though he endeavoured (and probably also Theopompus) to convert those mythological fables into historical incidents, by a sort of allegorical interpretation. Anaximenes, Callisthenes, Clitarchus, and others belong to the historians of the deeds of Alexander of Macedonia, and are usually represented as credulous writers on whom but little dependence can be had, who exaggerate facts, and convert the real and usual into fictions by rhetorical embellishments, while Timæus was, according to Polybius,|| altogether full of mythological fables, wonders, and dreams.

We thus see, that the poetical element in history was, notwithstanding the examples given by Thucydides, Xenophon, and Philistus, not at all lost in the succeeding periods, but had, on the contrary, continually been fully preserved in the interspersion of all sorts of fables, mythological sayings, poetically embellished traditions,

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* Dion. Hal. ibid.

† In the Alexandrian canon are originally numbered only seven *præcipui* or *classici historici:* Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Theopompus, Ephorus, Anaximenes and Callisthenes. But in the canon of Aristophanes and Aristarchus, nine are given, by adding to the number, also Philistus and Clitarchus. Comp. Wyttenbach vita Rhunkenii, Lips. 1801. p. 147.

‡ I. 1, 6; comp. Theon. Progyma, p. 44; Polyb. reliqu. XVI. 12; Cic. de legg. I. 1; Ælian. Var. His. III. 18; Strab. 1, p. 116.

§ Rel. lib. IX.; comp. Seneca Nat. Quæstt. VII. 16; Diod. Sic. I. 37, 39; Strab. V. p. 375.

|| Rel. 1, XII. 24.

and superstitious dreams and wonders. However, in Theopompus, Ephorus, Anaximenes, Callisthenes, and Clitarchus, they may have served as a mere sort of ornament of representation, as a mere resting-point and recreation from the uniform fatiguing facts purely historical, an amusement quite in uniformity with the Greek taste and spirit. We are, at least, justified in this charitable supposition, by the circumstance that these writers are received in the Alexandrian canon among the classical historians, if we would not deny to the Greeks all historical sense. It is thus more than probable, that they left purely historical matter intact, and fetched from ages and countries which were, by their remoteness, enveloped, as it were, in poetical and fantastical obscurity, the poetical ornaments thereto. But as it lay in the nature of the process of developement and culture among the Greeks, that no direction which was originally pursued, was ever afterwards entirely dropped; as it was, on the contrary, in the character of the Hellens, to separate and develop every original element to its utmost perfection, it cannot be wondered at, that notwithstanding a more critical system had already been introduced into history, the historians still incorporated in their works the fables, fictions, genealogies, traditions, and foundations of states and countries by the gods and heroes, from the ante-historical world and times, and frequently neglected for them the truly historical events. Polybius, (Relig. IX. proæm.; comp. III. c. 20; XII. 3, 5, 8, 17; XVI. 12, 20.) that serious and wise statesman, frequently complains of that mischief; and to judge from his words, the poetico-mythological element had, until his time, been on the increase. It was thought necessary to adorn history with a variety of subjects, a proceeding approved of by Dionysius (Ep. ad Cn. Pomp. 6,) and Diodorus (xx. 2.)

The poetico-mythical element of the Greek Historiography, took that turn even before Polybius. Fables and fictions, and a whole world of poetical traditions from the early ages, found a place in history; not because they believed them to be true and historical; not from a peculiar taste for poetical extravagances, such as Herodotus, and his age relished; but simply to extend the field of history, to amuse the reader, or to display learning, acuteness, and talent, in the attempts to explain those fables of other days.

Though the most prevailing element in those historians, was the *politico-rhetorical**, it went, however, hand in hand with the *poetico-mythical*,† and fared the same degeneration with it. In the same manner as the truly *poetical* spirit gave way, in the latter, to the

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* V. Dion. Hal. Ep, ad Cn. Pomp. 6; Demet. de Elocut. § 240, 247. p. 95, 97; Cic. de Orat. II. 14, 23. Bout. 17, 85; Orator. 51, 57: Ep. ad Quinct. fr. II. 13; Diod. Sic. V. 1.

mythical and fabulous, so did in the former, the truly *political* spirit make room for the *rhetorical*, and oratory, vanity, pomp and show increased to such a pitch as to force even the ancients to speak of them in condemnatory terms.*

Theopompus and Ephorus may be considered as the first who had unreservedly introduced that false and falsely so-called *pragmatism* of history, in which all the later Greek historians shared more or less. We indicate by that name, the just-mentioned degeneration of the rhetorical element in Greek historiography. Previously, that rhetorical garb of history was almost a natural, necessary, and suitable requisite of the political element, while subsequently attempts were made to establish rhetoric as an independent element of its own, in history. All departments of physical and intellectual life, politics and military art, morality and a sort of practical philosophy, art, (poetry), and antiquarian lore, were all and each drawn into the field of history, and connected with the same by inserted and interpolated speeches, digressions, and episodes. It was the time, when the historians not longer content with the *politico-historical* matter, furnished by the political agitations of the Hellens within the boundaries of Greece, attempted to extend their inquiries into all the branches of Hellenic life. It was the time to which we have already referred above, when the Greek states had almost politically ruined themselves by their petty squabbles among themselves, after the great efforts they had made during the Peloponesian war; while, on the other hand, their mental developement had been expanded in all directions of human life; it was the time, when politics and states-life had become lax and enervated, arts and sciences had already lost their internal energy and vigour, and were replaced by pomp and external show, and religious feelings had degenerated into atheistical sentiments; it was the time, in short, when superficial ease, fluency, and speciousness had supplanted profundity, energy, and intrinsic merit. If Thucydides and Xenophon had previously attempted to convey instruction and information by an artistical developement of the political life, state, and character of nations, the historians now attempted to arrive at the same results, by empty words and oratory flourishes. By separating, as it were, the word from the deed, and phrases from facts, history obtained an ingredient altogether subjective, losing thereby all objective truth and substance. The ingenious and eloquent Theopompus, as well as the erudite and thinking Ephorus, have certainly well known how to cast into a beautiful and fit form all their manifold discourses and rhetorical

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* V. Plut. IV. p. 224; Quinct. Inst. Or. X. 1, § 74; Cicer. de Orat II. 14; Orat. 44; Polyb. Rel. 1. XII. 28; II. 56, Rel 1. XVI. 17, &c.; Diod. Sic. XX. 1; Dion. Hal. Ant. Rom. procem.

effusions, but they after all, only confirmed the erring writers in their false tendency and delusions. It is true, that Theopompus and Ephorus, may probably have left intact the historical facts, and only indulged in digressions, episodes, and rhetorical ornaments as far as the inserted speeches are concerned; at least, we are justified in this surmise, by the high character they bore among the ancients of all times, as well as also by the certain respect shown to both or either by Polybius*. But it was they also, who paved the way to these rhetorical caricatures, which the later writers extended even to historical facts, the beginning of which was already made by Anaximenes and Callisthenes (Cic. de Orat. ii. 14; Dion. Hal. de Isæo jud. 19.)

We must, however, not forget that the changed aspect in historiography during that period, was by no means accidental, but was in a great measure founded in the Greek character and spirit, and the historical course of their development. The rhetorical element could but extend in the same degree as rhetorics grew in importance and signification in Greece. Eloquence was of all the arts, that which matured the last in Greece, bearing its fruits only about the time when those historians flourished. It rose exactly in the same ratio as the active powers of the Greek states began to sink. With them, sank also the creative genius of Greece in the region of the arts and sciences; and erudition and learning began to prevail only in that age. The scientific man sought for opportunities to display his knowledge, while the rhetorician is by nature fond of show and outward glory, whenever efficacious influence and inward operation is out of the question. Both found in history a proper field for display. Moreover, the poetical sense of the Greeks, soon grew fond of the trivial fables and fictions, in proportion as the taste for profundity and æsthetical beauty became weaker. Various circumstances contributed to this altered taste of the Greeks, and among others, the history and march of their own vicissitudes, and the external events of the Hellenic states themselves. The Greek and Philippine histories of Theopompus, as well as the Greek history of Ephorus, contain chiefly the events of the seventy years, from the end of the Peloponesian war, to the end of the reign of King Philip of Macedonia. The complicated relations of the Greek states during that period, afforded to the political rhetorician the widest and richest field for display, at the same time that they stimulated and excited on the other hand, the love for inquiry, and a desire to trace, develop, and explain

* Rel. XII. 23, 27; V. 45, 46; IX. 1; comp. Dion. Hal. Ep. ad Cn. Pomp. 6; Athen. III. p. 85; Phot. Bibl. Cod. ch. xxvi. Neither is it a great proof of Theopompus' love of truth, for not only never praising, but on the contrary frequently censuring, in his histories, Mausolus, at whose grave he had held a prize sermon. (Euseb. Præp. Ev. X. 3.)

genetically, Greek history to its remotest origin. The deeds of Alexander, which really bordered on the wonderful and fabulous, by their extent, power, and greatness, only contributed to strain still more the excitable fancy of the Greeks. India and Eastern Asia afforded immense matter for fantastic extravagances, exaggeration, fictions, and fables, by their remoteness, unacquaintance, and peculiar situation. This was indeed too tempting for the lively Greek to resist, and the historians of Alexander the Great, created thus in some measure a quite new epoch in Greek historiography, as far as the *poetico-mythical* element was concerned, by their trying, not like Theopompus or Ephorus, to explain or make use of the already existing stock of fables and wonders, but to open quite a new region of them, in the exploits of Alexander, &c., and to combine them afterwards with the events of history generally.

Thus it happened, that the learned attempted to extend history far beyond her due and proper limits, into the fields of poetry and even religion; thus it happened, that eloquence no longer confined her lessons to the present use of the forum, but meddled likewise with moral, political, and ethical subjects from olden times, by means of history, and the consequence was, that *history* lent her name to everything, except history itself.

The same spirit, though modified, shows itself also in the collateral branches of historical literature among the Greeks, which we must mention here, forming as the point of transition to the pragmatism of Polybius. We allude to the so-called ATTHIDA. The writers of this sort of history always prefaced their works with a developement of the oldest mythological traditions of the country, and an attempt to explain them historically, but they frequently also inserted fables and fictions in their narrations. However, in the field of pure and real history, they were very scrupulous and strict, and distinguished themselves not only for precise and perfect chronological order, but mostly also for love of truth and fidelity. Such a love for precision and order, was naturally and frequently combined with a style simple, unadorned, and dry. Dionysius of Halicarnassus (Ant. Rom. proœm. 1, 8) at least, places the Athida on a par with chronicles and annals, and brands them as dull and tedious. Here we find, then, nothing like rhetorical pomp and arrogance, and still less of poetical designs and conceptions. Thus, opposite the poetical and rhetorical richness of the historians of the previous period, stand the *Atthida* in all their prosaic meagreness and reasonable soberness.

The last class of historians form, therefore, a sort of middle link between the period of Theopompus and Ephorus on the one side, and that of Polybius on the other, though there existed already a direct affinity between the two, by the tendency they had in common of raising history to the vehicle and means of instructing in all

branches of life, as far as the *politico-ethical* element was concerned.

When Polybius began to develop his views and opinions, the power of true eloquence had already been paralyzed, her decay being the natural result of loss of independence and national freedom of the Hellenic states. Greece was approaching with hurried steps towards destruction. The heroes of the Achæan league, Aratus, Philopœmen, and Lycortas (father of Polybius), could only retard, but not prevent her fall. Rome was rising with irresistible power towards supreme and universal dominion, and on her will depended also the fate of Greece. Polybius, though perfectly aware of that fact, preferred, nevertheless, writing for his fallen and debased countrymen, than for the Romans, the rulers of the world. These two circumstances fixed also the direction of his mind, and the colouring of the political element in his works. No one can doubt of his subjective design : he wanted to convince the Greeks of the futility of their hopes of ever being able to resist the Romans, and escape from their power. Hence, his repeated declaration* that he wished to lay before the eyes of the reader the dexterity of fate, with which it united within 53 years, the whole world under one dominion; he wanted to show that the power of the Romans is perfectly matched with their striving† and design, and he therefore never tires in impressing upon their minds, that there is not a better knowledge for man to improve his affairs, than that of past events, which is the best school of politics, the only and most efficient teacher of duly appreciating and patiently bearing the whims of fortune.‡ His work is, therefore, so full of reminiscences and warnings, so rich in wholesome advice, that he justly deserves the praise bestowed on him, of understanding better than any body how to instruct people, by duly reminding them of past events or incidents. Of course, the fallen Greek world lay before him like a compendium from which he could easily hold forth appropriate lectures on the march of history, and the vicissitudes of empires.

Such is the tendency of his work in particular reference to his age; beside that general one he had in common with all ancient historians, that it might serve to instruct the general and statesman of all times and countries, that it might, in short, become a general text-book for expounding politics and the military art.§

In all these circumstances lie also the grounds, why the rhetorical

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* Lib. I. c. 4, 2; III. 2—5; Conf. II. 36, 41; IV. 2.

† I. c. 3, 12, 13, etc.

‡ V. procem. 1, 1; III. 4; comp. 1, 35; II, 56; III. 31, 32; Rel. IX. 1, 2. etc.

§ Rel. IX. 14; Comp. III. 31.

element is rather less perceptible in him. It was entirely in harmony with his political views, that Polybius did not wish to dress his history in the rhetorical garb. It was not his intention to teach eloquence alone, since it was no longer of any practical avail to the Greek statesmen, as far as Greek politics were concerned, while he rejected it as mere vain ornament and outward show, serving no other purpose but to falsify or disfigure truths, which he wished to exhibit in their unadulterated state. It is true, that he frequently applies eloquence himself as a means to develop individual characters; but that developement is with him only a secondary consideration, and by no means a main object, while it required the mighty genius of a Thucydides, to make use of it in the way the latter did. In the treatment of his subject, moreover, the question is not to draw parallels between several interests or the resources of several states in a political point of view, but as he says himself, to display the great tissue of *Tyche* in an historical monument of Rome and Greece, or to trace the Roman spirit and Roman power to this origin.

For that reason, he always introduces his acting personages in a speaking and conversational way. His speeches, therefore, breathe wherever they are to be found, in almost every word, political or military instruction, or wisdom. The object of his most acute and zealous remarks is, everywhere, the state in its substance and eloquence for the life and happiness of man*. None of the ancient historians is more spirited, ingenious, profound, and farsighted, than he, in remarks, judgment, and criticism, on states and military affairs. Had he been, also, more moderate and more brief in his reflections; had he shown himself a little more great in his general views of the world, and a little more refined and polished in the form of his representation, he alone, and no one besides him, would have supplied us with the most perfect work of ancient history, in the true spirit of antiquity and ancient historiography in their highest acceptation. As it is, we must compose for ourselves, that ideal of ancient historiography, from the works of Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus.

Polybius and his work have variously been attacked and censured for having acted in the spirit of Theopompus and his successors in attempting to profane history, by smuggling in, as it were, a series of reasoning lectures and instruction in political wisdom, and states' morality, while some have even gone so far as to question the truth

* A whole book of his history, he had devoted to the observation and explanation of the Roman state. Rel. VI. 1. Here, he not only treats, as is evident from the extant fragments, with much insight and great ingenuity, Roman politics and military art, but draws even parallels between them and those of the most celebrated states of the ancient world. V. ibid 17 *sq.*; 19, *sq*; 43, *sq.*

of his historical facts and narrations. Though we are unable to free him altogether from those reproaches, yet can we by no means coincide in those views which class him among the above-named *rhetorising* historians. Against such a disgrace he is even protected by his zealous love for, and sincere inquiries into historical truth, and more especially by his grand and noble determination to trace and pursue the causes of the historical phenomena to their most hidden sources. This true and honest will, animates him and his work; this notion contains the ideal of his history, and has acquired for him the originally honourable title of the *Pragmatist.* The historian must be left at liberty to choose his own way and method how to arrive at, and embody, those inquiries. The object itself is here of too much importance, not to render the form but of secondary consideration, and even prolixity is here preferable to too much conciseness. Of course, the refutation of the other writers, leads him here often to too extensive digressions, and to assume a too pointed character of a teacher of politics and states-wisdom. But these attempts are, we shall see in the sequel, closely connected with those inquiries and their results, by his believing of having found in the form and life of the state, the last deeply rooted and well founded cause of all events and occurrences; in short, the vital principle of the historical world at large. It is true that his views of the world, history, and march of events are greatly at variance with those of our modern times; but, on that very account, ought we not to judge of his works, by the standard of our modern historiography; nor ought reproaches to be levelled against him, which belong, more or less, to the age and country; and if we question, on that account, the veracity and authority of Polybius, we do not see by what reason Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus, should find more credit in the eyes of our critics.

But, while the political element of Greek historiography is thus raised to greater purity in Polybius, the poetico-mythical element appears, on the other hand, entirely extinct. We almost miss in him the Hellenic writer by his total neglect of the beauty of form, diction, and style, a neglect for which the later Greek critics (ex. g. Dion. Hal. de compos. verb. IV.) cannot at all pardon him, and which, in a great measure, prevented him from duly appreciating the merits of his work. For it lay partly in his own character, his own view of history in general, and partly in the character and spirit of his time, to notice in history only what was alone real, true, useful, and instructive, to the utter neglect of all the rest. The wars in the interior of the Peleponnese, the contact and intercourse with Macedonia and Rome, had again given to the better Greeks a politico-military direction. Nothing great, however, took place in the military and political world to re-animate the poetical spirit. The false direction which prevailed in the poetry of the Alexandrines, as well as the weak,

unartistical, puerile, and spiritless striving and attempts at poetry of the Greeks of his time, was more strongly perceived by the spectator, Polybius, than by the acting personages themselves. It is this sort of false poetry which he censures, and wishes it banished altogether from the field of history.

But as poetry and its spirit forms the peculiar and vital element of Hellenic historiography at large, and as, moreover, artistical beauty and grace of speech is to be considered her national form,—we see in Polybius himself, a striking example of the decay and degeneration of the Greek spirit. Indeed, Polybius stands, as it were, between Greece and Rome, and his work may fairly be termed, the closing point of Grecian, and beginning of Roman historiography. His notion of the omnipotence of states' life, and state form, the purely political direction of his mind, was also the fundamental principle of the national character of the Romans; also his pragmatic and political way of treating history has been more followed and imitated by the Roman writers* than his own countrymen. Among the latter he stands indeed,—as far as we can know, or rather conjecture from the extant accounts, quite isolated and alone; and it was, perhaps, only Posidonius the Stoic, (who is said to have continued the history of Polybius), who entered more than any Greek into the spirit and character of Polybius' writings.

The next among the later writers, whose works have been saved, have evidently nothing of the characteristic peculiarity of Polybius. What they have in common with him, is rather in an indirect way, by their imitations of his rhetorizing predecessors, with whom Polybius in a great measure shared as regards the digressions and attempts at instructing and lecturing. Following thus their example, they again received in their historical sketches the poetical, mythical, and rhetorical elements which Polybius had rejected and discarded from his history.

Timagenes, who flourished in the age of the great Pompey, Cæsar, and Augustus, was, according to an observation of Quinctilian, the first who roused, as it were, again, slumbering history, ever since Clitarchus,† by which observation, the rhetorician insinuates that he (Timagenes) was the first, since the time of Clitarchus, to colour history with all the shining pomp and brilliancy of rhetorical and eloquent art. According to Seneca‡ he was, no doubt, a man

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* Comp. Cicero's precepts for the historian de Orat. II. 15; Sempronius Asellio, in Gellius, v. 18.

† Quinct. I. O. X. 1, § 751. Longo post intervallo temporis natus Timagenes hoc est vel ipso probabilis, quod intermissam historias scribendi industriam nova laude reparavit.

‡ Controv. xxxiv; L. Seneca de Ira, III. 23.

of an acute mind, and gifted with a fluent tongue, and full of biting wit, but also of a low and malicious character, and of superficial acquirements, a faithful and perfect picture of a Greek rhetorician of his time in general. That the historians who flourished in the long interval between him and Clitarchus, have severally treated history more in the spirit of Theopompus and his successors than in that of Thucydides or Polybius, is a fact not to be doubted, since most of them belonged to the school of the rhetoricians and grammarians; only that, perhaps, their rhetorical talent and art of diction did not altogether satisfy the demands of Quinctilian; neither is it impossible that their writings, by the false direction they had given to the poetical and rhetorical element, had so far deviated from the true spirit of history, that Quinctilian was averse from reckoning them at all among the historical works. The ancients expressed themselves of Callisthenes in terms more censorious than laudatory, for having handled history as a rhetorician; nor can there be any doubt, that even Clitarchus and Timæus misapplied rhetoric to distort and disfigure historical facts and reality.* All these facts, circumstances, and observations taken together, impress us with a rather unfavourable opinion of their successors.

We must also bear in mind, that after Polybius and the conquest of Corinth, Greece, and more especially Athens, had become the university of the Roman youth. The teachers naturally accommodated themselves to the spirit and necessities of their pupils. Politics and states-wisdom, the Roman pupil thought he could learn better at home and from Roman history, than in Greece and from Greek history and teachers, whose instruction he confined to eloquence and a sort of philosophy, the vehicle of the former. This honour which the Romans showed to the superior education of the Greeks, naturally gave a new stimulus to the Greek spirit, animating it with new vigour and exertion in the fields of the arts and sciences. But the false direction it had already taken was only confirmed thereby; and Polybius's warning voice was silenced by the general applause, and history was now altogether treated by means of the arts, in search of which even the Romans repaired to Greece. This plainly shows us the direction Greek historiography had taken, and we may fully pursue it and find it again in the two historians of the Augustine age, whose writings we possess more or less completely; we allude to Diodorus of Sicily and Dionysius of Hallicarnassus.

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* Cic. de Orat. II. 14; Comp. Polyb. rel. 1, XII. 17 sq.

† Quinct. inst. Or. X. 1, § 74. Clitarchi probatur ingenium, fides infamatur. On Timæus, comp. Polyb. rel. XII. 23, 25, 28.

Art. II.

1. *Poems.* By Frances Anne Butler. Wiley and Putnam.

2. *Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver.* By William Thom, of Inverury. Smith and Elder.

One of the first questions usually put, in relation to a book, is, To what class does it belong? Is it prose, or is it poetry? Yet certain it is that few who make the inquiry have any distinct and precise notion of the lines of demarcation between the two kinds of composition. Indeed, if you consult the professed judges of the elements of literature and the canons of taste, on this subject, the probability is that the account returned to you will not be remarkable for consistency, or even for the purposes of clear apprehension. Without more of generality, however, we shall offer what may perhaps prove serviceable, if not in the way of strict definition, at least of popular description, to the understanding of a difference.

Prose is ordinary, free, familiar, inartificial composition, employed in the business of life: for the ends of life; and, in its spirit and character, business-like. The aspects in which it considers objects are their *scientific and common sense* aspects. The style it adopts is perspicuous, unstudied, efficient. It has an end, beyond itself, to attain, and to that end it looks and adapts itself. It demands attention for no other purpose; it desires means for no other object. It never seeks to place a thought in a striking light, for the sake of that light, saying, as it were, "How beautiful, how grand, how wonderful this is!" It attracts not attention to itself. It studies not effect; it asks not to be admired. It knows nothing about selecting and grouping and colouring, to create a picture for the delight and marvel of the beholder. It is a "plain blunt personage," who "speaks right on the things which he doth know."

Poetry, on the other hand, is art, skill, taste, displayed in presenting, from the real world, or the world of fancy, the *selectest* things, in their most *perfect forms*, their *best attitudes*, their *loveliest attire*, their most *suggestive* and *affecting relations*. Thus, it endeavours to awaken the imagination; to throw a spell over the scenes it portrays; to create about the reader a kind of fairy world, in which he is himself, after all, the greatest wonder to himself.

Here *composition*—in its literal sense, putting together—emphatically takes place. Here are the best ideas, in the best order, and in the best expressions. While the intellect is tasked, the heart is touched, and the ear is charmed. Here are combined all the resources of beauty, which can be supposed to meet and unite in literature,—beauty of thought, beauty of association, and beauty of

sound. Here, reason, imagination, and the senses are united. Poetry is *artificial* composition; artificial, in the sense of exhibiting the highest art. Nothing imperfect in matter, or form, or circumstance, is tolerated in our idea of perfection here. Nothing is too true; nothing is too great to be treated by the poet. Nothing is too trifling to be regarded by him. Much may depend on a word, on the very order of the words, on their sound even. Throughout there must be harmony; harmony of subject, of philosophy, of spirit, of arrangement, of illustration, of utterance. Here all the laws of thought, of feeling, of language, are observed and fulfilled. We speak of poetry in the abstract, not of individual specimens.

The question is sometimes asked, whether metre is essential to poetry. Poetry, it must be observed, is not usually applied to any but metrical composition; though no one thing belonging to it is so very essential in this sense that there cannot be any thing *poetical* without it. There is what may be called the poetical in the subject, in the fact, in the fiction, in the figures, in the language, and in the measure; and one or more of these may exhibit it more strikingly than the rest. Some of them may be wholly wanting; and yet the poetical may predominate over the prosaic in the composition. But the *beau ideal* of poetry implies the union of them all. Are a beautiful face and sweet voice essential to a fine woman? Certainly they do not *constitute* a fine woman, and would not be first named in the description of her; yet, who ever separates these qualities from his idea of female perfection? What painter ever represented Eve as ugly? What poet does not give her a voice of music? At the prince's levee, is it essential to put our best apparel on? Men and women are much the same sort of beings in their every-day attire and in their Sunday suit. But, for them to appear on a gala day, in the costume of the counting house or the nursery, would seem odd and out of time. For the business of life composition wears its sturdy, practical air and its working-dress; on gala-days it comes forth with a joyful or melting heart, and in robes wrought by the Graces from the rainbow and the pearls of the sea.

We have offered these few general observations without the idea of bringing them to bear upon the books before us by any close application, and merely as not altogether impertinent, whatever be the publication, in the shape of poetry, which may appeal to the judgment of our readers; leaving it to them to make the proper use of the tests pointed out.

Assuredly Mrs. Butler's book need not shrink from the trial, for although her compositions may not offer all the requisites of poetry, or any one of them in the very highest degree, yet they most certainly merit the title of poems, and would be greatly misnamed were they catalogued as prosaic. This lady, equally with Miss Barrett, whose effusions we had the pleasure of noticing last month, comes

forth with stern thinking and real vigour. Both, although with a difference, appear to scorn effeminacy of mind and manner, and all that has nothing else to recommend it than superficial smoothness, or maudlin sentiment. They set themselves stoutly to their task, and after careful study of their art, as well as of our standard old poets; the married lady being, we opine, the deeper and severer ponderer of these models; the other, of her ownself, the breathing world around her, and the destinies of our race. Mrs. Butler writes with that consciousness of ability which is essential to power, whether the choice be that of the didactic or lyrical, the descriptive or the sonnet-stanza,—and whether fancy or feeling be the requirement. But still she wants the intensity and earnestness of Miss Barrett: she has a less profound conception of the sacredness of the poetic calling and of the might of its empire. Our samples will convey but a limited idea of Mrs. Butler's poetry; but it only requires a further acquaintance with her volume to arrive at a very high estimate of her talent, skill, and execution in a variety of moods and measures. The following is named "The Vision of Life," and appears to us to be in a fine lyrical strain.

Death and I,
On a hill so high,
Stood side by side:
And we saw below,
Running to and fro,
All things that be in the world so wide.

Ten thousand cries
From the gulf did rise,
With a wild discordant sound;
Laughter and wailing,
Prayer and railing,
As the ball spun round and round.

And over all
Hung a floating pall
Of dark and gory veils:
'Tis the blood of years,
And the sighs and tears,
Which this noisome marsh exhales.

All this did seem
Like a fearful dream,
Till Death cried with a joyful cry:
"Look down! look down!
It is all mine own,
Here comes life's pageant by."

Like to a masque in ancient revelries,
With mingling sound of thousand harmonies,
Soft lute and viol, trumpet blast and gong,
They came along, and still they came long!
Thousands, and tens of thousands, all that e'er
Peopled the earth, or plough'd th' unfathomed deep,
All that now breathe the universal air,
And all that in the womb of Time yet sleep.

Before this mighty host a woman came,
With hurried feet, and oft averted head;
With accursed light
Her eyes were bright,
And with inviting hand them on she beckoned.
Her followed close, with wild acclaim,
Her servants three: Lust, with his eye of fire,
And burning lips, that tremble with desire,
Pale sunken cheek; and as he stagger'd by,
The trumpet-blast was hush'd, and there arose
A melting strain of such soft melody,
As breath'd into the soul love's ecstasies and woes.

Loudly again the trumpet smote the air,
The double drum did roll, and to the sky
Bay'd War's blood-hounds, the deep artillery:
And Glory,
With feet all gory,
And dazzling eyes rush'd by,
Waving a flashing sword and laurel wreath,
The pang, and the inheritance of death.

He pass'd like lightning—then ceased ev'ry sound
Of war triumphant, and of love's sweet song,
And all was silent.—Creeping slow along,
With eager eyes, that wandered round and round,
Wild, haggard mien, and meagre, wasted frame,
Bow'd to the earth, pale, starving Av'rice came;
Clutching with palsied hands his golden god,
And tottering in the path the others trod.
These one by one,
Came, and were gone:
And after them follow'd the ceaseless stream
Of worshippers who with mad shout and scream,
Unhallow'd toil, and more unhallow'd mirth,
Follow their mistress, Pleasure, through the earth.
Death's eyeless sockets glar'd upon them all,
And many in the train were seen to fall,
Livid and cold, beneath his empty gaze;
But not for this was stay'd the mighty throng,
Nor ceased the warlike clang, or wanton lays,
But still they rush'd—along—along—along!

This next is more playful, and yet is far from empty of sound thought or of tender and healthful feeling.

Poor little sprite! in that dark, narrow cell,
Caged by the law of man's resistless might!
With thy sweet, liquid notes, by some strong spell,
Compelled to minister to his delight,
Whence, what art thou? art thou a fairy wight
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play?
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou in darkness, sing'st thy life away.
And can'st thou feel when the spring-time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee;
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
Of all that lives, save that which is not free?
Oh! if thou couldst, and we could hear thy pray'r,
How would thy little voice beseeching cry,
For one short draught of the sweet morning air,
For one short glimpse of the clear azure sky!
Perchance thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free,
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling;
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,
To every bud with honey dew distilling.
That hope is vain: for even couldst thou wing
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay,
Thou'dst be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,
'Mongst the companions of thy happier day.
For fairy sprites, like many other creatures,
Bear fleeting memories, that come and go;
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,
By absence touched, or clouded o'er with wo.
Then rest content with sorrow: for there be
Many that must that lesson learn with thee:
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully,
Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
For thy lost bliss sing but one parting wail,
Poor little sprite! and then sleep peacefully!

Come we now to the most interesting poetry and book that we have met with for a long time; judging not so much according to

the strict laws of literature, as for being the offspring of a poor, very poor man, and as having been prompted in a great measure by the impulsive severity of his lot and the heavy endurances of life; acting however upon a superior mind, a mind cast in a mould that is capable of putting forth excellent things and in a tone worthy the nobility of man in his better conditions.

William Thom's is a sad, but at the same time an instructive story; one that besides being signally suggestive, gives us a lofty notion of the fortitude of patience, and the things that may be achieved by a well-regulated and vigorous mind, when endowed too with the most sensitive feelings, amid the most trying privations and sickening bafflings. But we shall best discharge our present duties by allowing the Hand-loom Weaver to tell his own history, and by adducing some of his verses—the outpourings of a strenuous and manly nature; duties, not only in reference to his claim upon the notice and sympathy of every literary journalist, but in regard to the benefit of the world at large: for a chief end and aim in the little book is, as he modestly states in a well-written preface, "to impart to one portion of the community a glimpse of what is sometimes going on in another." Ah! it is to be devoutly hoped that a far truer and larger amount of a community of knowledge and sentiment, that appropriate reciprocities of sympathy, will ere long pervade society, than has hitherto been witnessed or yielded adequate results; otherwise there is too much reason for believing that internal weakness is our character, and that imminent danger lurks, where it is little dreamt of, because hardly ever looked into. Let the case of the Weaver of Inverury stimulate and soften all.

The "Recollections" are the most important things in the little book; they are also evidently the sources and promptings, in a great measure, of the "Rhymes:" these are unquestionably outpourings of the heart,—a heart with the stoutness of a hardy Scotchman, who is yet imbued with the most genial warmth, and is easily melted into gushing tears. Perhaps we do not conjecture widely of the truth, when we surmise that his sufferings and wants have had much to do in the formation of his intellectual character, and that working on a sound, capable, and unreluctant basis, have worked him up into that high-souled and energetic, yet tender being, exhibited in the passages to be quoted.

Thom was employed near to Cupar-Angus, as a weaver, some years ago; but a sudden manufacturing distress smote in his vicinity in one brief week that branch of industry, silencing more than six thousand looms, reducing him with his spouse and four children, to the miserable pittance of five shillings per week. The following is his manifestly unvarnished account of what he calls "one morning of modified starvation," being a sample of many such:—

Imagine a cold spring forenoon. It is eleven o'clock, but our little dwelling shows none of the signs of that time of day. The four children are still asleep. There is a bed cover hung before the window, tokeep all within as much like night as possible; and the mother sits besidethe beds of her children, to lull them back to sleep whenever any show an inclination to awake. For this there is a cause, for our weekly five shillings have not come as expected, and the only food in the house consists of a handful of oatmeal saved from the supper of last night. Our fuel is also exhausted. My wife and I were conversing in sunken whispers about making an attempt to cook the handful of meal, when the youngest child awoke beyond its mother's power to hush it again to sleep, and then fell a whimpering, and finally broke out in a steady scream, which, of course, rendered it impossible any longer to keep the rest in a state of unconsciousness. Face after face sprung up, each with one consent exclaiming, "Oh, mother, mother, gie me a piece!" How weak a word is sorrow to apply to the feelings of myself and wife during the remainder of that dreary forenoon!

At length, he and his family were obliged, in the hopes of procuring subsistence, to take to a vagrant life, having parted with the "last and most valued relic of other days," in order to have the means of purchasing "a pack" of such little goods as were presumed to be saleable. On the night of the third day, some of the weaker wanderers fairly broke down,—"Jean bore an infant constantly at the breast,"—while the strongest of them were sorely exhausted. But a large farm-house came in sight, and before giving up utterly in despair, and lying down to perish on the cold wet ground in the storm, the father hurried forward to implore shelter. But "no, no, no," was the unvarying answer to all his entreaties.

I returned to my family. They had kept closer together, and all except the mother, were fast asleep. "Oh, Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?" inquired the trembling woman; "I'm dootful' o' Jeanie," she added; "isna she waesome like? Let's in frae the cauld."—"We've nae way to gang, lass," said I, "whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us." Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits—when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust—when every unsympathising onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own

part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny.

A similar appeal was made at a "stately mansion hard by," with equally inhuman repulses. On returning to his famishing and perishing family, the father found a serving man standing by them, and offering what comfort and assistance in his power. "It is always so;" "but for the poor, the poorer would perish," is the observation of William Thom. The man conducted them to a common farm-house; and now the narrative rises in interest and results.

The servants were not yet in bed; and we were permitted a short time to warm ourselves at the bothy fire. During this interval the infant seemed to revive; it fastened heartily to the breast, and soon fell asleep. We were next led to an out-house. A man stood by with a lantern, while, with straw and blankets, we made a pretty fair bed. In less than half an hour, the whole slept sweetly in their dark and almost roofless dormitory. I think it must have been between three and four o'clock when Jean wakened me. Oh, that scream!—I think I can hear it now. The other children startled from sleep, joined in frightful wail over their *dead sister*. Our poor Jeanie had, unobserved by us, sunk during the night under the effects of the exposure of the preceding evening, following, as it did, a long course of hardship, too great to be borne by a young frame. Such a visitation could only be sustained by one hardened to misery and wearied of existence. I sat awhile and looked on them; comfort I had none to give—none to take; I spake not—what could be said—words? Oh, no! the worst is over when words can serve us. And yet it is not just when the wound is given that pain is felt. How comes it, I wonder, that minor evils will affect even to agony, while paramount sorrow overdoes itself, and stands in stultified calmness? Strange to say, on first becoming aware of the bereavement of that terrible night, I sat for some minutes gazing upwards at the fluttering and wheeling movements of a party of swallows, our fellow lodgers, which had been disturbed by our unearthly outcry. After a while, I proceeded to awaken the people in the house, who entered at once into our feelings, and did everything which Christian kindness could dictate as proper to be done on the occasion. A numerous and respectable party of neighbours assembled that day to assist at the funeral. In an obscure corner of Kinnaird churchyard lies our favourite, little Jeanie.

Circumstances in some measure improved, and William Thom again settled down to his loom. But soon the heaviest blow of all reached him. Jean, his wife, died in childbed. As already hinted, vicissitude, suffering, and losses must have served to awaken his muse, or at least to have confined him pretty closely to the scenes and events

that have wrung his bosom. He thus describes his bereavement, when enclosing to a friend some verses he had written on it.

Enclosed is one piece written about two years ago, my wife lately before having died in childbed. At the time of her decease, although our dwelling was at Inverury, my place of employment was in a village nine miles distant, whence I came once a fortnight, to enjoy the ineffable couthieness that swims around "ane's ain fireside," and is nowhere else to be found. For many months, we knew comfort and happiness— our daughter Betsy, about ten years of age, was in country service, two boys, younger still, kept at home with their mother. The last Sabbath we ever met, Jean spoke calmly and earnestly of matters connected with our little home and family—bade me remain a day or two with them yet, as she felt a foreboding that the approaching event would be too much for her enfeebled constitution. It was so. She died two days thereafter. On returning from the kirkyard, I shut up our desolate dwelling, and never more owned it as a home. We were but as strangers in the village, so the elder boy and I put over that night in a common tramp house. A neighbour undertook to keep the other little fellow, but he, somehow, slipped away unobserved, and was found fast asleep at the door of our tenantless home. Next morning having secured a boarding-house for him (the youngest), I took the road to resume labour at the usual place—poor, soft-hearted Willie by my side—a trifle of sad thinking within, and the dowie mists of Benachie right before me. We travelled off our road some miles to the glen where Betsy was "herdin." Poor Bet knew nothing of what had happened at Inverury. Her mother had visited her three weeks before—had promised to return with some wearables, for winter was setting in fast and bitterly. The day and very hour we approached her bleak residence, *that* was their tryst time. She saw us as we stood on the knowe hesitating—ran towards us—" O whaur is my mither? foo is nae she here? Speak, father! speak, Willie !" Poetry, indeed! Poetry, I fear, has little to do with moments like these. Oh, no! When the bewildering gush has passed away, and a kind of grey light has settled on the ruin, one may then number the drops as they fall, but the cisterns of sorrow echo not when full, hence my idealized address to Willie was written long after the event that gave it existence. With feelings more tranquil, and condition every way better, it came thus—

The se dark spot in this loveless world,
That spot maun ever be, Willie,
Whaur she sat an' dauted yer bonnie brown hair,
An' lithely looket to me, Willie;
An' oh! my heart owned a' the power
Of your mither's gifted e'e, Willie.

There's now nae blink at our slacken'd hearth,
Nor kindred breathing there, Willie;
But cauld and still our hame of Death,
Wi' its darkness evermair, Willie;
For she who lived in our love, is cauld,
An' her grave the stranger's lair, Willie.

The sleepless nicht, the dowie dawn,
A' stormy tho' it be, Willie,
Ye'll buckle ye in yer weet wee plaid,
An' wander awa wi' me, Willie;
Yer lonesome sister little kens
Sic tidings we hae to gie, Willie.

The promised day, the trysted hour,
She'll strain her watchful e'e, Willie,
Seeking that mither's look of love
She ne'er again maun see, Willie;
Kiss aye the tear frae her whitening cheek,
An' speak awhile for me, Willie.

Look kindly, kindly when ye meet,
But speak nae of the dead, Willie;
An' when yer heart would gar you greet,
Aye turn awa yer head, Willie;
That waesome look ye look to me
Would gar her young heart bleed, Willie.

Whan e'er she names a mither's name
An' sairly presseth thee, Willie,
O tell her of a happy hame
Far, far o'er earth an' sea, Willie;
An' ane that waits to welcome them—
Her hameless bairns an' me, Willie.

We do not go further into the Hand-loom Weaver's history; neither shall we vainly strive to arouse the sympathies of our readers beyond the point which these must have reached already. We trust, at least, that enough has been told and cited to induce them to call for the little book in which the whole is manfully related and energetically rhymed; for by so doing the good and the charitable will meet with much that is worth thinking about, and that cannot be exclusively overlooked; while, in the way most pleasurable to the author, they will thus become his real friends and substantial patrons. The volume is, in various senses, of more value than could be measured by its price ten-times told. We quote a succinct and touching ditty, entitled, "The Last Tryst."

This nicht ye'll cross the bosky glen,
Ance mair, O would ye meet me then?
Ill seem as bygane bliss an' pain
Were a' forgot;

I winna weep to weary thee,
Nor seek the love ye canna gie ;—
Whaur first we met, O let that be,
The parting spot.

The hour just when the faithless licht
O' yon pale star forsakes the nicht ;
I wouldna pain ye wi' the blicht
Ye've brought to me.

Nor would I that yon proud cauld ray
Should mock me wi' its scornfu' play ;—
The sunken een and tresses grey
Ye maunna see.

Wi' sindered hearts few words will sair,
An' brain-dried grief nae tears can spare ;
These bluidless lips shall ne'er mair
Name thine or thee.

At murky nicht, O meet me then !
Restore my plighted troth again ;
Your bonnie bride shall never ken
Your wrangs to me.

Our closing specimen is such a strain as might be expected from the erect-headed author, and the experienced "packman," with his houseless family.

Auld Scotland cried, "Welcome your Queen !"
Ilk glen echoed, "Welcome your Queen !"
While turret and tower to mountain and moor,
Cried "Wauken and welcome our Queen !"

Syne, O sic deray was exprest,
As Scotland for lang hadna seen ;
When bodies cam bickerin' a' clad in their best—
To beck to their bonnie young Queen.

When a' kinds o' colours cam south,
An' scarlet frae sly Aberdeen ;
Ilk flutterin' heart flitted up to the mouth,
A' pantin' to peep at our Queen.

There were Earls on that glitterin' strand,
Wi' diamonded Dame mony ane ;
An' weel might it seem that the happiest land
Was trod by the happiest Queen.

Then mony a chieftain's heart
Beat high 'neath its proud tartan screen;
But one sullen chief stood afar and apart,
Nor reeked he the smile o' a Queen.

"Wha's he winna blink on our Queen,
With his haffets sae lyart and lean?"
O ho! it is Want, wi' his gathering gaunt,
An' millions of mourners unseen.

Proud Scotland cried, "Hide them, O hide!"
An' lat nae them licht on her een;
Wi' their bairnies bare, it would sorrow her sair!
For a mither's heart moves in our Queen."

ART. III.—*Introduction to a Scientific System of Mythology.* By C. O. MULLER, Author of "The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race." &c. &c. By JOHN LEITCH. Longman.

MYTHOLOGY and allegory are subjects which one might readily conceive to be well adapted to exercise the elaborate scholarship, the recondite research, and the adventurous speculation of the Germans. And such in reality is the fact, as our report will exhibit; for it is rather in the capacity of retailers of other men's thoughts and arguments, than as critics, that this paper is occupied. Ottfried Müller is one of those whose erudite and accurate qualifications have been brought to the study and to the rationale of mythology with singular success, as illustrated in the History of the Dorians, and in the Introduction before us, which may be regarded as presenting the philosophy or the science which guided him in his course throughout the other work, and also in part as the deductions arrived at during the investigations then instituted.

Müller's system recommends itself in that it takes a common sense view of the mythology of Greece, the especial land for the culture and propagation of the fabulous; for he objects on the one hand to the theory of not a few writers who argue that *mythi* are allegorical expressions, in which philosophers chose to propound their discoveries in physical or moral science; and on the other, to the doctrine that they are the dark and imposing invention of a priesthood, who in this way endeavoured to obtain a paramount influence over the mind of the masses and to maintain in the easiest and most permanent way a popular authority. To neither of these theories does our author incline; resisting the first, which attributes a high display of wisdom to the supposed allegories, as if they were the invention of a profound and far-seeing philosophy; and dissenting from the

second, which would have us to believe that a parcel of knaves combined for selfish purposes, or, if you please, a set of philanthropic personages,—resorted to a purely artificial system for the better government of the million.

The view taken in the present work is much plainer than either of these, much more reconcileable to ordinary understanding, and becomes a far better torch in the study of the ancient classics, as well as of history, whether applied to nations and their offshoots in colonies, or to the development of mind in the progress of civilization. He holds that the *mythi* are "old sayings,"—legends honestly believed,—a mass of narrations in which the deeds and destinies of individual personages are recorded, and which all relate, by the way they are connected and interwoven, to a period antecedent to the historical era of Greece, and separated from it by a tolerably distinct boundary: they are stories handed down from a period anterior to writing and written records,—before men had begun to analyze their own thoughts, or to distinguish between the creations and workings of imagination and those of the reasoning powers. Being handed down from the remotest periods, or represented to have occurred as facts prior to the historical era, they came to be modified in very many instances by poetical and philosophical treatment, there having been always, however, a pre-existent nucleus,—the poets and philosophers not doubting that they related to facts and things imagined to be done, although believing at the same time that many after-additions had been made. While, therefore, the real original of the mythi may not be known, they were honestly credited in a simple age; nay, for a long time afterwards were received as truths. In this way it is, that our author accounts for "the predilection which was so long manifested for its *mythus* by the most intellectual people in the world, and which, notwithstanding all their vivacity of genius and all their natural talent for observation, so long prevented authentic history from making its appearance." We quote one passage relating to the origin of the *mythus*, which, whether one regards the train of reasoning, the manner of exposition, or the verbal expression, is a beautiful model.

> Now, if the peculiar mixture of idea and reality, which forms the characteristic feature of mythology, belongs to the original constitution of the mythus, the question will naturally occur,—How can this be reconciled with the fact just established, that it was held to be true, and became an object of faith? "This Ideal," some one might say, "is nothing else than poetic fiction and invention, clothed in the narrative form." But an invention of this kind cannot without a miracle be simultaneously made by many individuals; for it would require a peculiar coincidence of design, conception, and execution. "It was surely, therefore, the work of one person." But how, then, did he convince all others of the reality, the substantiality of his invention? Shall we suppose him to have been an impostor, who contrived to

persuade them by all sorts of deceit and illusion—perhaps by forming a confederacy with others of the same stamp with himself, who would testify to the people, that what he had devised was verified by their observation? Or shall we imagine him to have been a more highly-gifted person, a more exalted being, than his countrymen; and that therefore they placed reliance on what he said; receiving from him as a sacred revelation those mythi under which he veiled salutary truths designed for their instruction? But it cannot possibly be proved that such a caste or sect either of cunning knaves or sublime personages existed in ancient Greece. Many, indeed, may point at the priests; but they ought first to show that there really was a priesthood so widely separated from the laity, and so strongly contrasted with it, particularly in respect of knowledge. Besides, this artificial system of deception—whether it was clumsy or refined, selfish or philanthropic—is quite at variance with the noble simplicity of those ages, unless the impression made on our minds by the earliest productions of Greek genius be entirely illusory. We come therefore to the conclusion, that even a single inventor of a mythus, in the proper sense of the word, is out of the question. But whither does this reasoning lead? Evidently to nothing else than that the idea altogether of *invention*—that is, of a free and deliberate treatment, by which something known to be untrue was clothed in the semblance of truth—must be left out of consideration, as quite inapplicable to the origin of a mythus; or in other words, that a species of necessity led to that combination of the Real and Imaginary which is observed in the mythus; that its frames were governed by impulses which operated alike on all; that these opposite elements grew up together; and that those who were instrumental to the union were themselves unconscious of the difference. It is this idea, of a certain *necessity* and *unconsciousness* in the formation of the ancient mythi, that we wish to impress. When that is once conceived, it will also be easy to see that the dispute as to whether the mythus proceeded from one or from many, from the poet or from the people, even where there is otherwise room for it, does not affect the main point. For if one individual—the relater—in devising a mythus, only obeys the promptings which act equally on the minds of others—the listeners—he is merely the mouthpiece through which they all speak, the skilful exponent who first gives form and expression to what all desire to express. It is possible, however, that the idea of this necessity and unconsciousness may appear dark and even mystical to many of our archæologists, for no other reason than because this tendency to form mythi has nothing analogous in our modern modes of thinking. But ought not history to recognize even what is strange, when we are led to it by dispassionate investigation? Perhaps the subject will be rendered more clear by an example. We shall give the one already quoted from the first book of the Iliad. Let us suppose that the story of Chryses was a genuine mythus, a received tradition; and that the possible events contained in it—the rape of the priest's daughter, and the pestilence among the Greeks—were also real. In that case, it can readily be conceived, that all those who knew the facts, and had faith in Apollo's power to avenge and punish, would immediately and simultaneously connect them together, and would express their belief that Apollo sent the pestilence at the prayer of his priest, with as firm a conviction as if it were a thing which they had them-

selves known and witnessed. Here the myth-forming activity makes but a slight step; but I have chosen this example for that very reason. Perhaps, however, it was in reality greater; for the supposition that everything in this mythus that *may be* fact *is* fact was perfectly gratuitous.

We remark, in a spirit, and with impressions that do not appear to be incompatible with the view of the origin of the mythus here taken, that fable and fiction are congenial to the soul for man; and that especially in a rude state, everything which seems to him out of the ordinary course of things, is to be accounted for, not after patient investigation, but in accordance with his natural love of the marvellous, and with that passion of admiration which novelty generates. Here, there are many circumstances which contribute to extend the empire of this wonder and credulity. Legislators, philosophers, and theologists, as well as poets, would take advantage of current fables, using them as the vehicle of their instructions and purposes; employing them not merely to adorn simple principles, and to win the unsuspecting heart, but adding their own embellishments both of fiction and allegory, the more certainly to accomplish their ends. Again, although the *mythi* may not have been at first the artful invention of priests, yet the Pagans of that caste would naturally endeavour to reduce the accumulated fables to a kind of system, as appears to have been done in Egypt with a crafty design; for there allegory and mythology were the veil which concealed religion from the eyes of the uninitiated.

The nations of the East have been distinguished for the multitude and the extravagance of their mythological fables. There, in keeping with the glories of the clime, the luxuriance of its productions, the indolence and imaginativeness of the people, hyperbole and personification have taken the boldest and most prevailing flights; the fictions there bred at length finding their way to the western countries, where they were arranged, adorned, and compounded in an infinity of shapes. But to return for a moment to our author,—among many other ingenious and well-reasoned views, he shows how the study of the *mythi* may be turned to use;—they can be rendered serviceable in tracing the rise and component parts of tribes and nations, the Grecian especially. And again, a knowledge of the *mythi* that found a shelter in Greece is essential to a due understanding of the poets, orators, and philosophers of that country, not only when as artists they may have been dealing directly with the *mythus*, but whenever the student is desirous of fully comprehending the minds, the feelings, and the influences that were reared in the mythological mould.

Müller's Introduction merits warm recommendation too for the aids which it affords to students, in respect of acquainting them both with the rules and modes in which they may for themselves pursue

the *myths* through the modifications and compoundings to which they were subjected, long after their proper birth. In short, he is not only a good interpreter, but a good teacher in the science of interpretation. We proceed to other branches, and under the direction of another leader.

The subject of mythology is closely connected with that of allegory; and to both it is of great importance to attend to the study of the history of opinions, even of opinions concerning religion. It may be acceptable, therefore, to occupy the remainder of the present paper by borrowing from the First Part of Dopke's *Hermeneutick der Neuttestamentlichen Schriftsteller*,—a work treating, as a translator might entitle it in English, "of the Manner in which the Writers of the New Testament have quoted the Old Testament," —the substance of what is there said relative to the *origin* of Allegorical Interpretation.

As regards the origin of allegorical interpretation, it is a fact of no mean moment that we can trace it in various directions, and discover in all of them the same causes operating to produce it, though we can ascertain nothing respecting the time of its introduction but that this belongs to the remotest antiquity. We find it among the Greeks, Jews, Persians, Turks, and Christians; and in order correctly to determine its origin, we must discover some uniform motive for it, at least among those nations by whom it was not copied, ready formed. It would facilitate the inquiry to begin with the Greeks.

As soon as man, awakened to consciousness, endeavours to rise above the rude state of nature,—and to individualize himself as distinct from nature, he is compelled by an inward impulse to reflect on that nature which he has learned to be distinct from himself, and to observe the phenomena which it presents. He then discovers a web of causes and effects, and sees how one thing depends on another. But so many new phenomena continually occur of which he knows not the causes, and many are so imposing that he cannot contemplate them without amazement. In his inmost soul he feels constrained to recognise something higher, and he refers the being of nature to a higher being; but, as this conviction is produced by observing a variety of phenomena, he imagines various higher causes which, under the feeling of dependence,—he honours as powers exalted above him. When the powers of nature have been thus personified, they are next brought into connection, and become the subject of mythological fables. To the Egyptian, the revolutions of the sun and the changes in the Nile became the history of Osiris. The sun on the 21st of December grows faint, dies as it were, and is born anew. Even so Osiris is overcome by Typhon, put to death, and revives in the freshness of youth after overcoming the Evil One. Such legends originate when the mind is taking its first steps, and

the images of the gods are stamped with the rudeness of the time. This is the period to which belong the creations of Homer. The only models for his delineation of the gods, were men in a state of rude nature; and, if he represents his gods as infinitely exalted above men, they possess only those qualities in an elevated degree, which he deemed the chief excellences of men. Rude strength swayed by violent passions, courage often united with brutality; arrogance, ambition, lust, intemperance, stain alike his gods and men. But the boundless charm of his unsurpassed poetry gave him an immense influence over the characters of his countrymen; his verses were in every mouth,—every writer took him for his model. From the dawn of Grecian civilization to its noon, his poems were the great text-book used in the education of youth, and he was regarded as the source of all knowledge and wisdom. Meanwhile, civilization had advanced so far, morals had become so refined, philosophical speculation had reached such a height, that the difference between his ideas and those of the time was very obvious. Notwithstanding the progress of the intellect, however, the Greeks could not contemplate Homer with reference to the rude age in which he lived; their notions of his wisdom had been raised too high, and they sought to find in him the enlightened notions of their own times. Another circumstance is to be considered. The writings of Homer were used not only as a means of training the intellect, but of forming the march of youth; and in this point of view he harmonized all with the conceptions of a cultivated age. He often seems to be without a proper reverence for the gods; to contradict all sound conceptions of their nature and sanctity; to countenance violent passions and vices, and to look with contempt on the duties of a man and a citizen. The reading of Homer, therefore, came to be considered hazardous for the young; it was apprehended, that his rude manners would endanger the refinement of the time, that the vices and passions which he treated with approbation, would be injurious to the good order of society, and that the scandalous stories which he tells of the gods, might detract from the reverence due to them.

Plato, who in the second and third books of his Republic treats of the education of youth by means of gymnastics and music, severely criticises the mythological stories as immoral in their tendency, and wishes to have them purified so as to correspond to his ideas of right. All the *mythoi* which make death appear dreadful, which awaken terror or laughter, which express disobedience to those in authority, or tend to rouse violent passions, were to be banished from his Republic. The absolutely good was to be the only poetry allowed there. Homer was therefore excluded, though with all possible respect.

There is a passage, however, in the Republic, in which Plato mentions a mode of making Homer's poems harmless to youth. He is speaking of those who in "discoursing of gods and heroes, represent them as ill, as a painter whose pictures have no resemblance to the objects delineated." Such things, says his fellow dialogist, deserve blame. But in what respects are they to be blamed, and what are the descriptions censured? "In the first place," Plato replies, "he did not fabricate well who told what Hesiod relates;—the greatest falsehoods concerning the greatest beings; what Ouranos did, and how Kronos punished him; and the doings of Kronos, and what he suffered from his son. These stories, even if they were true, I think ought not thus lightly to be told to the simple and young, but, as far as possible, to be kept concealed. Should it become necessary to relate them, it ought to be done under the seal of secrecy, and to as few as may be." The expression translated *under the seal of secrecy*, probably signifies that the stories spoken of should be treated as religious mysteries, to be explained to those only who are capable of comprehending them. Soon after, he expresses himself more clearly thus:—

"The tale of the fettering of Juno by her son, that of the hurling of Vulcan from heaven, and the battles of the gods described by Homer, are not to be allowed in the Republic, whether understood literally or as allegories; for young people cannot distinguish what is allegorical from what is not." Hence it appears to have been a practice to give an allegorical sense to religious *mythoi* of an offensive character, and that this was done previous to the age of Plato, who is usually considered the inventor of the method. Plato himself mentions three others who interpreted in this manner, Nesimbrotus, Glaucon, and Metrodorus. The first was a citizen of Lampsacus and a contemporary of Themistocles. From the work of Glaucon, which interprets the *mythoi* as being allegories relating to physical subjects, a passage is extracted in the Venetian Scholia, on the sixty-first verse of the 20th book of the Iliad, with the observation, that "this kind of allegory is very old, and originated with Theogenes of Rhegium, the first writer on Homer, who lived in the time of Cambyses in the 63rd Olympiad." Of Metrodorus, Tatian says in his "Discourses to the Greeks," that he explains the character of Hector, Achilles, Helen, and Agamemnon, as personifications of physical elements. In addition to these professed interpreters of Homer, it is known that the earliest Grecian philosophers, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and Democritus, explain the *mythoi* in a similar manner. The invention of allegorical interpretation, has indeed been ascribed both to Theogenes, and Anaxagoras, which shows only that they were among the earliest interpreters of this sort. Afterwards, the Stoics particularly endeavoured to attach a physical meaning to the *mythoi* of Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod,

which was strenuously opposed by the Academic Cotta. Later writers have taken much pleasure in these senseless interpretations, especially the grammarians of Alexandria, of whose modes we have many specimens remaining, particularly in Plotinus, Porphyry, &c.

From what has been said, it is evident that allegorical interpretation among the Greeks had its origin in philosophical refinement, which introduced higher ideas of the nature of the Deity, and could not tolerate the common faith, with its mass of fables, about the gods. As it was dangerous to attack the popular religion, attempts were made to render it less offensive, by giving a physical or moral meaning to the *mythoi;* and, as nothing is secure from exaggeration, the lovers of allegory attributed to the old poets all the artificial subtlety which a man accustomed to it is so ready to find and make everywhere.

The origin of the allegorical interpretation of the sacred Scriptures among the Jews, has been derived by some from an imitation of the mode adopted by the Greeks in explaining their mythology. And there are strong grounds for this opinion, which are exhibited in the clearest light in the Letters treating of Biblical Exegesis in Eichhorn's Library. They may be set forth thus: As the religious constitution of the Jews rested on written documents, the essential ideas of their religion might remain settled, but they were nevertheless modified and extended in the course of time, and adapted to the increasing cultivation of the people. The religious system of Moses was fitted to the infancy of a people; but, as they became more cultivated, they advanced perceptibly beyond it. Even the old poets and prophets had spiritualized its material representations, as far as they could, and given a moral meaning to the forms of its ritual. But this sufficed only while the old Hebrew state existed. If the Jews had remained in their own country, always observing the ancient law of Moses, without being exposed to the influence of foreign manners, they could not have escaped the effects of a literal observance of the law. But the Babylonian exile, the transplantation of the Hebrews among nations differing from them in manners and customs, modes of thinking, religious philosophy, and political and intellectual advancement, while at the same time, the whole sacrificial service, the basis of the Mosaic religion, was suspended, had greatly affected their character; so that after an absence of seventy years, they returned with a new set of ideas to their native country. Not long after, when the conquests of Alexander had spread the Greek language and learning over the whole East, the Jews became scattered in single families among the Greeks, who were far before them in intellectual culture and habits of life. Received among the most refined and advanced people of the period as a foreign caste, the Jews would through their obsolete national religion, have incurred the reproach of being a rude race, obstinately attached to ancient usages

and hereditary notions, and incapable of a high degree of cultivation, and thereby subjected themselves to the contempt and ridicule of their witty Greek neighbours, unless, to avoid this, they acquired as much of the manners, the wisdom, and philosophy of the Greeks, as they could, without entirely giving up their established religion and religious usages. This was particularly necessary in Alexandria, the seat of Greek wisdom and learning, where a large number of Hebrews had settled, not merely of the lower class, but respectable and wealthy men, who had voluntarily repaired thither on receiving the rights of citizenship from Alexander the Great. There they had built splendid synagogues, as Philo testifies; and the Rabbins cannot say enough in praise of their magnificene. Their religious ceremonies, which were performed with great solemnity, could not escape the ridicule of the Greeks, unless some changes were made in them. But such changes were forbidden by the reverence which the Hebrews felt for their lawgiver, and by the sanctity derived from long-continued usages.

Another circumstance made the situation of the Jews in Alexandria still more difficult. To converse with the Greeks, they were obliged to acquire the Greek language; so that their mother tongue fell into disuse, and the knowledge of the old Hebrew was almost entirely lost. This gave rise to the translation of the Scriptures of the Old Testament into Greek, about the year 285 B. C. Till that time, the religions of the Asiatic nations were almost entirely unknown to the Greeks, because in all that related to them the old languages of the different countries were used. Now the Septuagint opened to them the religious monuments of the Jews, and gave at the same time to the more intelligent part of the Jews themselves, a perfect view of their own religion. They themselves, yielding to the general tendency of the new Platonic philosophy, felt out of their element among the material ideas of the old Mosaic law. Such a conflict of the antiquated popular belief with the ideas of a more enlightened period, gives rise either to a union of the old with the new, or to an entire rejection of the more offensive part of the old system. But the Jews were too strongly wedded to their hereditary institutions to adopt the latter course. The former was rendered easier by the way in which the Alexandrians were accustomed to treat the heathen religions. As they habitually sought for a secret meaning in the fables of their mythology, the Jews could meet Greek opponents with the same weapons, and vindicate, for their own old religious monuments, the praise of the highest wisdom.

Such is generally the explanation which has been given of the introduction of allegory among the Jews, and certainly it must be allowed to carry great feasibility with it, although it may not be a complete account. Let the traces of allegorical interpretation among that people be now historically pursued; and as Philo may be re-

garded as affording the most distinguished example of the tendency of mind which led to this system, and was also anciently esteemed the inventor of it, it will be proper to begin with him.

Philo lived, as is well known, in the first century of the Christian era, and during the reign of Caius Caligula was sent as an ambassador to the emperor by the Jews of Alexandria, of which mission he has given an account in a separate work. He was born at Alexandria, about twenty years before Christ, of a distinguished family belonging to the priestly order. He was devoted to the philosophy of Plato, though he mingled with it ideas borrowed from the mystical philosophy of the East; so that it was said of him, "either Philo Platonizes, or Plato Philonizes. It is obvious that such a turn of mind must have had an important influence on his views of the Mosaic religion. Allegorical interpretation appears in his writings in its highest state of refinement. In his explanation of the Old Testament, he uses in general only the Septuagint, which he believed, according to the high ideas of it then prevalent, to agree perfectly with the original. It is observable, however, that he comments almost exclusively on the works of Moses. It is to be remarked, that these were especially esteemed among the Jews, and were also the first translated into Greek; and this is confirmed by the works of Philo, which, notwithstanding their extent, contain only ten citations from the prophets, about fifteen from the historical books, and as many from the Psalms. Moses he esteemed the only true enlightened man, initiated into all divine Mysteries, into which he supposed himself initiated. The other scriptural writers he considers less enlightened, and is surprised, when he happens to examine the writings of Jeremiah with care, to find him also initiated into the great mysteries. According also to his theory (which was subsequently adopted by Christian writers) Moses intends in his laws to convey a double meaning, so as to meet the wants of all, however different in intellectual advancement. One is suited to the great mass, and represents God like a human being with limbs and passions, because they are incapable of forming a higher opinion of him. The other is intended for persons whose philosophical minds and virtuous lives qualify them for initiation into the divine mysteries. These can comprehend the meaning concealed under the material images; they recognize the spiritual sense of the description, and are driven to search for it by certain signs that give offence, and are stumbling blocks; for the divine spirit has purposely introduced what to the mass of men is wholly unintelligible, and even improper and blameable transactions and offensive doctrines, which the multitude receive without question or displeasure, but which stimulate the initiated to seek for the hidden meaning. This secret meaning, which Philo finds in the Mosaic scriptures by means of arbitrary allegories, consists only of Platonic speculations, mixed with old oriental mysticism; but at the same time

he does not deny the truth of the literal meaning; he looks upon it, not as the most important, but as a subordinate sense. He even contends, in his book "de Migratione Abrahami," against those who treat the literal meaning as of no account, and thinking they must confine their attention to the higher general ideas, reject all external ceremonies, saying it is of no consequence to keep the Sabbath, if the inward rest, which it signifies, is only observed. But he does not always remain consistent in his opposition to Idealism, especially when he has a historical difficulty to remove.

The height which allegorical interpretation had reached in the time of Philo, leads to the supposition, that he must have had many predecessors, and in fact he refers frequently to the writings of esteemed men who had gone before him in this path. In one tract he says, in reference to the explanation given of the origin of the feast of the passover,—"These things are explained according to ancient allegory; those who are accustomed to allegorical interpretation consider the sacrifices of the passover as denoting purification of heart." So likewise he adds, after his explanation of circumcision:—"These things then, have come to our ears, spoken of old by inspired men who have interpreted with care the works of Moses." Philo does not name these persons; but it is highly probable that they were Therapeutæ, whom he held in high esteem. In his treatise "De Vitâ Contempliva," he says of them, that they compare the whole law to an animal, and consider the literal commands as the body, the secret sense as the soul. Again he observes,—"When they occupy themselves about the holy scripture, these persons connect therewith philosophical speculations, giving an allegorical meaning to the doctrines of their hereditary religion; because they seek under the text secrets of nature, which are mythically concealed there. They have also interpretations handed down from former times, the writings of the founders of their sect, who have left many memorials respecting the ideas to be developed by means of allegories, which their fellows imitate." So far Eusebius, in his "Ecclesiastical History," cites this passage from Philo, and adds, that these ancient interpretations of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, resemble the critical expositions in the epistle to the Hebrews, and in several of Paul's epistles.

Another Alexandrian of earlier date, by name Aristobulus, is mentioned by old writers as an allegorist. In modern times indeed, Richard Simon, in his "Critical History of the New Testament," and Eichhorn, in his "Library of Theological Literature," have not only disputed the genuineness of the fragments remaining under the name of Aristobulus, but the very fact of his having existed. Valkenear, however, in his "Diatribe de Aristobulo Judæo," has adduced sufficient grounds to establish the genuineness of these fragments. Aristobulus lived about 180 years B. C., was tutor of King Ptolemy Philometor, and belonged to the school of the Peripatetics.

He wrote an allegorical commentary on the books of Moses, which he dedicated to King Ptolemy Philometor, in which he openly manifests his zeal to vindicate for the writers of the Old Testament, all the wisdom which was admired in the Greek philosophers, remarking at the same time, how many different nations have taken a similar road to truth. Cyril of Alexandria, in his work against Julian, says, "Aristobulus the Peripatetic, somewhere observes, that 'all things which have been said respecting nature by the ancients, have been said also by philosphers living out of Greece; some among the Indians by the Bramins, and some in Syria by the people called Jews.'" According to Clement of Alexandria, Aristobulus sought to prove what is so frequently asserted by the Fathers of the Church, that even the Greek philosophers derived their wisdom from the Old Testament. "And even Plato," he asserts, "followed our laws." Nay the Hebrew sages are represented by him as far superior to the Greek. Eusebuis quotes him as saying,—"This may also be applied to wisdom, for from her proceeds all light; on this account the Peripatetics affirm, that she has the character of a lamp, and that they who follow her steadily are unshaken during the whole of life. More wisely and beautifully says one of our progenitors, Solomon, 'She existed before heaven and earth,' corresponding with what has already been alleged." In another fragment, preserved by Eusebius, he defends Moses against the charge of a material representation of God; shows to the king that there is another meaning concealed therein. Such figurative expressions, says he, are usual even in common life. Thus, when the king sends forth a force to execute something, it is said, "the king has a mighty hand;" and in the same manner, Moses also says,—"With a strong hand has the Lord brought you out of Egypt." This expression originates from the circumstance, that the strength of man lies particularly in his arms. Then he proceeds to the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, and shows that all the phenomena described by Moses, the fire, the thunder, the sound of trumpets were real, but produced by God without the aid of material organs,—God thus manifesting the supremacy of his power. The same spirit appears in another fragment found in Eusebius, where he treats of the creation, and of the institution of the sabbath. The account of the creation of the world in six days, has no other object than to establish a division of time; and yet he passes to a philosophical speculation respecting the sacredness of the number seven, "in which we have knowledge of human and divine things: on the number seven, turns the whole world both of animal and vegetable life."

From all the fragments of his writings which remain to us, we can get but a small insight into his mode of allegorical interpretation. Thus much, however, is certain, that Aristobulus was an acute man, who could not satisfy himself, like the rude and ignorant, with the

representations of the doings of God in material images, but sought to ascertain the true ideas to be drawn from them. He also shows a very correct conception of the object of the revelation contained in the Old Testament, which he looks for, not in a dealing-out of mysteries, but in the promotion of the fear of God. He says,—"The whole ordering of our law is intended to promote piety, righteousness, temperance, and all other things truly good." One should almost doubt the propriety of considering him a founder of allegorical interpretation, if there were not indisputable testimonies of ancient times to the fact. For instance, Origen, in his work against Celsus says,—"It appears to me, that he (Celsus) has heard of writings containing allegorical expositions of the law;"—"he seems to speak of the writings of Philo, or of still older ones, such as those of Aristobulus." But, even in the fragments preserved by Eusebius, an allegory is presented, where, in treating of the creation of the world, when he comes to the origin of light, he says,—"This may also be applied to wisdom." It appears, therefore, that allegory is found in its earliest state in Aristobulus. The philosophy of Aristotle gave him a disgust for the representation of the Deity under a human form; but his interest as an apologist led to a farther infusion of the Aristotelian philosophy into the books of Moses. In doing this, however, he seems to have proceeded timidly, as is shown by the example adduced.

Of the Alexandrian Jewish school there are still two representatives, of a different sort, remaining, namely, the authors of Ecclesiasticus, and of the Book of Wisdom. The translator of the former, who, in the preface to the work of his grandfather, professes to have translated it in the thirty-eighth year of King Evergetes, probably Evergetes Physcon, who lived, it may be concluded, in the year 131 B.C.; and the author of the book, therefore, was nearly contemporary with Aristobulus. The author glorifies Wisdom, God through her governing all things. She has, at the command of God, chosen the Israelitish people as her especial residence; she bears the choicest fruits of knowledge and of life. Afterwards he proceeds thus:—"This is all, even the book of the covenant of the highest God; the law which Moses has ordained as an inheritance to the assemblies of Jacob. It sheds wisdom, like the Phison and the Tigris in the season of spring; it gives fulness of knowledge, like the Euphrates and Jordan in the days of harvest; discipline beams from it like light. The first cannot fully know it, nor the last explore it. For its meaning is richer than the sea, and its counsel deeper than the abyss." From verse 30th he goes on describing how he has drawn from this source of wisdom little streams for his own use. This passage should not be looked upon as furnishing any traces of allegory, as some writers consider it. Without entering on a review of the conceptions concerning Wisdom, or the later views respecting

the Logos, it may be sufficient to refer to the mode in which the Scriptures of the Old Testament are here treated by the author. There is no trace of allegory; the wisdom which flows for him from the source of the Holy Scriptures is of a purely practical kind; it guards men from sin. The whole passage therefore is to be regarded as an expression of the highest reverence for the Holy Scriptures. A more distinct exhibition of his views is contained in chap. xxxix. *v.* 1—3. He insists that, "in order to study the law, a man must be exempt from other labours, for he must search out wisdom and occupy himself with prophecies; he must consider the treatises of distinguished men, and penetrate into the hidden sense of parables, and solve dark sayings and riddles." Here the author states expressly, how he would have the Scriptures of the Old Testament used. He has, indeed, devoted himself much to ancient history, and even extracted the most remarkable parts of it; but moral sayings, enigmas, and parables are what he most esteems; and therefore, he imitates especially the Proverbs. Here, however, is nothing that looks like allegory. How would what follows the passage just quoted be consistent with allegorical studies? "He [who seeks wisdom in the manner described] can serve princes, and be attendant on lords; he may be sent into foreign lands, for he has tried what is useful to a people, and what is not."

The author of the Book of Wisdom is not to be ascertained, but he appears to belong to the time of Philo. He shows how Wisdom has ruled the pious from the creation of the world, particularly the people of God. This was a favourite subject, derived from the Proverbs. He shows, also, on the other hand, the fate of the Egyptians and Canaanites, who were forsaken by divine Wisdom. But the traces of allegory are hardly to be discovered. Scarcely anything appears but a philosophical reasoning on the Old Testament history. Examine the two passages which have been appealed to by some, as affording specimens of allegorical interpretation. In chap. xviii. 21—25, the author refers to the destruction of the troop of Korah, Numbers xvi. 46. Aaron interposes between the people and the angel of death, arrayed in his sacred ornaments, before which every one must bow; but he overcomes the destroyer, not with bodily weapons, but with those of his office, prayer and sacrifice, alleging the sacred oath of God to the ancient patriarchs. This is only the Mosaic account embellished according to the taste of the period. The pestilence is the destroying angel. The expiation is made by the priest, arrayed in his sacred ornaments; these and the sacrifices, however, do not restrain the wrath of God, but prayer and the appeal to the promise. That this is rather a piece of reasoning then an allegory, must be confessed by every one who is acquainted with the writers of the allegorical school. Of the same character is the passage, chap. xvi. v. 5 seq.; where it is said of the brazen serpent,—"It was a symbol

of salvation, to put men in remembrance of the command of the law: whoever turned himself to it, was delivered, not by the sight of it, but by God, the saviour of all." The philosopher does not admit the magical operation of the brazen serpent, but God delivered from death those who, by gazing on the serpent, showed their readiness to obey his command. Is this allegory?

Thus far the traces of the allegorical exposition of the Old Testament among the Jews of Alexandria have been followed; but this is not sufficient fully to explain its origin; and therefore the view which Eichhorn gives, is to be censured for not alluding to the Jews of Palestine. It will be best to begin this part of the subject with a well-known Jewish scholar, Josephus, who lived in the earliest age of Christianity. He was son of Matthias, of a priestly family, born in the first year of the Emperor Caius. As early as his fourteenth year he had acquired so much knowledge, that he was visited by priests and men of rank, to obtain information of him about the more abstruse parts of the law. In his sixteenth year, he resolved to make himself acquainted with the three most celebrated Jewish sects. He therefore resorted to the Essenes, and passed three years among them, conforming to their ascetic form of life. He afterwards attached himself to the sect of the Pharisees. In his twenty-sixth year he went to Rome, and on his voyage narrowly escaped with life from shipwreck, in the Adriatic Sea. He undertook the voyage, in order to defend some priests, whom Felix, the Governor of Judæa, had sent in confinement to Rome; and succeeded in his object, by the favour of Poppæa, wife of Nero. During the Jewish war he commanded a body of Galileans, but was taken in the fortress of Jotapata. Vespasian carried him to Rome, where he received the privileges of citizenship, and lived during the reigns of Titus and Domitian. Titus had a particular regard for him, and even Domitian exempted his estates in Judæa from taxation. That he was well instructed in Greek learning, is obvious from his writings; and he himself declares the fact, at the end of the twentieth book of his Jewish Antiquities, where he says, that no one of the Jewish nation, by any effort, could have written the work in so good Greek as he, for he must state openly that his education was far superior to that of the rest of his countrymen.

As to Josephus' interpretation of the sacred Scriptures, little can be said with certainty. He observes in the preface to his Antiquities, that Moses in his works has barely hinted at some things, has communicated others under the form of serious allegories, and of others, which it was desirable should be readily understood, has spoken out clearly. Those who wish, he says, to examine the causes of all that he has instituted, must make a profound investigation; but this he would defer for the present, and treat of the subject hereafter, in a particular work relating to the signification of the

law. In his Antiquities, in discoursing of the history of the creation, he observes again, that much remains to be said on that subject, and that he will treat of it particularly in future. It appears from this that he was inclined to allegory; but it cannot be determined whether he had anything in view other than to indicate the value even of the apparently unimportant laws of Moses. At any rate he sought, in the structure of the temple and in the garments of the priests, to find symbols of physical objects; and it shows a literal understanding of the history, that allegory could not lead him to the extravagances of the Alexandrine school. In his work against Apion, he says, that the Greek philosophers were not ignorant of the frigid allegories of the *mythoi*, but that the true philosophers rightly despised them. Josephus was a Pharisee, and the principal occupation of his sect was the exact interpretation of the law. He himself attributes to them not only a careful elucidation of things relating to the law; but likewise a philosophy, which was probably mingled with elements from the old oriental mysticism. Now, it may be easily imagined, that if they wished, together with their philosophy, also to adhere firmly to the external character of their hereditary religion, they would easily be led to allegory. Nor is it any objection to the supposition to maintain, that they might have borrowed this mode of interpretation, so serviceable to their purpose, from the Alexandrines. But let us now see how far we can follow the traces of allegory among them.

According to the preface to the Antiquities of Josephus, King Ptolemy obtained from the high-priest Eleazer the assistance of learned men, to translate the Scriptures of the Jews into Greek. But Eusebius wishing to give an idea of the allegorical way of interpreting the Old Testament among the Jews, quotes for this purpose, the high-priest Eleazer and Aristobulus. In the fragments given from Eleazer, he speaks of the commands respecting clean and unclean animals, and observes very correctly, that Moses intended by such strict laws to separate his own people entirely from all others, and thereby to preserve them from the worship of idols. In itself nothing is unclean, but God intended by these laws to remind men that they should do nothing without reflection, that the whole of life should be consecrated to him. "When the Greeks questioned the high priest," says Eusebius, "respecting the ideas allegorically conveyed in the sacred laws, he gave such explanations as the above to those who wished to be instructed in the internal senses of the law." This is the manner, too, in which Josephus understood the law. In both writers, a disposition to apologise to their Greek readers is obvious, but it is impossible to overlook the great difference between them and the Alexandrians. They have scarcely dared to advance any thing more than sober reflections on the subject of the Mosaic law;

the literal sense is always the most important in their eyes; and the mythical was with them, perhaps, a sort of practical application of it.

Of the older sects of Palestine, we shall touch only upon the Essenes. They are related to the Therapeutæ, and may have resembled them in their views of the sacred Scriptures. Their secret doctrine, which embraced particularly their ideas of the classes and orders of angels, might incline them to allegory. Philo says of them, —"Then one takes the books and reads them, and another of the most experienced comes forward and explains what is not understood. For most parts are expounded by them as philosophical symbols, after an ancient fashion to which they are attached." And Josephus speaks of ancient writings which they studied diligently. Both of these passages refer, probably, not to the sacred Scriptures, but to old works of the founders of their sect; and if we draw our conclusion from the analogy of the Therapeutæ, these books may have been allegorical interpretations; but this inference is by no means certain.

If now we turn to the Rabbinical writings, we shall find them abounding in allegory. Not only the oldest Cabalistic books, the Zohar of Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai, and the Jezira of Rabbi Akiba, the latter commentaries, the Rabbot, and Jalkut Chadasch, but also the Mishna and Gemara and the Targums, are entirely filled with allegory; and even the interpreters, whose proper office it is to explain only the literal sense of the words, as Aben Ezra, Kimchi, and Rabbi Solomon, frequently give, after the historical, an allegorical interpretation. Whence comes this great proneness to allegory? We cannot ascribe it to a philosophising spirit, to a desire alone of finding shelter from the ridicule of the Greeks, or to an imitation of the interpreters of the Greek *mythoi*. It may be replied, that the oldest of these books does not reach beyond the second century of our era; and that allegory might have passed from Alexandria to Palestine more than a century before Christ. This is possible, but it is not necessarily the fact. The system of the Rabbins contained, not merely a legal, but also a mystical element. From the former sprang the Talmud, from the latter the Cabala. Shortly after the Babylonian captivity, Ezra was distinguished for his scriptural learning, and from Chaldæa the Jews brought with them remains of the old Oriental philosophy, and the whole system of the different classes of angels and of the kingdom of evil spirits. We see, even in the oldest Targums, a strong disposition to represent God as acting incorporeally, and the ministry of angels was devised. To this was added the establishment of synagogues, wherein discourses were delivered from texts taken from the Scriptures. The notions of men, both on legal and religious subjects, had become very different from the system of Moses, and yet

there was a strong wish to preserve a perfect agreement with him. In order to confirm all these new ideas, by the authority of passages from the Scriptures, an artificial system of interpretation was required. In the case of legal relations, nothing was necessary but subtilties in the intrepretation of words; in regard to religious conceptions they began, undoubtedly, with the passages which describe the Deity as having a human form, and gave them another sense. Their high ideas of the wisdom of their lawgiver, made them assume, that the ideas which appeared to them most rational, must have been his. On this highway to allegory, they had good guides in the Old Testament itself. Of Moses it is said, that he made all things after a celestial model. In some parts of his system of religious worship, he has himself referred to an interior meaning; as where reference is made to the circumcision of the heart, and also to the transfer of guilt from the people to the priest. The prophets frequently contended against merely external sacrifices, and insisted upon purity of heart; they frequently applied images, drawn from celebrated histories of persons, to the description of events to be expected in future. Under the sanction of these examples, the Jews might seek a hidden meaning in other ceremonies, where it was not pointed out by the lawgiver; and they might, with little trouble, attach to the original narration, as its secondary meaning, those images of persons and events which had been derived from it. With such high conceptions of the Scriptures, in which every syllable was thought to have a meaning, it was necessary to seek for a hidden sense even in the most insignificant expression. How far all this may have proceeded, before the Jews came into connection with the Greeks, cannot be ascertained; but in Alexandria, at all events, the system was carried to the greatest perfection.

From the preceding investigation it may be considered settled, that allegory sprang from the conflict of philosophy with the hereditary religion, which, resting on written monuments, could not advance with the progress of the people, and was besides founded merely on local and political grounds.

The history of allegory in the Christian Church shall not now be dwelt upon at any length. It is merely an imitation of the system of the Alexandrine Jews, rendered so much the more necessary by the fact, that the Fathers of the Church were always obliged to prove their new doctrines by the authority of the Old Testament. Being so ready to borrow from Jewish opinions, they were almost compelled to take this course; and the interpretations of the Old Testament, by Barnabas, Ignatius, the author of the Apostolical Constitutions, and Origen, are partly borrowed from Philo, and partly formed on the model of his. From the same source were derived the strange interpretations of certain Gnostics; for instance, the Nicolaitans and Basilidians. In general, allegory prevailed

throughout the Christian church. Even the great progress of exegesis of late years has not entirely banished allegorical interpretation.

The same sort of interpretation arose among the Persians and the Turks, springing from the conflict of philosophy with the popular religion. The mystic wisdom of the Persian and Turkish Sufis reached its height a considerable time after the diffusion of Mohammedanism, but its principles may be traced to the remotest antiquity, appearing to have grown up in part on the soil of India. It has a mixed theoretical and practical character, and seeks, partly through speculation and partly by the way of feeling, to reconcile the opposition between the divine unity and the existence of individual beings, The greater part of these mystics must be allowed to have a high degree of religious fervour. When this mystic philosophy comes in contact with the religion of the Prophet, it either takes an attitude of open opposition to it, or seeks to give its own spirituality to the sensual ideas of the Koran. In the midst of their religious warmth, most of them hold Mohammed in great esteem, and therefore the latter course is the more usual of the two. This process is very much facilitated by their custom of employing symbolic language, dealing in images drawn from objects of sense. They represent the divine unity as the object of supreme love, in which the individual longs to be swallowed up; and the enjoyment of the mystical union is typified by intoxication, kissing, and other sensual pleasures. It is easy for them, therefore, to spiritualize the lewd pictures in the Koran, of the joys of Paradise, &c. But what is more remarkable, this mysticism has been carried so far, that now, in the East, it is common to give a mystic meaning to the acknowledged love songs of Nisamis, Leila, Mejnoun, Youssouf, Zuleika, Hafez, and others. The Turks are particularly fond of this practice. Certain conclusions too have been drawn from it respecting Solomon's Song, but such as show an ignorance of the true character of that work.

"From the preceding investigation," says Dopke, whose arguments and opinions the Monthly Review has merely been reporting, "I think we may with confidence draw the conclusion, that when philosophical refinement comes in conflict with an antiquated form of popular faith which it dares not openly oppose, allegory is the result. Religious interests give rise to it; but it may subsequently be used and abused in different ways. Ignorance of languages and facts, inability to discriminate between the successive steps in the progress of mankind, and to contemplate an intellectual production with regard to the time of its origin, and as unaffected by the influences under which one's own intellect has grown up, continually give rise to allegorizing; while an opposite state of things is the best security against such a disposition."

ART. IV.—*St. Lucia: Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive.* By HENRY H. BREEN, Esq. Longman and Co.

THERE is much that must be new to every one of our readers in Mr. Breen's book, and not less that is unusually curious. In fact, our home-abiding people know less of St. Lucia, perhaps, than of any spot in our Western empire; and this is saying a good deal, considering English indifference in regard to colonial possessions. The truth is, the island in question has been all but overlooked by statistical and descriptive writers who have undertaken to measure the extent and resources of the dominions subject to the British Crown; and even when it has been noticed at all, it has either been with such disparagement, or with such blundering as to render the territory an ungracious theme,—the sooner got rid of the better. It is a striking circumstance that Mr. Montgomery Martin, a man of preeminent genius for colonial statistics, underrates the superficial surface of St. Lucia to the amount of a hundred and twenty-one thousand acres. And yet, it is quite manifest from the present pages that this is an island of no mean importance, especially when considering its position, and natural facilities of defence. Its proximity to the French settlement of Martinique; placed centrally among the Lesser Antilles, or Carribean islands; its remarkable natural features in respect of harbours,—give it an importance as a military station that seems to have been taken into little account; while for richness of soil and beauty or grandeur of scenery, the island is not surpassed by any one of the Windward group. But the bad name which has attached to it for unhealthiness will not easily be removed; having, no doubt, in past times produced much of that disregard and neglect which impartial inquiry would have modified,—Mr. Breen's account of its temperature and ventilation being far more favourable and encouraging than we were prepared to expect. After all, however, we meet with enough in his pages to convince us that St. Lucia would never invite us to make choice of it as a spot for a prolonged residence; and that however interesting may be the pictures drawn by our author of its resources and aspect, it is only not more to be dreaded, in respect of climate and direful visitations, than others of the Western islands that have a better reputation.

Mr. Breen has not written unadvisedly, nor without adequate preparation. He resided in the island thirteen years, and has had the most ample access to the public registers and the governmental records. Besides, he is a man of a vigorous and solid mind, which has been properly cultivated. He thoroughly understands what he writes about, and has the skill and taste to do that understanding fitting justice both in manner and sentiment. A more satisfactory or a more agreeable volume could not be desired.

The historical chapters are lucid and full, furnishing an instructive narrative in colonial annals, and exemplifying in a curious manner, not only the struggles between France and England, which have plentifully furnished episodes of war in modern times, but the sorts of jealousy that exist between the two races, and never more ridiculously displayed than among the offshoots from the different families, when planted in some remote islet of the sea. Certainly St. Lucia has cost this country and her sons a sufficiency of expense and trouble to entitle the spot to a much greater amount of curiosity than has been accorded to it.

Mr. Breen's volume requires but a slight introduction, and forbids discussions on our part. We shall best discharge our duty by culling such passages as will not only indicate the manner and variety of its contents, but afford distinct views of the island itself, of its people, and of some of the more awakening vicissitudes to which they are exposed. The following is a graphic and comprehensive sketch.

St. Lucia is situated at a distance of twenty-four miles to the south-east of Martinique, and twenty-one to the north-east of St. Vincent; with the exception of Guadaloupe and Trinidad, it is the most extensive of the lesser Antilles. It is forty-two miles in length, and twenty-one at its greatest breadth, and exhibits a circumference of one hundred and fifty miles, and a superficies of 158,620 acres. This island is proverbially known for its wild and romantic scenery. Viewed from the sea, whether to windward or leeward, to the north or the south, its appearance is equally grand and picturesque. From the bold, majestic *Piton* that shoots its peak aloft to the skies, and seems to defy the fury of the elements and the wreck of ages, down to the humble coffee plant that seeks shade and shelter at the hands of man, the whole is one chequered scene of sombre forests and fertile valleys, smiling plains and lowering precipices, shallow rivers and deep ravines—one vast panorama, where nature alternately assumes her wildest attitudes and most enchanting forms. The principal mountains (or rather chain of mountains) extend longitudinally over the centre of the island, dividing it into windward and leeward districts. They are densely clothed with forest trees, and at their greatest points of elevation bear the distinctive names of *Sorciere*, *Paix-Bouche*, and *Barabara*. From either side of the chain, several mountains of lesser altitude diverge towards the sea, forming in the intermediate space, plains, valleys, or ravines, according to their direction and distance from each other. The *Pitons* are two pyramids of solid rock, of the most remarkable and picturesque character, standing on the south side of the entrance to the beautiful bay of Soufriere. One of them is computed to be 3,300 feet above the level of the sea, and the other about 3,000. They appear to be wholly unconnected with the other mountains, and, with the exception of their western side, which is laved by the sea, their base is fringed with verdure and cane fields in the highest state of cultivation. There are many interesting legends of the attempts made to ascend them; but owing to their perpendicular formation I feel convinced no one has ever succeeded in reaching the summit.

The greatest natural curiosity of St. Lucia, says Mr. Breen, is the *Soufriere*, or sulphureous mountain, situated in the parish to which it has given its name.

It is about half an hour's ride from the town of Soufriere, and two miles to the east of the Pitons. The crater appears at an elevation of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, between two small hills, totally denuded of vegetation. It occupiés a space of three acres, and is crusted over with sulphur, alum, cinders, and other volcanic matter, in the midst of which are to be seen several cauldrons in a perpetual state of ebullition. In some the water is remarkably clear; but in the larger ones it is quite black, and boils up to the height of two or three feet, constantly emitting dense clouds of sulphureous steam, accompanied by the most offensive and suffocating stench. From the comparative heaviness of the circumambient air, these clouds generally ascend to the summit of the hills, and then shoot off horizontally in the direction of the wind. After remaining stationary for three minutes on any part of the crust, the subterraneous heat is sensibly felt through the strongest shoe—a circumstance which would seem to indicate that the volcanic focus is not confined to the boiling fountains. Indeed, it is only necessary to remove a small portion of the crust to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet, and the water underneath will find a vent to the cavity and transform it into a cauldron. Occasionally fresh fountains spontaneously burst forth, and then some of the lesser ones are reduced to bubbling pools of liquid matter, which gradually subside and become quite extinct in appearance. There is a peculiar feature about the Soufriere, which does not belong to any other volcano. Of course, it can bear no comparison with Etna, Vesuvius, and other celebrated volcanoes, for the intensity and violence of their eruptions, or their terrific grandeur in a state of quiescence; but it surpasses all others by its uninterrupted manifestation of the volcanic process. Even the Geycers in Iceland, to which it would seem to bear a striking resemblance, only play at intervals, whilst the Soufriere is in a continuous though less violent state of eruption. What it was three hundred years ago, it is at this moment, and will probably be three hundred years hence. From the chaotic appearance of the surrounding objects, and particularly of the Pitons, there is no doubt that this spot was once the centre of some awful convulsion of nature; but at what period there is now no means of ascertaining. It must have occurred long before the discovery of the island, as no chronicle of any such event has been handed down to us by the Caribs.

There is a stirring description of the descent from the summit of Morne Barabara to the valley below.

Here, while the traveller is panting for breath, he contemplates beneath him a declivity, 2,000 feet in depth, and all the way down a perpendicular track, shaped into a corkscrew by the inequalities of the ground. As he proceeds on his headlong course, hanging over the horse's neck, both man and horse appear suspended from the side of the precipice, as if supported

by some invisible agency. In proportion, however, to the danger of the descent, is the precaution of the traveller, and serious accidents are of unfrequent occurrence. Some persons never dismount; others never do otherwise; this may depend upon the state or strength of a man's nerves. After a heavy fall of rain the earth becomes detached and slippery, and then the danger is truly appalling. But in general it is much safer and less fatiguing to ride the whole way down than to lead your horse. As the Trace is the only communication by land between the windward and leeward districts (except by making the tour of the island) the people have become accustomed to it. The creole horse, too, from its hardy and tenacious character, is wonderfully adapted to this description of road; and what to a stranger might appear totally impracticable, is daily accomplished with spirit and agility by numerous *cavaliers* and pedestrians."

With respect to disease and insalubrity, the island, as already hinted, has been maligned. Intemperance, it would appear, is more fatal than the climate. But there are terrific visitations.

Amongst the disadvantages of the climate and seasons must be classed the frequent occurrence of storms and hurricanes. St. Lucia appears to be situated within the range of these dreadful visitations, and it has suffered more severely from them than any other island within the tropics, except perhaps Barbados. There is no record of any hurricane before 1756, but since that period they have been of common occurrence, and have occasioned terrific scenes of devastation and a melancholy loss of human life. So intense is the feeling of awe with which the public mind is impressed by these phenomena, that the "Miserere mei, Deus" and other prayers are offered up in the churches during the continuance of the hurricane months, and at the conclusion the "Te Deum" is sung as a public thanksgiving. From 1756 to 1831, a period of seventy-five years, St. Lucia was laid waste by six hurricanes, the most remarkable of which occurred on the 10th October 1780, 21st October 1817, and 11th August 1831. The hurricane of 1780 was probably the most destructive that has ever been experienced in this hemisphere. Its ravages extended over the whole of the lesser Antilles; but its main force was spent upon the central islands of Barbados, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Martinique; the loss of human life in these four islands has been computed at twenty-two thousand souls.

The following is a vigorous discription of the hurricane of August 1831, which was witnessed by Mr. Breen. Its ravages were chiefly in the islands, Barbados, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia. The last named suffered least.

Such was the violence of the wind, that in Bridgetown alone one-half of the houses and most of the public buildings were razed to the ground, and 1,500 persons lost their lives. In St. Lucia, on the day preceding the hurricane, no very extraordinary appearance was noted in the atmosphere. Towards the evening the sky assumed a somewhat heavy and lowering as-

pect, which at that season of the year did not attract any particular attention. At about four o'clock on the morning of the 11th, a strong breeze set in from the north, accompanied by heavy rain. At five the increasing violence of the wind began to excite strong sensations of alarm. By this time it had completely veered to the west, and exhibited every indication of a most awful hurricane. At nine it was at its greatest height, and, gradually subsiding, dwindled into a perfect calm before two o'clock, P.M. The hurricane did not last altogether more than eight hours, and even its violence did not continue during the whole of that time, but manifested itself by sudden gusts, spreading dismay and devastation on every side. The number of persons that lost their lives did not exceed ten or twelve, and these chiefly belonged to the shipping; but considerable damage was sustained by the shipping itself, by the different estates, and the houses in the towns of Castries, Soufriere, and Vieux Fort. Nearly every anchored vessel within the harbour, drifted from her moorings; some were driven out to sea; others grounded in different parts of the bay; but these were set afloat again without serious injury. It is horrible to contemplate what might have been the fate of the inhabitants, had the violence of the storm assumed a further degree of intensity. As it was, from the fury and frequency of the gusts of wind and the incessant pouring of the rain, there was no means of escape from the building to which you happened to cling for protection. I cannot conceive any situation that presents such a shocking picture of human misery, as that of a West Indian town during a violent hurricane. The ravages of fire, however frightful and destructive, are generally confined to property: the danger and devastation of an earthquake are all over in a few seconds: but, during a hurricane, the melancholy looks, the wailing and wild despair, exhibited in the gradual transitions from anxiety to fear, and from danger to inevitable destruction, are appalling in the highest degree. Who has not pictured to himself the heart-rending spectacle of a shipwreck—the vessel tossed about by the fury of the winds and the waves—its imminent perils—the foaming billows opening up their insatiable bowels to ingulph the devoted victims, and then the disappearance and destruction of the vessel and crew? This is, on a limited scale, what occurs in the case of a hurricane. By the violence of the wind, as it veers from point to point, each house is transformed into a rocking vessel; shingles and tiles are fast swept away; the air is darkened with branches of trees and fragments of houses; the roofs once exposed begin to give way; the beams crack; the walls tumble down; crash succeeds crash: and in the space of a few hours, not merely a ship's crew, but three, six, and sometimes eight thousand human beings lie buried in mutilated masses amongst the ruins of a whole city.

Then there are earthquakes, to which St. Lucia is subject. Three of these destructive convulsions visited the Antilles during the course of five years.

The first took place at six o'clock on the morning of the 11th January, 1839. It lasted about forty seconds, and was felt in many of the islands, but its devastating effects were confined to St. Lucia and Martinique. Desolating indeed were the loss of life and destruction of property in the latter island.

The town of Fort Royal, containing a population of 10,000 souls, was the principal scene of havoc. One half of the houses, including the churches and public buildings, were thrown down, and about two hundred others, seriously damaged and rendered untenantable. Of about five hundred persons that were buried in the ruins, two hundred and sixty-one were dug out lifeless and horribly mutilated; and the remainder sustained severe injuries. Fortunately there were no lives lost in St. Lucia; but considerable damage was occasioned to the different estates and to the towns of Castries and Soufriere. Such was the violence of the oscillations in the former town, that the earth was fissured in several places: many of the stone-built houses were partially thrown down or dreadfully shattered, and none escaped uninjured. Amongst the buildings that suffered most were the Catholic church and the government offices; and several private dwellings were so materially damaged that it became necessary to have them partially taken down and repaired. The second earthquake occurred on the 7th May, 1842, at half-past four o'clock P.M., and spread terror and devastation throughout the island of St. Domingo. The principal scene of its ravages was the town of Cape Haytian, once the capital of the island, but whose population had been reduced to about 9,000 souls. The shocks were repeated three different times in the space of a few minutes, and during their continuance the fissured earth vomited forth dark clouds of sulphureous steam. By this direful catastrophe the town was reduced to a heap of ruins, and upwards of three thousand human beings lost their lives. Immediately after the first shock the fallen timbers communicated with the fire of the kitchens, and the flames burst out on all sides, destroying much valuable property that had escaped the ravages of the earthquake. The third earthquake, one of the most melancholy events in the annals of human misery, took place on the morning of the 8th February, 1843. It lasted altogether about three minutes, and was felt more or less sensibly throughout the Carribean Archipelago: but its direst ravages were destined for the devoted town of Point à Pître, in the French island of Guadaloupe. At the period of this dreadful visitation the town contained a population of 18,000 souls, and 2,500 houses, of which no more than 200 were built of wood. Though not the seat of government, it was, in point of fact, the capital of the island; and for the elegance of its buildings, both public and private, and the extent of its mercantile relations, was justly considered one of the most flourishing cities in the West Indies. On the night preceding the earthquake a grand ball had been given, and many were still reposing from the fatigue of the festive scene. The Court of Assize had assembled for the administration of human justice: the principal hotel was thronged with strangers and planters from the interior, discussing matters of business, or seated together at the "table d'hôte; and on the quays and along the streets trade and traffic were proceeding with their wonted bustle and activity. At the fatal hour of 25 minutes to eleven there was heard a noise—a hollow, rolling, rumbling noise, as of distant unbroken thunder; the sea dashed tumultuously on the beach; the earth heaved convulsively, and opened up in several places, emitting dense columns of water. In an instant all the stone buildings had crumbled to the ground—a wide-spread heap of rubbish and ruins: and in that one instant—a dread, dreary, and destructive instant

—five thousand human beings, torn from their families aad friends, were ushered into the abyss of eternity. But the work of desolation did not stop here: scarcely had the earthquake ceased its ravages, when a fire broke out in several places at once; and such were the terror and confusion of the surviving inhabitants, that not a single house was rescued from the flames. In another instance the pile was lit up—the devouring element was sweeping over the immense holocaust; and a loud and lugubrious shriek from the living, and a long and lingering groan from the dying, had told the tale, and sealed the doom of Pointe à Pître, the pride of the West! The scenes of horror that followed it would be difficult to describe. Fathers ran about in search of their children—children screamed aloud for their mothers—mothers for their husbands—husbands for their wives; and the wild and wailing multitude that wandered over the ruins, in search of a mother, a father, a husband, a child, a brother, a sister, or a friend, found nothing but headless trunks and severed limbs. Rich and poor, black and white, planter and peasant, master and slave—all lay confounded in one vast sepulchre—all were crushed, calcined, or consumed—all hushed in the shadow of death or the silence of despair.

The picture grows more horrible. In the space of one week *six thousand* bodies were dug out of the ruins, fifteen hundred of which were still living, but mostly in a state of frightful mutilation; and not more than one third of them recovered. But there were other awful results. An attempt to sink the dead in the sea was made; but so many floated ashore that the atmosphere became poisoned, and pestilence arose. Bodies had to be burned, and soldiers went raving mad in the services required of them. Yea, and plunder, with other horrid acts of wickedness, marked the catastrophe.

We go to notice a few pleasanter particulars, which are given with abundant marks of an eye for observation. Seven gentlemen practice at the bar of St. Lucia. Only two of them speak tolerable English; the others deal in a nondescript jargon. We cite a specimen for the defence in an action of nuisance.

The *defender's auteur* engaged himself with the *auteur* of the *pursuer* to have a *mitoyen* wall constructed between their respective lots. Now, my client's *auteur, quâ bonus pater-familias*, has punctually *implemented* his part of the contract, while the *pursuer's* has failed to do his. It is, therefore, abundantly obvious that Pajol has *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, the *dominium* of the wall in question. If the *pursuer* had gone to sleep, instead of *implementing* his part of the engagement, he must take the consequences; *vigilantibus, non dormientibus, inserviunt leges.* I humbly apprehend that the position of the parties must be reversed; and that, *mutatis mutandis*, my client is entitled to damages for breach of agreement and *warrandice.* In further elucidation of this position, I request the Court to cast an eye over the *hypothecary inscription* in the *dossier* of my client, which I now submit on the Court's *bureau.*

The conclusion is equally rich.

My *conclusions* are : *primo*, that it may please the Court to interdict the *pursuer* from molesting and disturbing my client in the quiet and peaceable erection of his oven—or rather Miss Coco's oven—and the necessary walls and chimneys of the same ; *secundo*, that the *ordinance* of the Court *ad factum prestandum* be *cassed*, rescinded, and annulled, inasmuch as the fact has become *impresiable ; tertio*, that the *pursuer* be *decerned* and adjudged to empty his hands into those of the defender, of the sum of 200*l.* sterling, in lieu of damages, for the injury inflicted on his fair fame, by the acts and proceedings of the *pursuer*, and the said *defender* be *reponed* and restored thereagainst *in integrum ;* and *quarto*, by way of *subsidiary conclusions*, that the *pursuer* be dismissed *simpliciter*, under the law of common sense, save his recourse against *qui de droit*.

Very cleverly sketched are various characters; among others that of the negro, as modified by association with the French. But first, more generally in the matter of *respectability*.

From Marigot to Mabouya, from Cape Maynard to the Mole-à-chiques, respectability is the aim and end of every pursuit. With the baker in his shop, as with the butcher in his stall, it is the one thing needful—the corner stone of social existence ; and though it may not, like charity, cover a multitude of sins, it will screen a vast amount of meanness and misery. Nothing can be more amusing than to observe the talismanic effect of this word upon the lower orders : even the common street-criers take advantage of it in the disposal of their wares. Some time ago a female servant, being commissioned to sell a quantity of biscuits of inferior quality, hawked them about to the cry of "Mi" [*Mi* is a negro word used instead of "voici" and "voila"] "biscuits pour les dames respectables." As she passed along the street the conceited recommendation did not fail to attract the attention of those for whom it was thrown out. The hawker was stopped at every door, and so great was the anxiety of the negresses to test the quality of her biscuits as a patent of respectability, that before she reached the end of the street she had disburdened herself of the contents of her tray.

A still more striking illustration of the charm of respectability is presented in the following circumstances which occurred in August, 1842. A dispute had arisen between the queen of the Roses and a coloured woman—a warm advocate for the Marguerites. During the altercation the parties came to blows, and the queen, being a strong lusty woman, inflicted a pair of black eyes upon her antagonist. The matter soon reached the ears of the Attorney General, and both were brought up before the Chief Justice in the Court of Police. As the quarrel had grown out of the previous dispute about the blue flag, the court house was crowded to suffocation by the friends and supporters of the accused—each party anxiously expecting a verdict against its antagonist. This feature of the case did not escape the penetration of the judge, who, resolving not to give either any cause of triumph, dismissed them both with a severe admonition, expressing his surprise that two such "respectable demoiselles" should have so far forgotten what was

due to themselves, as to have assaulted each other in the public streets. The word "respectable" shot like electricity through the audience. A thrill of exultation seized every breast: the Marguerite looked at the Rose; the Rose smiled at the Marguerite; and as they retired from the court, pleased with themselves and proud of the judge, a murmur of applause ran from mouth to mouth. Since that period nothing but harmony has prevailed between the rival societies; and it would now require no small amount of provocation to draw them down from the niche of respectability in which they are enshrined.

And what of the black man, now in the course of the free-labour experiment?

His person and his hut, apart from the influence of climate, are cleaner than those of the white peasant; his holiday dress more stylish, and his gait and attitude less clumsy and clownish: but he is surpassed by the white man in the more solid advantages of industry and perseverance. A negro espies his fellow at the end of the street, and rather than join him in a *tête-à-tête*, he will carry on a conversation with him for several hours at the top of his voice, to the unspeakable annoyance, perhaps the scandal, of all those who may occupy the intermediate houses. Should the wind blow off his hat and warn him to depart, he will continue the conversation and let some one else pick it up for him; or if he condescend to notice the occurrence, he turns round with an air of offended dignity, puts his arms a-kimbo, takes a quiet look at the hat as it rolls along, shrugs up his left shoulder, and walks leisurely after it until it meets with some natural obstruction.

The general character of the St. Lucia negro, physical, moral, and social, may be summed up in a few words. His person is well-proportioned, his movements are brisk, his carriage easy, without stiffness or swagger. His disposition is uncommonly gay and good-humoured; he is always singing or whistling when compatible with his actual occupation. He is submissive, but never obsequious; and though born and bred in slavery, there is not a trace of servility in the outward man. Unlike the European peasant, who seldom presents himself before a clean coat without a feeling of crawling obsequiousness and degradation, the St. Lucia negro is polite to a point; he can touch his hat to anyone, but he will not uncover himself in the open air, even for the governor of the colony. He is docile, intelligent, and sober; active but not laborious; superstitious but not religious; addicted to thieving without being a rogue; averse to matrimony, yet devoted to several wives; and though faithful to neither, he can scarcely be deemed debauched. His friendship is sincere, his gratitude unbounded, and his generosity to all about him only surpassed by his affectionate attachment to his children. In him the undisciplined character of the African is tempered by the accident of his birth. He is, in short, a compound of savageness and civilization—the rude production of the desert, transplanted to a more genial soil, and polished off externally by the decencies and humanising contact of English and French society; but without that culture in religion and education which alone can impart either weight or moral dignity to the social man.

Relative to political and also ecclesiastical points Mr. Breen's book will be perused with profit; and indeed on many matters closely connected with colonial administration in general; while, in relation to St. Lucia, nothing seems to be left unsaid, nor anything to be needlessly uttered.

ART. V.—*Niebuhr's Geschichte von Rom (Niebuhr's History of Rome.)* 4th edit. 3 vols. Berlin: 1844.

IT is well known that the earliest Roman historians whose names had been preserved, flourished in the second Punic war, consequently at a very late date from that in which the first building of the city is usually placed. When, in the last century, the spirit of historical inquiry had been roused and drawn to the treatment of ancient history generally, the first critical question that naturally presented itself to the mind, was, "on what authority and sources the writers of Rome's earliest vicisitudes have founded their accounts?" It is true, that the annals of the priests, the fasti, temple records, family diaries, censorial accounts, and treaties, may, in some measure, have furnished both materials and sources to that end. But, we must not forget, that, with a few isolated exceptions, all these records do not ascend beyond the Gallic conflagration, when all the historical monuments had perished in the flames. This is clearly maintained by Livy, while a certain Clodius (Plut. vit. Num. p. 59) even goes so far as to declare all the accounts beyond that conflagration for absolute forgeries, made in favour of some of the illustrious houses. Even the few monuments and documents that had been saved, were so badly and carelessly made use of, that among others, even the remarkable treaty of commerce which the city had in the first year of the Republic concluded with Carthage, had escaped the Roman writers, though it was extant and published by Polybius. The same inconsideration for historical truth, they also manifested, with regard to the treaty of peace concluded between the city and Porsena. One condition in it was (as mentioned by Pliny), that with the exception of the iron indispensably necessary for the plough and other utensils for agriculture, the Romans were not allowed to possess any, in any shape whatever; that the Romans, in short, engaged themselves to live in a sort of bondage, or in the character of unfree servants. Notwithstanding this glaring fact, the Roman writers have so little taken notice of it, that they represented, on the contrary, the Roman people, in consequence of the treaty, in the most shining colours of greatness and independence. These two examples will serve to convince the impartial reader of the little reliance to be placed on the Roman histories, before the Gallic conflagration.

These historical uncertainties still continued for a long time after that event. In the first place, regarding the delivery of Rome from the Gauls, the whole relation is notoriously drawn up to extol the character of Camillus, and, of course, of the Romans through him. How different, however, is the immediate cause of that deliverance told by other writers! Polybius relates (ii. 18), and his news are surely more credible than those of the partial Romans,—that the Gauls were compelled to withdraw from Rome, by a sudden incursion of the Veneti into their territory. This agrees with the account of Strabo (v. p. 220.), who also adds, that the inhabitants of Cære had retaken the booty from the retreating Gauls, which they had carried with them from Rome. Of a similar character is, also, another account given by *Suetonius* (vit. Tiber. 3), to the end, that the gold which the Romans, besieged in the capitol, had granted and delivered up to the Gauls, to raise the siege, was not retaken from them by Camillus,—as the tradition goes,—but at a later period, by Livius Drusus.

In this way of comparative inquiry, a very acute Frenchman* has, about the middle of the last century, arrived at the conviction, that the history of Rome, during the first five centuries, is very uncertain, and to a certain extent, even unfounded. His inquiries, in this sense, he has laid down in his work, which may be considered as a pattern of logical analysis in history.

Beaufort's style has, moreover, the advantage of all the clearness and perspicuity so peculiar to the Frenchman. In Germany, where Baufort's work has excited considerable attraction, the sense for criticism in history was not yet ripe enough to appreciate duly the merits and importance of the work. The besetting sin, however, of the French writers generally, is their viewing almost everything from the standard of present utility or possibility, not making allowance for the spirit of the time and country when and where the events in question have, or are said to have, happened. In this defective sense, is also written the otherwise very ingenious work on Rome's history, by Montesquieu.

But the critical and analysing spirit of the age, which had manifested, and almost wasted its strength and acuteness in philology and language, was at last called upon to try its powers and perseverance also in investigation of nature at large; and the progress that was indeed made in a few decades of years in the revelation of the secrets of nature, far surpasses those anciently made in as many centuries.

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* L. de *Beaufort*, sur l'incertitude des cinq premiers siècles de l'histoire Romaine.

The least influence, however, was exercised by that spirit in the field of ancient history. Those who laboured in that field were too much prejudiced in favour of old opinions or traditions, to doubt and inquire about their veracity, and it was only after the celebrated Wolf had given utterance to the grand idea which had guided him in his investigation on the origin of the Homeric songs, that a quite new turn was thereby given to antiquarian researches in general, though the fact is but little known, or even acknowledged to its full extent.

Even Niebuhr might have acted more honourably, had he mentioned Wolf, instead of Perizonius, whose excellent essay on the old Roman songs he did not even know. Niebuhr's views, in his Roman History, are so much founded on those of Wolf, that without the supposition of a school of poets at Rome, (of the existence of which, however, he never thought of giving us real proofs), the bare notion of transmission from generation to generation, of lengthy and voluminous poems or songs, which Niebuhr assumed,—from the earliest ages, is a riddle, if not an absurdity. Happily, the extent of Niebuhr's merits is not bound up with such isolated circumstances, and his work will ever remain a classical, original, and inimitable production of erudition, research, and deep criticism; a work which gives us a more lively picture of Rome's antiquities, than was ever known even to the ancients themselves. Instead of lifeless shadows, animate and speaking beings present themselves to our view in reading his history of Rome's early times and population. *Beaufort* had destroyed in us all belief in the truth of such ancient history, while *Levesque* had applied, in his Essay on the Roman State, his predecessor's and countryman's investigations, without even naming him. Niebuhr, however, has gone much farther; he has not only, in common with his predecessors, refuted deeply and long rooted errors and prejudices, but has filled up the gap in Rome's early history, with new and positive truths as interesting and incontestible as works of a veritable genius ever are. Yet neither he nor his predecessors have attempted to complete the explanation of the origin and development of Rome's historiography, and by what means those fables have crept into her early history, just in that charming form which tradition or the ancients have thought proper to exhibit them. Without a satisfactory reply to that question, no proper insight into Rome's early history is possible. This desideratum, however, we shall try to supply in the following pages.

Even a superficial glance at the histories of other nations, must show us the limits, how far we may venture to investigate in the events of Rome's early times. The early history of all nations is enveloped in a mist of traditions, fables, and fictions, in which it is difficult even to the most practised eye to perceive the first moments when civilization made her appearance, and the state assumed, as yet,

that rough form of political government, which subsequently exerted, in a more refined shape, so mighty an influence on her own fate, as well as on that of other states in general.

History, however, teaches us that the progress and development of culture and civilization among a people, has never been of a steady character, but has always been more or less influenced by, and subject to, extraneous circumstances, which frequently threw them from the beaten track, and either retarded, retrogressed, or even progressed civilization at an uneven rate, and without any proper standard of proportional analogy; and thus it happens that all our informations concerning the early march of civilization of nations have descended in, or appear to us of, a fragmentary nature; there being wanting that connecting link and medium which are so peculiar to the progress of our modern civilization. Had our philosophical historians considered that circumstance, they would certainly have spared themselves the vain labour and superficial attempts to patch together a connected history, from those isolated reminiscences which have descended to us in apparently fragmentary parts.

These reminiscences have been transmitted to the later ages by way of tradition, and in the poetical form peculiar to its character. In ancient as in modern times, poetry is the natural utterance of all the feelings, sentiments, and even experience of people in the early stages of civilization, while their native soil and ground is the natural mother of the divine objects for their worship and adoration. Religious songs are therefore among the earliest expressions of nationality, and closely connected with the civil and social life of such infant nations. Not even the matter-of-fact Romans are excluded from this category, though we find no traces among them of native traditions, mythologies, and other religious fables belonging to the Roman territory itself; a strong proof of their being the youngest of all nations of antiquity.

Let us, on the other hand, look at the Indians. In their poetry, not a single native river or fountain, not a single mountain or forest, is forgotten, in which their deities are continually working something or other. The same phenomena we find in the Zenda books. In the Greek traditions, evidently of a much later date, the creation of the world is less confined to Greece alone, while the births of the gods are mostly placed within its territory; a fact which points to the remote antiquity of those sayings.

Still older seem to be the traditions of the Etruscans, to judge from a fragment*, indicating a sort of cosmology, and in which Etruria occurs as a country beloved by the principal god.

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* W. Goesii rei agr. Auctor, p. 258. Scias mare ex æthere remotum. Cum autem Juppiter terram Hetruriæ sibi vindicavit, &c. Comp. *Niebuhr*, p. 118.

To the Etrurian element, (so conspicuous in the ancient views and usages,) more than to the high old age of the city itself, we must ascribe the priestly government of early Rome. A later author* justly observes, that all the magistrates of early Rome had been priests, since they bore that character even in later times. We have only to read Plutarch's questions of Rome, to see that the life of the Romans was, not less than that of the Egyptians, bound to sacred ceremonies and customs and superstitions (Polyb. vi. 56.) Without even the information of the ancient writers, we have here all indications of early religious feelings and associations, and consequently also of early religious songs. We are told of songs of some priestly sects (Quinct. 1, o. 1, 6), which were already unintelligible to the brotherhood in the time of the first emperors. Tradition carries them back to Rome's earliest times, and not without reason, since her constitution seems to have been based on religious views, regulations, and customs, and more especially that which relates to the demarcation and distinction of the different classes in society. The more, however, the plebeians tried to raise their condition, the more was it natural for the higher classes to preserve and hold fast the old religious songs as a sort of talisman against the rising spirit of equality and innovation. *(ibid. Sed illa mutari vetat religio, et consecratis utendum est.)* We must nevertheless consider with Varro (De L. L. vi. p. 80), the oldest songs, those of the Salii, as the proper beginning of Roman poetry.

When the second or lower class had at last begun to bestir themselves, and to occupy a questionable position opposite the nobility, a new sort of songs or poetry naturally arose among the people, purporting to deride the old order of things in satyrical verse or epigrams. That there existed already in the earliest periods a most bitter hatred between the patricians and plebeians, which gave rise to bitter and mocking language, is evident from the prohibitions in the 12 Tebles of such satyrical songs (Cic. Tusc. Disp. iv. 2; id. apud Aug. de Civ. Dei. ii. 9.) Whenever language has already obtained that faculty of expressing such and similar relations, we are justified in assuming a certain advanced stage of development in its forms.

A satyrical conception of human foibles, or ridiculous relations, requires not only a free mind, but also a free mastery over language; a circumstance from which philosophers used to judge of a considerable stage of civilization among such a people possessing such a free sway over language. But we are far from agreeing with them in that point. Refined language does not necessarily presuppose refined civilization among a nation. We are but too much used—misled by the form in which the most celebrated or favourite works of a lan-

* F. Laurent. Lyd. de magistr. &c.

guage are written—to look down as something worse, upon its previous forms without considering that the language may possibly owe its present changed forms, extraneous to its original character, to the influence of some external circumstances which had at first led to manifold deviations, and the loss of original beauty, energy, and flexibility, before it had finally assumed the present more convenient from. This we particularly observe of the Romans, and therein may chiefly lie the ground, why the later Romans almost never mention of the virtues and exploits of the ancient Romans during the agitated and eventful period, from the 12 Tables to the second Punic war, as represented in the old forms of their language.

Cato relates in his *Origines* (in Cic. Tusc Disp. iv. 2, 1, 2), that there existed among the ancient Romans, the custom for the guests to sing by turns at banquets, and accompanied by the flute, the praise, glory, and exploits of celebrated men. This story was repeated by the other writers, who probably knew nothing more of that custom than what they read in *Cato**. That even in Cicero's time, but little was known of those songs, may be inferred from his exclamation (Brut. c. 19): "O that those songs were still extant!" &c. and Cicero was certainly the most likely person to ascertain the existence or non-existence of those songs, by his friend, the antiquarian *Varro*†. How much truth there is, therefore, in Niebuhr's assertion, that that plebeian epos was still extant in the Augustine age, we leave the reader to judge for himself from what we have stated above.

Whether any such connected epos had ever been composed by some great poetical genius in the early times of Rome, is a question which we must negative, though Niebuhr has done his utmost to prove it affirmatively. Independent of the fact that no ancient writer ever mentions of such a poem, which would be very strange if such was the case, Niebuhr was probably unconsciously misled to that notion, either by the thought of the Greek school of singers or poets,‡ or by his too great deprecation of the national poetry of ancient Rome, which appeared to him incapable of expressing the

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* Valer. Maxim. II. 1; Quinct. I. c. 1, 17. The only exception we might be inclined to make, would be in favour of the erudite antiquarian *Varro*, who might have possessed other means of information on the subject, beside that of Cato. V. Non. Marcell. p. 77; *Varro* de vita populi Romani, I, II.

† Cic. I. c. 15: Varro noster, diligentissimus antiquitatis investigator.

‡ Niebuhr's notion of a great Epos in the early period of Rome, can impossibly be carried through, without the presumption of poetical school. But how is this latter to be proved, except we consider as such the *Collegium poetarum* in Valerius Maximus (III. 7, 9) and other later writers?

great, but fictitious, deeds during the reigns of a few kings in old Roman history; as if the stirring life of a rising nation is not in itself above all poetry. The restless energy which urges such a youthful people continually on, to new deeds and adventures, develops also all the noblest powers of great minds, not the least among which is the capacity of duly estimating and describing in a glowing style the uncommon deeds, relations, and personages of the time. This capacity shows itself everywhere, among all well organized nations, and at all times, ancient as well as modern.

No sooner, however, has the language of a people acquired the faculty of expressing events in a form akin to the existing spirit, energy, and effort of the people, than that capacity undergoes a farther development. Among the Greeks, that form was the *heroic verse*, among the Romans the *saturnine*, and among the modern Greeks the *political*. As deeds to deeds, so array themselves songs to songs, perhaps through centuries, before the name of one great poet appears, who appropriates the collective fields which his predecessors had occupied singly and separately, and binds the glory of the past to that form in which he alone found himself compelled to sketch.

Even now-a-days we admire the beautiful national songs of liberty and exploits of the modern Greeks, ever since they had taken up arms against their Mahommedan oppressors. They live in the mouths of all Greeks, without any particular name of the many poets who composed them being in the least mentioned. Why then should it have been differently in ancient Rome's early times? Among the songs of the modern Greeks, though produced among a people scattered into various provinces and divided into different races, there still prevails one uniform species of verse, which in itself points to one uniform and connected history of political vicissitudes. How much more so could this have been the case among the Romans of the early periods, who were all crowded together within a small compass in or about one common city, in a strictly organized state; all animated by one common interest, all devoted to ancient laws and usages,—how could, we ask, in such a state, and under such circumstances, the thread of connection ever be lost in songs?

That there prevailed among the Romans from the earliest to the latest periods, a peculiar predilection for descriptions of glorious deeds and heroic exploits, we find ample traces at all periods. Even the rough, turbulent mind of a Marius, evinced love for a writer by whose pen he hoped to be remembered to posterity; and so did Lucullus for Archias, who had sung his war against Mithridates (Cic. pro. Arch. poet. c. 9, 11). With regard to the earlier times, we have only to pursue the whole series of exploits and great events until the first Punic war, to convince us of the fact. Even among the latest of the period we meet with descriptions which wear the stamp

of poetical forms, simply because their history had been copied from those contemporaneous verses. It is true that there are comparatively but few of such descriptions as relate the exploits and events of the period immediately following the Gallic conflagration; but this is simply owing to the facility with which historical monuments could have been preserved with more safety; though even these are not quite free as yet of a poetical or enthusiastic conception of the plan and method at least. No wonder, then, that even the most eminent historians of early Rome, Cn. Nævius and Q. Ennius, have not denied in their diction the influence of the popular spirit. Both have made the great events of their time the object of their most celebrated poems, though each treated them in quite a different way.

Nearly the whole of the Roman history is filled with the continual contentions between the plebeians and patricians, ever since Severus had by law granted privileges to the former opposite to the latter, and more especially since the abrogation of the regal power. There we see one class of society adorned with glory, virtues, and noble sentiments, adhere with a firmness almost bordering on stubbornness to all that was hallowed by time and custom, while another less privileged class was striving to arrive at the same rank and station by new virtues, rising energies, and changes in the old constitution.

It was the policy of the patricians to keep the plebeians continually occupied with wars against the neighbouring nations, in order to delay, as much as possible, the hearing to their requests about the extension of their rights, while the plebeians looked, on the other hand, also on war, as the proper means by which to acquire those very rights. Both parties thus coveted war, and no wonder that the pages of Rome's history are filled with continual wars and a long series of heroic deeds unparallelled in the history of the world. Hence, also, the irreconcilable division and variety of opinion between the two races, in nearly all relations and active operations of practical life, even long after the plebeians had already occupied an equal rank and station in the state with the patricians. This division is most strikingly visible in the two first-named poets.

Cn. Nævius shows himself as one intoxicated with the triumphs and victories of his fellow countrymen, whom he glorifies by his songs, without regard to race and rank; but he, notwithstanding, never allows an opportunity to escape of wielding the sharp weapon of his satire against the patricians. In his early youth falls the fresh remembrance of the war with Pyrrhus. Until then, the wars of the Romans had been confined to the tribes of Italy alone. Now, for the first time, a foreign war broke out against them, surrounded by the glory of brilliant victories, and with the help of a well-organized army.

Greece had just recovered, on the other hand, from her surprise and astonishment at the great world in the East newly opened to her by the conquests of Alexander, and on the other, from the terrors of civil wars brought about by the successors of Alexander, when the fame of the Roman weapons in their war with Pyrrhus, filled the whole of the then known world. Even the mighty King of Egypt sought immediately the friendship of the brave barbarian people, (Liv. Epitom. xiv.; Dion. Cass. fragm. 147, p. 61; Dion. xx. 4; Eutrop. ii. 15), and the Greeks began to celebrate Roman valour in contemporaneous poetry. (Lycophr. Cassand. v. 1226, sq.) Rome stood in friendly relations from her earliest times with the mightiest maritime state of that time, with whom she had frequently renewed treaties of commerce and peace, and had even, in common with the Carthageians, beseiged and taken Tarent shortly after the retreat of Pyrrhus. But Rome's prospects, which had been greatly extended by the victories over Pyrrhus and the conquest of Lower Italy, were soon marred on the part of the Carthagenians, by their taking possession of most of the passes and keys to Italy, viz., by their taking possession of the neighbouring islands (Polyb. i. 10.) Rome, therefore, took the first opportunity to set limits to the Carthageian power in Sicily, a step from which arose the first Punic war.

It was a grand and sublime spectacle indeed, to see at war the two most mighty powers of their time! According to Polybius (i. 13,) who flourished not long after the termination of that war, there was nothing equal to it in the annals of the ancient world, either as regards the vast preparations, or the great exploits performed on both sides during that war. Rome, though she had previously carried on commercial traffics by sea, witness, her repeated treaties of commerce with Carthage,* now entered on the state of action for the first time as a *maritime power;* and though Carthage had hitherto ruled the sea, victory at last, after many turns and changes, inclined towards Rome.

Violent states commotions always exert great influence on the inward life of a people, and if those convulsions are moreover attended with brilliant external success, they are sure to rouse in the people the most noble energies and mental faculties, which had remained dormant until then. A striking instance of that fact is furnished by the effect of the Persian war on Athens. Not less was the effect of

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* Polyb. III. 22, 24, 25; Liv. VII. 27; IX. 43; Epitom. 1, XIII; Strab. V. p. 232.

the Punic war on Rome. There, where hitherto had flourished only the arts of war and politics, where jurisprudence and civil regulations had hitherto engrossed all the cares and faculties of the citizen—was now all at once seen to arise famous poets, who mixed in their compositions the grave reflections of men of the world, with the gay and serene disposition of the poet. Among these stands uppermost as the oldest, Cn. Nævius, as we cannot reckon here his senior contemporary, Livius Andronicus,* who, a Greek by birth and education, did nothing but bring under a Roman garb Greek views and poesies.

Cn. Nævius had served in that Punic war, (Gell. Noct. Att. xvii. 21,) and he took it as the object of his composition. Though but little, alas, has descended to us of his great work, still it suffices to give us a proper notion of the peculiar form and method with which he treated his subject. That he sang the events of his own time we would ascribe more to the power of enthusiasm for the passing events, (which, unmindful of the past, loses itself altogether in the present,) than to the want of imagination and lack of inventive or poetical faculties of the Romans. He followed therein the ancient custom as described by Cato. His poem ran to the end without any artificial or grammatical stoppages, a proof that the natural sections formed by the various stories were in themselves decisive enough to afford to the reader the required resting points. It was only a later grammarian, *C. Octavius Lampadio,* who divided his work into seven books. (Suet. de ill. grammat. c. 2.) Attempts have been made to ascertain the contents of each book by their extant fragments. The poet begins with the departure of Æneas from Ilion, when he probably makes him land at Cumæ to the Sibylle. (Lactant. Divin. Inst. 1, 6, 9.) The manner in which he carries him from thence to the spot, to lay the foundation of the city, is lost to us; but we may easily guess that he rejected the absurd fiction about the long series of royal dynasties from Æneas down to Romulus, since he calls the latter the son of Æneas' daughter. (Serv. in Virg. Æn. i. 273.) Neither is it certain that he had also sung the contest between the two brothers. But it is more than probable that he gave, as far as the end of the second, a brief sketch of the main events which brought about the war between Rome with Carthage. There are too many visible traces of that description, to make us agree with the general opinion, that Nævius had passed over in silence the vast

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* That in the passage in *Diomedes,* 1, III. Epos Latinum primus digne scripsit *Livius,* in qui Romanorum gesta XVIII., complexus est libriis qui et Annales inscribuntur, we must read *Ennius,* has already been suggested by Vossius, de His. Lat. 1, 2, p. 6.

interval from the building of the city to the Punic war.* He had probably described a few leading events, which laid the foundation of Rome's greatness, and dwelt more particularly

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* That Nævius had described in the first book, the storm which surprised Æneas on his passage, as well as the complaints of Venus of it to Jupiter, as also the words of consolation spoken by the latter—is told by Macrob. Saturn VI. 2, comp. Serv. ad Æn. II. 797. The passage, therefore, in Non. Marcell. p. 335 and 474, v. *Percontat*: "Nævius belli Punici, lib. II.: Blande et docte percontat Ennius, quo pacto Trojam urbem liquerit," as is found in that collection of Nævius' fragments, p. 193,—is wrongfully placed into the second book, if the reading be correct as adopted by Hermann,—Elem. doctr. metr. p. 631; Blande et docte percontat, ÆNEAS quofacto urbem liquerit.

That grammarian might as well have quoted wrongly the second inst. of the first book, since the third book is also wrongly cited from Prov. ad Virg. Eclog. VI.—Thus also the passages from Romulus (Serv. ad Æn. 1. 273.) Aventinus (Varr. de L. L. IV. 14, and Ballantium, ibid, 16) may belong to the first book, and not to the second, as given by the recent compiler. Thither belong also the verses:

> ..... Silvicolæ homines
> Bellique inertes,

as seen by the words: Nævius libro primo belli Punici (Macrob. Saturn. VI. 5.) The first book will thus have contained, not only the wanderings and passages of Æneas, but also a great deal from the real history of Rome, and perhaps an account of Horatius Cocles, as we see no reason why we might not apply to him the fragment in *Fest. v. Sublicius.* Now there is no fragment relating to the Punic war itself, which may be placed in any book previous to the third; while the first one seems exactly to sing of an event that took place in the beginning of the war (Fragm. p. 198.) Thus, before the sketch of the war begins, the second book, and partly also the first, we must imagine of having been filled out with the narration of the great events immediately preceding the war of Rome with Carthage. Among these, however, was the important surrender of Campania to Rome in the beginning of the fifth century, U. C., and the war resulting from it with the Samnites (Liv. VII. 29 sq.) The campaign against the latter, undertaken by the consuls M. Valerius Corvus, and A. Cornelius Cossus, is one of the most glorious in Roman history, and its description by Livy, one of the most brilliant in his work. He at once begins with: *Maiora iam hinc bella . . . dicentur*, &c. We have only to read the narrative itself, to convince us of its being thoroughly tinctured with poetical colourings. Here we may fairly suppose that Livy has copied some of the finest sketches from the second book of Nævius, since we know from the same Livy, that in that campaign the name of the one consul was M. Valerius, and that his army was separated from that of the

on those by which his home, Campania, had become a Roman territory. It is a remarkable fact, that he but slightly mentions in his epos, the events of former days. The *non-patrician* poet of that time, did not feel the least interest in describing deeds of by-gone times, which could only tend to exalt the names of a few high-born families, and he therefore chose the present passing events in which he bore himself an active part.

Only in the *tragedy*, a form of poetry borrowed from the Greeks, he seems to have received the traditions of olden times, such as we see in his Romulus (Varro de L. L. vi. p. 92, 101.) Also in this, he has become a model for the subsequent poets in the peculiar species, the *Prætextata*, or the Drama, wherein are represented high Roman characters. This his effort to be truly Roman, extends even to the derivations he gives to the names of famous parts and places in and about Rome (Id. iv. p. 14 and 16.), while his junior contemporaries derive even the most genuine Roman appellations from Greek words.

He shows himself moreover national, not only in the matter and object, but also in the selection of the species of verse in his composition. This is the Saturnine (Id. vi. p. 88; Fest. v. Saturno), or the old native verse, the natural production of the language itself, and which was ever used for the convocation and praise of the gods, for the revelation of oracles, the celebration of the heroes, as well as for some objects on gay and cheerful occasions. We still possess in this species of verse, epitaphs of the old Scipios, and fragments of Saliarian songs, and of the prophecies of the old Marcius. All these are older than Nævius (v. Hermann de metr. p. 614), and are consequently the constructors of that form in which the latter had written. If he is therefore mentioned (Diomed. p. 511) as the inventor of the Saturnine verse, it is merely because he bound that

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other consul, and carried to Campania (VII. 32), and we can easily guess that to this circumstance refers the fragment in *Charis.* 1 *de analog.* p. 103. *Nævius, libro* II. *belli Punici: Marcus Valerius Consul partem exerciti in expeditionem ducit*, as well as another (considered a sort of riddle among the antiquarians,) in *Priscian*, 1, VII. 12, *Samnite*. There is now no need any more of changing *Marcus* into *Manius*—the well-known first consul in the Punic war. It is true that a minute description of that campaign, would, according to our view, have been rather too large for the small space of two little books, embracing as it did the lengthy period from Æneas to the first Punic war. We must, however, not forget that Cn. Nævius was by birth a Campanian, and as such, nothing could more stimulate him to sing of Rome's greatness, than the recollection of that glorious expedition which bound the destiny of his home to Rome's fate.

species of verse to more vigorous laws and rules, though the great freedom he himself takes in it, is evident from the reproach of a later writer (Atil. Fortunat. p. 2680), who blames him for the licentious use he makes of his Saturnine verse, saying, that none of them in his poems can be taken as a pattern for poetical metre. But this is the too severe criticism of the later Grammarians, who have been spoiled by the too strict regularity of the Greek metre, and blamed therefore the liberty of the earlier true comic and true tragic poets of Rome (Priscian. de vers. comic. pr.; Comp. Horat. ad Pison v. 262 and Acron.)

We can hardly form any notion of the power with which the poet has treated his subject, the few fragments we possess not being sufficient to effect that purpose; but they are certainly sufficient to tell us of the lasting effect and influence the *Epos* has exercised upon the ancient world. One hundred and fifty years after his death, when Rome had already formed its taste entirely after the Greek fashion, was his name yet mentioned with love and admiration. Cicero (Brut. 19) says, that his Punic war delighted as a work of Myron, which, though not sketched quite true to nature, no one hesitates to pronounce most beautiful. Nor does he speak less respectfully of him in other places; also the later Grammarians (Sueton. de illustr. grammat. 2), did not disdain to quote him as an authority, while Horace sings of him (Epist. ii. 1, 53:)

> "Nævius in manibus non est, at mentibus hæret
> Pænè recens: adeo sanctum est vetus omne poëma."

The above will suffice, we think, to see the high opinion even classical antiquity entertained of him, which may still be more confirmed by the epitaph he wrote himself for his own grave (Gell. Noct. Att. i. 24.)

True to his plebeian character, which he maintains in that poem, he continually attacks the higher classes whenever opportunity offers (Gell. iii. 3.) It is well known that he ridiculed Scipio, (ibid. vi. 8,) that excellent Roman, who owed his elevation not less to his great victories than his virtues, just when he stood at the pinnacle of his glory. But still more bitter was he upon the Metellü,* a plebeian but high family, and his biting wit, that fate (and not their merit) had made them consuls, must have lived long in the memory of men many centuries after him, since even Cicero applies it from the rostrum to his contemporary the Metellus of his time. (Cic. in Verrem Act, 1, c. 10, and Ascan. Pedian. to this passage.) The Metellü,

* Terentian. Maur. v. 2517; Mar. Vict. p. 2587; Atil. Fortun. p. 2680.

on the other hand, threatened Nævius with revenge if he would not leave off ridiculing them, which they actually accomplished, after their warnings had been disregarded by him. He was cast into prison as a libellist; where he probably remained for some time, having composed while there two comedies. Also in this latter field of poetry, which suited the disposition and taste of the Romans much more than tragedy—the *Atellanae* having paved the way for comedy,—he distinguished himself so brilliantly, that Cicero continually borrowed some wit or other from it. The Latin names of many of those comedies plainly show that he was, not like most of the other comedy writers, a mere translator of Greek pieces; but an herald of *Afranius*, by his sketches of Roman domestic life. Plautus (Mil. glorios. *v.* 211) alludes in a highly comical style to his imprisonment. The tribunes of the people at last effected his release; a proof of his great popularity among the people at large, who also named a gate of the city after him. (Varr. de L. L. iv. 45.) He, however, could not leave off his witty attacks; for which he was subsequently banished the country, (Euseb. Chron. Olymp. cxliv.) and died in Utica, probably towards the end of the Punic war. (Cic. Brut. 15.)

But his hatred against the great seems to have survived him in his family, the tribune C. Nævius having also been the accuser of the great Scipio,* for embezzlement of public money. Altogether different from him in way of thinking and the direction of the mind, was his younger contemporary Q. Ennius. He too had the power and courage to take passing events for the subject of his composition; but in what different light did he view matters! If Nævius is to be considered as the closing genius of an expiring period, Ennius may be looked upon as the rising star of a new period and life, to which he gave by his own powerful mind a decisive turn peculiar to himself.

Ennius was born at Rudiæ, a Calabrian village, the topographical position of which is no longer exactly known, though it certainly lay amidst several Greek towns, and bore itself a Greek name. (Strab. i. vi., p. 281.) Our poet received a thorough Greek education, and was called, like Livy, a demi-Greek. (Sueton. de illust. gramm. c. i.) Where he received his early education, is not quite known. In his youth, falls the beginning of the second Punic war, and Hannibal's invasion of his native country, Campania. He seems to have soon taken an active part in that war, as he had distinguished himself already as a centurion, (Sil. Ital. xii. 390, 499) in the fourth year of

* That Nævius passed by the name of *Scipio's informer*, is confirmed by Livy xxxix. 52; comp. xxxviii. 26; Gell. iv. 18, and the cutting pun of Scipio, probably taken from his speech against the tribune, in Cic. de Orat. ii. 55.— *Quid hoc Nævio ignavius? severe Scipio.*

that war, at the victory which Titus Manlius Torquatus had won in Sicily. (Liv. xxiii. 40.) Subsequently he fought, as reported by a later Latin poet (Claudian, in Libr. de ii. Cons. Stil. præf.) at the side of the great Scipo, in Spain, by whom he was always beloved. (Cic. pro Arch. poet. 9.) He does not seem, however, to have accompanied Scipio to Africa, though that same poet seems to affirm it, since Cato, who had gone with Scipio to Africa as quæstor, and had separated from the latter in consequence of their disagreements, met Ennius in Sardinia, when he took him with him to Rome*.

Here Ennius lived in contentment of a small income, on the Aventine mountain†, where he taught Greek, made verses, and lived on intimate terms with the most considerable men of the state. His great intimacy with them may be seen from the little anecdote told by Cicero‡, that his maid-servant once denied him to Scipio Nasica, who had come to see him. When Ennius, after a few days, had went to see Scipio, and inquired at the door whether he was at home, the latter cried loudly from the house, "I am not at home!" "How," said Ennius, "do I not hear your voice?" "Impudent man," replied Scipio, "if I believed last time your *servant*, that you were not at home, can't you believe *me* now, when *I myself* tell you I am not in!"

We afterwards see him with Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, (the same who afterwards vanquished the Ætolians,) depart for the war in Greece§. He lived 70 years||.

In taking a survey of the time in which Ennius flourished, we find it to be the most glorious of the Roman Republic. During his time, the Republic, after having compelled the most powerful maritime state to sue for and make peace, enjoyed a sure and safe rest and tranquillity, which were but seldom interrupted; and that without the least endangering the safety of the state; tending, on the contrary, to keep her soldiers in continual exercise and practice. When, therefore, the great storm broke out by Hannibal's invasion of the Roman territory, it only served to develop in the Republic new powers, new talents, and new efforts. That protracted war was of such an universal and complicated character, that when Rome came out at last victorious from the struggle, she was, as a matter of course, mistress of the known world, and while the last remnants of the old Italian and Greek (magna) arts and culture were vanishing, their wrecks were taken up and collected at Rome. The taking and plundering of Syracuse by Marcellus, brought for the first time to Rome, vast numbers of monuments of Greek art,

* Corn. Nep. in vit. Caton. c. i.; Euseb. Chron. ad Olymp. cxxxv.
† Suet. i. 1.
‡ De Orat. ii. 68.
§ Cic. pro Arch. poet. c. 11.
|| Id. Brut. c. 20.

which gradually kindled the love for the Greek arts*. The subsequent wars with Macedonia and Western Asia, brought the Romans always more in contact with the Greeks and the other civilized nations. Rome seemed to have been called upon, on the one hand, to bring to order, though with an arm of iron, the then confused and agitated world; and on the other, to unite within her own precincts, not only the works of arts of the other nations, created or collected by them in their days of prosperity, but also their religions and all that pertained to them.

The perpetual struggles within their own walls between the two races, had taught the Romans to suit or reconcile their taste and disposition to the strangest views and things possible. It was an ancient custom to try to lure the gods from the cities of the foes, and to win them for Rome.† That custom appears already in its developed form, in the stories of Camillus. (Liv. v. 21, sq.) However simple and childish that custom may appear, we see in it a national disposition fit for anything, and suiting itself to everything, without reserve or compulsion. Nothing came amiss with them, nothing was averse to their feelings or way of thinking. How much more developement and food did not that easy disposition undergo and receive in those wars! Here, ancient customs were no longer of much avail, to set limits to native and national poetry. Rome's domineering spirit created in time of need the greatest heroes, and in time of general excitement for the arts, the poet who gave to that nascent taste for the sublime and beautiful, a direction which lasted for centuries. This poet was Q. Ennius, a man of as varied talents as his time was of varied agitations. Greece he affectioned for her arts, Rome for her sentiments and heroism, and Old Italy for his birth and language.‡ The ancients thus quaintly but justly observed, that he spoke from three sensible hearts.§ At a time when grammars and dictionaries were not yet in existence, and the learning of a foreign tongue could only be effected by practice and long residence in the country itself, a new life naturally dawned to the learner with the study of the language. What use Ennius made of his three languages is evident. To compose poetry in the language of a people in whose ranks he had been fighting, to whom he even belonged as a citizen,|| and which then stood in the flower of vigour and constitu-

* Plut. vit. Marcell. p. 310; Liv. xxvi. 21.

† Macrob. Saturn. iii. 9; Fest. v. Peregrina. Arnob. adv. gent. iii. 38; Plin. H. N. xxviii. 15.

‡ He considered his descent as Italian. The proof is, that he called himself himself the descendant of *Messapus*. Serv. in Æn. vii. 691; Sil. Ital. xii. 393.

§ Gell. N. A. xvii. 17.

|| Cic. Brut. c. 20.

tion, must have been more attractive and interesting to him than in the language of a decayed nation, the Greeks; but his main object was to introduce the excellent forms of Greek poetry among his favourite nation. How he succeeded in adopting the Oscian spirit to the Latin, and *vice versâ*, the latter to the former, is well known.

The language resulting from such a process, as it did not rest solely on ancient forms and phraseology, must have sounded strange, if not harsh, in the ears of the natives, who certainly missed in it the well-known voice of nature. If, therefore, Crassus, the great orator, or even Cicero,* speak in praise of his language, saying that Ennius had chosen expressions most suited to his subject, it is the praise of a time already accustomed for a hundred years to that language. In this spirit he applied the Greek metre not only to poems borrowed from the Greek, but even to those which he sang in glory of Rome.

Among the latter were his Roman Annals and the Life of Scipio. In the Annals, he represented not only what fell within his own experience, in the same way as Nævius did, but also what had, or is said to have, occurred at Rome long before him. The work was consequently in part already, by the substance of the contents, of a literary character; for which he had made preparation probably during a great part of his life, having written in his 67th year only the 12th book, while the whole consisted of 18 books. He divided his work in books, or what is the same, songs, having evidently taken here the Homeric poems continually for his model. The contents of each book we have no longer the means of ascertaining, and still less (what is of far more interest) the manner in which he has treated the histories.

He probably began his work with the destruction of Troy, and followed, with regard to Æneas' wandering and arrival in Latium, the tradition which was already current everywhere among the Romans. But the manner in which he connected with it the building of Rome is no longer to be ascertained, though we possess some fragments on it; for turn and twist we these latter as we may,‡ we can never come to a clear point, and are always involved in some contradiction or other. He is said to have named *Ilia* Æneas's daughter,† and Romulus consequently his grandson. He must then have taken the story of Amulius and Numitor in a more serious and simple light. *Ilia* was probably presented in that work only as a priestess, who had transgressed the law by violating her chastity,‡ and was ordered by Amullius to be thrown into the Tiber,§ a fate in

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* De Orat. i. 34.

† Serv. in Æn. vi. 778; comp. ibid. i. 273.

‡ Cic. de Divinet. i. 20.

§ Porphyr. ad Hor. Od. 1, 2, 18.

which her two sons also shared. These latter, however, were, as is well known, saved; and when grown up, put to death the Albanian sovereign in revenge for the murder of their mother, and placed Numitor upon the throne. Then probably followed the building of Rome and the History of the Kings, with which the third book concluded. In the following three books, was sung the History of the growing Republic until the first Punic war, the latter of which having already been splendidly described by Nævius, Ennius took but a brief notice, (Cic. Brut. c. 19,) and compressed it in even less than one book, (the seventh) while the other eleven embraced the history of his own time, probably as far back as the beginning of the last decenium, in which the poet lived.

A poetical representation is commonly more suited to the animated and interesting objects of war, than to those of peace, which are generally of a rather quiet and monotonous ntaure, even in the midst of party squabbles and political discords, which are usually attended by a change in Government. This is particularly visible in the Annals of Ennius. Among the many fragments of the same, nothing is found bearing relation to the disputes between the patricians and plebeians, nor to the departure of the latter from the city, or to the legislation and the banishment of the Decemviri. Could all these incidents have been omitted by mere chance? Or did he disdain to immortalize the struggles and powers of a rising race? The latter appears almost not improbable, when we consider the character of the poet, who arrayed himself at the side of the higher classes, whom he made also the object of his poetry and praises, by means of his attempts of introducing foreign literature among a people whose citizen he had become, and which could be accessible only to the better educated classes.

His intercourse with the great of the land, had certainly a most decided influence upon his views, and more especially his intimacy with the family of the Cornelii. The patrician way of thinking of that house, appears once more after the lapse of a hundred years, in all its rigour and formality, in the character of L. Cornelius Sulla, who when created dictator, wanted to reduce the constitution to patrician principles with the most unqualified strictness; and we may easily guess, how much more strict that aristocratic feeling must have been under the first Cornelii, who were related to the Scipio family, the first in the state; by whom also were introduced the separate seats for the senators in the theatres (Liv. 34, 44, 54), apart from the common people or their tribunes.

Ennius lived on the most intimate terms with Scipio, a man who shed upon his country all the lustre of military glory, and designed to render it still more illustrious by the introduction of the Arts, which he so greatly admired in the Greeks! When yet a mere lad,

he had already saved the life of his father at the battle of Ticinus, against Hannibal; two years after, after the defeat of the Romans at Cannæ, he brought into the field a number of young men of noble families, who had left Italy in despair and were about seeking another home. He rushed among them sword in hand, and made them swear to remain true to their country. At the age of hardly twenty-four, he offered himself as commander over the troops in Spain (where his father and uncle had been killed), after that command had been rejected by several other high military personages. Here we know not what first and best to admire in him, the confidence with which he entered his military career as commander, the rapidity with which he executed his most daring plans, or the charm with which he attached to his person both friend and foe. Wherever he came, victory attended him, Spain was reconquered in a few years, and kings were won over to the cause of Rome by his power over the hearts and minds of men.

Admired and revered, he returned home to be unanimously elected Consul by the people. Rome's guardian angel had, as it were, pointed him out as the victor over one of the greatest generals that ever displayed military skill against Rome. The vast prudence and zeal with which he made the necessary preparations in Sicily for the projected great enterprise against Rome's rival, astonished even the experienced men whom envy had deputed to watch his steps. The powerful Hannibal was vanquished, together with Carthage's confederates. Here Scipio showed himself equally great in victory, by the mildness with which he treated the conquered state, as well as by the moderation with which he rejected the offered honours which were not in accordance with Rome's constitution.

No wonder that the gaping multitude saw in him something approaching divinity, and began already to connect miracles with his very birth. The mysterious and miraculous character of his conduct, was certainly not—as the Greeks of those times fabled of him—a mere trick or delusion to mislead the stupid masses; but for the most part, the necessary expression of deep feelings. So, also, his frequent visits to the capitole in the stillness of the night. And why, indeed, should a great mind not feel the necessity to collect his thoughts in solitary solemnity; in the same way as it rushes into the midst of agitated life, when driven on by the thirst of glory? He was born to rule, be it in the field of battle, over his troops; be it in his social intercourse, by his winning manners, over the hearts of his company; be it in the senate, when, full of noble indignation at the expressed suspicion against his probity, he tore to pieces the account-books before even he had rendered account of what he had done with the public moneys; or on the anniversary of the conquest of Carthage, when openly accused by the plebeian Tribune, he, for all answer, invited the people to accompany him to the

capitole, where surrounded by the jubileeing multitudes, he offered up thanks to the gods for that victory.

That such a mind should have felt rather too narrow in the limited Roman education and literature, and that such a man should have tried to draw within his circle literary characters, is as natural, as it was excusable in Ennius to go in his admiration so far as to declare that the pencil of a Homer was alone qualified to delineate the life of Scipio*, while his open love for foreign literature, and his regal liberality, could but tend to irritate against him the prejudiced, though powerful mind of a Cato.

That extraordinary man exerted unconsciously his influence, not only on the "Annals of Ennius," but even on the whole of his mind, since he sung his deeds in a separate poem, apart from the former†. This poem was entitled, "*Scipio.*" All we now possess of it, is a couple of verses; but it appears that traces of it have been left in several of the most beautiful passages in Livy; and among others, in his relation of Scipio's passage to Africa, and how he won there over to Rome, King Syphax; as well as his touching sketch of the return of Masinissa to his country, of the victory over Syphax, and the marriage and poisoning of Sophonisbe§.

Both poems, *Scipio* and the *Annals*, were composed in the Greek metre; the latter in heroic, and the former in *trochaic*||. Judging from the 12th song of his "Annals," which had been composed in the 67th year of the poet, making thus one-third of the work, embracing about the last four years of his lifetime; the whole may probably have been written in the latter part of his life, consequently, later than his *Scipio.* This is important with regard to the chosen metre. It is well known that our poet was the first who introduced, among the Romans, the heroic verse¶. He had, thus, only the later poem written in verse, which he considered the only one fit for the representation of exploits after the model of Homer.

Thus, at the time of his composing his earliest poem, *Scipio*, he had, probably, as yet, neither practice nor confidence enough to use throughout a whole work, a metre which was not yet current at Rome; and he, no doubt, adhered to that used in tragedies and

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* *Ælian.* in *Suidas* v. *Ennius.*

† Gell. N. A. iv. 7; Macrob. Saturn. vi. 2; Porphyr. ad Horat. ii. i. 7. To this poem may perhaps belong that beautiful, but little noticed, verse, given by *M. Victorin*, p. 2496, without the author's name:

"*Roma, Roma, cerne, quenta sit Deûm benignitas.*"

‡ Liv. xxviii. 17, 18.

§ Id. xxx. 12-15.

|| Gell. xvii. 2.

¶ Cic. Brut. 18; Isidor. Origg. i. 37; comp. Cicer. de Legg. ii. 27.

comedies, by Nævius and Plautus before him. This is still further confirmed by the Votive-tables of Acilius Glabrio and Regillus, which, though they fall in a much later age, are still composed in the Saturnine verse*; and there is every reason to believe, that these men who stood in continual intercourse with Greece, would certainly have preferred the more refined heroic verse, if it had already been previously introduced by Ennius.

We see how gradually Ennius proceeded in his task, to initiate the Romans into Greek literature, until he could at last triumphantly call them *Greeks*†. But this, his attempt, was not arbitrary on his part. The most considerable personages of the state, and other men of education, could not avoid the influence of the Greek language and literature. Among these, stood uppermost, the Metellii, Scipios, Fulvii, and Furii. Even the sober sense of a Cato could not resist their charm, when advanced in years. How far the great Scipio had favoured those efforts, is evident from the respect he showed to Ennius. At his bidding, a statue of the immortal poet was placed at the side of his own and that of his brother‡, upon the family tomb.

The genius of Ennius ruled by his works over the Roman poets for more than 150 years. In his time the childhood of Roman poetry was past, and it was reserved to that mighty spirit to form as it were the point of transition from poetical childhood to youthful vigour and freshness. In the life of the individual man, childhood and youth form a not less important section than manhood itself. The harmless and cheerful plays of youth form a peculiar treasure for the afterlife of man, which can never be supplied if ripe age has overtaken man without them. The same may be said of the life of a nation at large. Among the Greeks, the strong line of demarcation drawn between the chief races, which jealousy guarded with unabated zeal, gave to every one of them already from early infancy a decisive and peculiar direction, which formed afterwards the fundamental key-notes in their varied lives, and the contemplation of which excites even now our astonishment. Again, among the Romans, though they were likewise composed of different races, the earliest religious existence could not develop itself to free forms, on account of their early contact with other nations, who always exercised more or less a foreign influence on the tender young plant of human civilization.

The early introduction of Greek literature proved certainly the

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* Atil. Fortunat. p. 26, 80.

† Fest. v. Sos.

‡ Cic. pro Arch. poet. 9; Ovid. de Art. Am. iii. 409; Liv. xxxviii. 56; Plin. H. N. vii. 30.

death-blow to Roman native poetry, but it developed on the other hand, the Roman character, to render it susceptible for all æsthetical and poetical speculations. The famous Augustine age has only given a greater polish and a smoother form to that character which was far more poetical and artistical in the previous periods. This the poets of that age felt but too keenly, and no wonder that Horace is full of bitter complaints against his fellow citizens, "that they are too partial to the old poets," or that we read in Vitruvius, (ix. 3): "He who has supplied his mind with joyous science, cannot but bear in his breast the image of Ennius, as if imprinted by the gods themselves."

The first fruit of civil equality and concord, for and against which Rome's citizens had combatted with one another for centuries, may be regarded, after the war with Pyrrhus, the great perseverance and spirited activity in which the citizens vied with each other during the first Punic war, until victory had crowned their fatigues and efforts. As the second fruit may be considered the ease and comfort in domestic life, which gradually called forth a taste for the fine arts, and more especially for poetry.

That the poetcial Muse had confined her effusions quite in conformity with the active character of the people, especially after having been freed from the exclusive dominion of priesthood, to the glorification of the great national events and vicissitudes, we have already tried to prove in the preceding pages. In this her peculiar character, poetry may also be considered as the mother of an art, which in a more sober and reflective way, attempts to arrive at the truth of the past facts and events it intends to describe; we mean *historiography*.

After the unanimous testimony of the ancients, Rome's first historians were two men, contemporaries of the two above named poets of the city, manifesting the same opposite points of character and way of thinking as we observed between the two latter. The name of the one, probably the older*, was Quintus Fabius Pictor, a patrician; and that of the other, Lucius Cincius Alimentus, from the race of the plebeians. This is a remarkable circumstance, as it throws light upon their respective choice and treatment of the historical subjects, of which considerable fragments are still extant.

Quintius Fabius Pictor belonged to the noble family of the Fabii, whose reputation has shed a lustre over the Republic from her earliest times, to the most flourishing period of her existence, far above that of any other distinguished house of noble descent. One of his ancestors was the first of Rome's nobility who practised the fine arts†, into which it was then deemed beneath the dignity of a

* Dion. Hal. H. R. vii. 71; Liv. i. 44; ii. 40, 93.
† Plin. H. N. xxxv. 4.

gentleman to be initiated. He practised *painting*, from which circumstance, the family received the nick-name—the *painters*. It is well known that the old Roman families hardly ever deviated from the direction and pursuits given to them by a distinguished member from their midst; thus it may have happened, that the love of painting evinced by one of the ancestrial members of the house, may not have been lost upon the celebrated descendant, with regard to the fine arts generally. That the latter had become early familiar with the Greek language, is evident from his nomination as ambassador to the Delphine Apollo, when Rome was placed in a very critical situation after the defeat at Cannæ*. We also see soon after, the celebrated "*delayer*" at the head of the state, until eclipsed by the glory of the great Scipio; neither would we miss in the answer of the Delphine oracle—if Livy had given it fully—a commendation of the Dictator's principles of *delay*.†

Fabius had also been active as a warrior; we are at least told, that he had been present at the war with the numerous Gallic hordes, about eight years before the outbreak of the war with Carthage‡; most probably has he taken an active part in the expedition against the Ligurians, which happened several years before that time.§ But we know nothing of the time of his birth, or of his death, nor of any other incidents of his life, except that he was a member|| of the Senate. He probably lived to the end of the bloody war, as he appears to have written its complete history.¶

The work by which he acquired the title of "the Father of Roman Historiography," passed by the name *Annals*, in which he described most minutely all he witnessed himself, while he touched but slightly and barely in its leading points on Rome's ancient history. So at least Dionysius (Plin. H. 11. x. i. 6) thinks. What he, the prolific Greek, calls however *slightly and barely in the leading points*, may have been merely a comparative expression with regard to his own usual prolixity, since the very first fragment treating of the twin-brothers which he quotes from Fabius, is by far more extended than is the same story given by any of the later historians. As to the precision with which he sketched the events of his own time, Polybius seems to be of a quite different opinon. He, in the first instance, draws a parallel

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* Liv. xxii. 57; Appian. de bell. Annibal. 329.

† We believe to find a trace of it in the words of the oracle (Liv. xxiii. 11:) *Lasciviam a vobis prohibitote.*

‡ Eutrop. iii. 5; comp. Polyb. ii. 23.

§ Plin. H. N. x. 24.

|| Polyb. iii. 9.

¶ As we may reasonably conjecture from Polyb. i. 1; Appian. i. 1; and more especially Liv. xxii. 7.

(previous to his description of the Punic war) between the two historians, *Philinus* and *Fabius Pictor*, who had written that war, he says, with more experience than truth (1, 1, 14, sqq.); and though, he continues, they did not falsify facts with fraudulent design, still were they both too partial and prejudiced, to be able to give facts in their real and true aspect. *Philinus* evidently espouses the cause of the Carthagians, and Fabius, the opposite side. At the introduction of the history of the second Punic war, Polybius (iii. 8, 9) not only contradicts Fabius, but pronounces a sweeping judgment on him and his work, saying that he had mentioned them, not from fear that they might be believed, since no reader whatever can be blind to the absurdity in that work, but merely to remind those into whose hands the work might fall, not to judge from its title, but the contents; as there are some people, he concludes, who judge from the *historian*, of the *history;* saying, that since the writer was not only a contemporary of the events he related, but likewise a Roman senator, his tale must necessarily be true. Livy ventures no direct opinion of his own on him, though it is evident from the manner in which he frequently quotes him as an authority, that he considered him as such*.

The contemporary of Fabius, Lucius Cincius Alimentus, is not, more than the former, known by the incidents of his private life; neither has there been much preserved of his writings. After the departure of Marcellus, the conqueror of Syracuse, from Sicily, Cincius, nominated prætor, went to Sicily, where he remained two years†, and where he acted with great tact and prudence, for, when after the fatal rencounter in which Marcellus fell, and his colleague, the other consul, was lying ill at Capua from wounds received at the battle, and requested from the senate to send him three experienced men as assistants, the senate granted his request and sent him from Rome three, one of whom was Cincius, who had just arrived from Sicily‡. Of his subsequent fortune we know nothing more than that he probably fell afterwards into the hands§ of Hannibal, and that he survived the termination of the war, at least by ten years; since he mentions in his work, the military operations of the Consuls, Cajus Lælius, and Lucius Cornelius||.

We no longer know the title of the book in which Cincius has described Rome's history from her foundation to the war with Hannibal, but that he has composed such a work, we are plainly told by

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* I. 44; ii. 40; viii. 30; x. 37; xxii. 7, &c.
† Liv. xxvi. 23, 28; xxvii. 7.
‡ Ibid. xxvii. 29.
§ Ibid. xxi. 38.
|| Gell. N. A. xvi. 4.

Dionysius*, and is evident from many other quotations and passages†. His character as an historian is given by Livy‡ in a few words, calling him "*a careful searcher for old monuments.*"

What a gigantic step in historiography!—An historian, no longer content with the usual traditions, but goes in search of monuments and documents, to compare them with the former, and arrive at the real truth of the narrations! Such a step is quite in harmony with the character of a plebeian writer, who having no family consideration, has also no interest to falsify truth, which might prove injurious or disgraceful to such high families. All that is quoted from Cincius, is almost exclusively the fruit of his own researches, just in the sense Livy has characterized him; and we have therefore reason to suppose that all his numerous writings were of the same stamp. Among others, there occurs one under the title "*Comitia*§," a book on obsolete words||; another on the power of the consuls¶; one on the fasti**; and many more on different subjects.

In his narration of many old fables, he usually follows Fabius††, because they were probably then already largely circulated, and he had thus nothing more certain to place in their room; but in every other respect he follows his own way, in research, investigation, and explanation; and to judge from many examples, with such a tact and acuteness as to command our respect. Indeed, his method was the only one by which the true history of *early* Rome could be ascertained, by taking due notice of all the relations of Rome, both civil and religious, of her climate and soil, position, and other local circumstances which had been lost to us by the later historians, who cared only about the description of wars and other political events. The later *Varro*, in trying to follow him on a larger scale, how little and insipid does he appear at the side of our historian Cincius!

Much information would be gathered concerning the march of development of Roman Historiography, if we could ascertain in the early historical works of Rome, the exact share each historian had in falsifying, embellishing, or suppressing facts, from family vanity

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* It is not improbable that the work is alluded to in the *Auct. libri de. orig. gent. Roman.* c. 17: "Ut scriptum est in ANNALI pontificum lib. iv CINCII and Cæsaris ii. Tuberonis 1."

† Dion. i. 74, 79; Auct. libri de orig. gent. Roman, c. 17, 18; Solin. c. 1.

‡ VII. 3.

§ Fest. v. Patricios.

|| Id. v. Reconductæ. Rodus. Scenam.

¶ Id. v. Prætor.

** Id. v. Refugium; Macrob. Saturn. i. 12.

†† Dion. A. R. ii. 38; i. 79.

or interest. That the patrician families had already early with love and pride preserved by writing the remembrances of their noble ancestors, is a fact well known. This is particularly seen in the panegyrics on the dead, and to which in particular Cicero (Brut. 16) imputes the falsification of history. He plainly says, that they contained much that never happened, false triumphs, several consulates, and even false races, and transitions to the plebeian race, by the circumstance that plebeian individuals had intermarried with patricians.* Nearly the same complaint makes Livy†; he, too, believes that history has greatly been corrupted by the panegyrics of the dead, and the false inscriptions upon family pictures; every family trying to extol the glory, honours, and exploits of their ancestors, far beyond the mark of real truth.

Now, Cornelius Nepos‡ maintains that writing history was originally the task of the first members of the state until the time of Pompey, when the business was first given over to the freed slaves. Every patrician historian had thus the fairest opportunity of extolling as much as he could in his historical pages the honour and fame of his house. It is thus more than probable that the high repute in which the Fabii stood in Rome's early history, is in a great measure owing to the historian of that name, who as stated above, certainly spared no fine colours, to enrich and embellish the fame and deeds of the first props of his family, though no one can deny that that family was in reality very rich in distinguished personages. We thus find the Fabii§ already mixed up in the Roman fables about Hercules; and even he who slew Remus was—according to a tradition—also a Fabius. Neither must we forget the beautiful story about the exploits and defeat of the three hundred Fabii, nor the specious anecdote of Fabius Dorso, who rushed in pious devotion into the midst of the Gallic ranks, as a devoted victim of his family. With no less love and interest is represented the victory of Fabius Maximus over the Sabines, and his dispute with the dictator Papirius, together with the great popularity the Fabian family enjoyed among the Roman people; all of which incidents had been sketched by the pencil of the historian of that name, since Livy continually

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* That we must retain: AD *plebem transitiones*, and not with Ernesti, *a plebe transitiones*, is evident—independent of the want of confirmation from the *MSS.*, to that emendation—from the connection of the contents. *Cicero* says, that "it was maintained of some of the families among others, also, that they had in time become plebeian,"—to which we must add in thought, "though they were originally patrician."

† VIII. 40; Comp. Plin. H. N. xxxii. 2.

‡ Sueton. de illustr. rhetor. 3.

§ Ovid. epis. ex. Pont. III. 3, v. 100.

quotes him as authority on these incidents and circumstances. (viii. 30, sqq.) Livy could, indeed, quote no other authority on these points, they being wanting in the other Annals, according to his own confession.

Traces of a similar treatment of history, are also found in other writers. It formed the point of transition from the enthusiastic poetical form, to a more free and critical survey of the historical facts, by means of a prosaic style, which was originally, of course, the only distinction between the two, without regard to the contents. These latter were for a long time indiscriminately taken from the poetical fables and traditions, especially as regarded the more ancient times. Such glorious reminiscences could but be flattering to the feelings of the noble families who saw with ancestorial love and family pride, their members playing such an exalted part in the early times of the Republic, if not even of creation. It would, therefore, be quite in character, if our historian was also the author of the book on the "*rights of the priests,*" frequently quoted under the name of Fabius Pictor.*

Though the plebeians had at sundry times made a successful stand against the prerogatives of the patricians in government and states sacrifices, yet could they never succeed in entirely levelling the ground between them, so that the description and observations on such ecclesiastical rights, must always have remained of peculiar interest to the patrician writer alone.

We thus see that historiography, no less than poetry, has pro-

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* A work on *Ius Pontificum*, is twice quoted by *Macrob. Sat.* III. 2. He simply calls the author, Pictor. There is no reason to suppose that this Pictor, and the *Servius Fabius Pictor*, Cato's contemporary, and quoted by Cicero, (Brut. 21,) are one and the same person. We should, on the contrary, presume that the author, simply called Fabius Pictor, was the *celebrated* historian. We cannot conceive why two passages in *Gellius* are applied by our critics to that work, when nothing of the sort is spoken of in them. The first passage is N. A., i. 12: *In libro primo Fabii Pictoris, quæ verba Pontificem maximum dicere oporteat, cum virginam capit, scriptum est,* where the words *quæ verba.....capit*, no doubt, refer to the following *scriptum est*, so that in the preceding words, *in libro primo Fabii Pictoris*, Quintus may as well be meant as any other. The second passage is ibid, X. 15: *In libris, qui de sacerdotibus publicis compositi sunt, item in Fabii Pictoris librorum primo;* here Gellius so plainly distinguishes the writing of Fabius, from the books on the priests, that we are almost obliged to understand by the former, the *Annals*, as a well known celebrated work which wants no other distinctive mark. But that the author of the *Annals*, and of that on the "Rights of the Priests," was one and the same, is expressly stated by *Non. Marcell:* p. 118. *Fabius Pictor* rerum gestarum *primo.—Idem libr. juris pontificii* iii,

ceeded among the Romans, from the very element of national life. But as poetry is as it were common property of all nations, ages, and climes, it has developed itself also among the Romans, notwithstanding foreign influence; to a high degree of independent originality; while history grew up more under that foreign influence, being rather a phenomenon of practical than abstract life of a nation. The Roman history furnishes a striking proof of it. From its very beginning, Greek influence is conspicuous, despite the developed state of Roman prose, long before the time of the two above-named writers.

It is known that the necessity of preserving events from oblivion, and consequently by written reminiscences, was felt among the Romans, at a very early period. Records of events and deeds of a people, are the necessary attendants of their incipient progress of development. Greek history began only after the old fabulous traditions of the individual races and states no longer satisfied the longing and inquisitive spirit of the age. Thus, also, Roman history begins with the legislation of King Servius, being the first step towards the foundation of that steady character so peculiar to the Romans even amidst all the manifold vicissitudes, and civil and foreign wars. When the two classes (plebeian and patrician) in society, began to assume a most decided position against one another, it was but natural that the more the one class attempted to introduce innovations into the old order of things, the other class should cling with stubborn pertinacity to all that was hallowed by time and custom. Both classes, therefore, felt most keenly the necessity to save from oblivion the passing affairs and decrees of the state, the one to form thereby the stepping-stone for future new demands, and the other, on the contrary, to repulse thereby these latter.

To remedy such conflicting interests and uncertain measures, the first successful attempt towards a firm legislation was made by the introduction of the 12 tables. But before that time many states incidents were, no doubt, historically recorded. The oldest, in that respect, are said to be the *Annales Maximi.* To preserve the remembrance of the states-affairs,—says Cicero, (De Or. ii. 12.)—"the high priest used, from the beginning of the Roman state until Publius Mucius, to inscribe into tablets the events of the year, and expose them before their houses for public information. These are still called *Annales Maximi.*"

In another place it is added (Serv. ad Virg. Æn. i. 373), that the Pontifex Maximus used to write down on white tablets, headed with the names of the consuls and the other magistrates, the remarkable things that had happened every day, at home and in war, by land, and by water. These records had, at last, been collected in 80 books, which were called by the ancients, *Annales Maximi*, after the *Pontifices Maximi*, their authors. (Comp. Fest. v. Maxim.)

What a treasure of information these "Annals" must have proved for the historians! (though their *authentic* sources do not extend beyond the Gallic conflagration*), besides the form into which the materials were cast, of which Cicero† says, that he cannot imagine anything more charming. No wonder then that Rome's first historians took them as a model for imitation. By these means, however, these historians necessarily received in their pages many of the traditional contents in those "Annals." Cato, however, in his "Origines‡," declares that he has no mind to write what has been noticed by the Pontifex Maximus, about the price of corn, or the causes of the darkness of the sun and moon, &c."

This agrees with another statement (Plin. H. N, viii. 57), "that the Annals are full of absurdities, such as: how the noise of mice had interrupted the auspices, &c." If we compare, moreover, the above statement with another, which has been preserved from the 11th book of those Annals (Gell. N. A. iv. 5), and which also contains some incident of some religious ceremony, we are almost inclined to believe that the contents of the Annals were confined to subjects purely local or religious. Else, we cannot conceive why there are such contradictory reports, or even uncertain accounts about the events, until and even beyond the second Punic war. Nay, how does it happen that no ancient writer ever quotes them (as far as we know) as authorities for some historical tradition or other? We know, at all events, that not only the people had a difficult access to the Annals in the early times, but also the higher classes in subsequent times; probably from scarcity of writing materials. Neither is there any probability that they had been compiled and collected into books before *Publius Mucius*, who was consul in the same year when Tiberius Gracchus was killed. The Annals must therefore have exercised influence on Rome's early historians, more by their general form than individual sketches.

With regard to those individual sketches, or language, the twelve tables must have proved of vast influence. Publicly exhibited, composed in an energetic style, and breathing the most inward life of the people, they were a sort of sacred books to the Roman, who was obliged to commit them to memory from early youth. They have laid the foundation to the developement and consolidation of that system of laws and rights of which the more educated Greeks had as yet no notion whatever. Even now we look at those laws with admiration and respect, while the Romans, even at a later date, must have felt a sort of veneration bordering on adoration for that mighty

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* Liv. V. 1; Plut. vit Num. pr.
† De Legg. i. 2.
‡ Gell. N. A. ii. 28.

legacy of the powerful minds of their forefathers. As it touched on the most manifold relations of practical life, it must also have claimed the expression of language in various ways, and consequently contributed to its developement and refinement.

The more so, as the exposition of the law was carried on in a *living* form, by parties speaking to and against one another publicly. Such perpetual occasions could but smoothe and polish the language, and give it a capacity of rounding her phrases, and develop her fund of expressions.

But public and free speaking was not confined to mere law suits, but found its due sphere also, and even chiefly, in the proceedings of the public assemblies and the senate. Here the political statesman did not rule any more by the respect for his rank, station, and dignity, but by the power and seductive richness of the *word.* Hence, the necessity that was already early felt at Rome, of acquiring a certain skill and dexterity in speech, long before they thought of committing to writing songs or poetry; witness the speech of Appius Claudius against the peace with Pyrrhus, of which Cicero (Brut. 16) speaks as one still extant. Neither must we forget the custom that existed at Rome from time immemorial, to hold funeral sermons on deceased individuals of rank, and to preserve them carefully in the family archives (Cic. ibid. Dion. A. R. v. 17; Liv. viii. 6.) Such funeral panegyrics certainly claimed skill and eloquence of speech, calculated as they were to produce proper effect upon the listeners. We will pass over several other family registers, temple books, and the most various states documents, which abundantly occur in the history of the early times; and we will only mention the publication of the *Fasti*, by which Cneius Flavius (about a century before our historians) had deprived the patricians of one of their most efficacious and dangerous means of deluding the people, and which certainly presuppose a certain degree of knowledge in reading and writing among the people at large (Cic. epis. ad Attic. vi. 1; Liv. ix. fin.), without which, neither could the intended aim have been effected, nor any great popularity produced there for the writer. Moreover, the treaties of alliance, among which was one in Latin (Dion. A. R. iv. 26), with the Gabii*, and another with Carthage, in the first year of the Republic (not to mention the collection of the laws of the kings made by Papirius about that time), plainly speak in favour of an age skilled in, and accustomed to, draw up proceedings in the Roman tongue; so much so, that the absence of all historical compositions in that period, would be a rather startling fact, if the history of the other nations would not show us that historical writings are always preceded by a long series of active and stirring movements in the practical life of a nation, as a sort of preliminary labours to the former.

§ Dion. iv. 58; Hor. Epis. ii. i. 25.

Our two historians had thus found before them a language already sufficiently cultivated and extended. And yet, strange enough! they did not make proper use of it. We are at least plainly told (Dion. A. R. i. 6.) that Quintus Fabius and Lucius Cincius, the oldest Roman writers, who had both flourished in the second Punic war, had composed their history of Rome in the Hellenic tongue. Of Cincius, there can be no doubt of the fact, since not only is there nothing to contradict the assertion, but it is even confirmed by the circumstance, that not a single grammarian ever quoted a single word from his work. With regard to Fabius, it is certainly rather strange, that according to other testimonies, there existed a Latin history from his pen*. This may however be explained in the following way, that either he had perhaps composed it in both languages at once, or that a contemporary of his had done the task for him, as we would rather reluctantly reject the testimony of Dionysius on that point. If we see therefore that a native had written a home history in a foreign language—a Roman historian in the Greek tongue,—what else can we infer from that circumstance, but that that foreign tongue, the Greek, together with her literature, were largely cultivated at that time in Rome?

If we turn our looks from those historians to the earliest traces we are able to find of Rome's nearest relations to the Greeks, we meet in the first instance [we pass over in silence the absurd stories about Euander and his Arcadians], the incidents of the elder Tarquinus. Not that we give full credit to the story about the flight of Demaratos from Corinth, and that he was the father of that king; yet does it at least show, that Greek customs and manners had al-

* Gellius quotes several passages from it, verbatim 1, v. 4; Comp. Cic. de orat. ii. 12; de legg. i. 2; and also the words of Quintilian Inst. i. 10; Lupus masculinum, quanquam Varro in eo libro, quo initia Romanæ urbis narrat, Lupam feminam dicit, Ennium, Pictoremque Fabium secutus, seem to refer to the narration of the latter concerning the twins, and consequently to betray its Latin composition. There can, therefore, be no doubt that, by this statement, the "Annals" of Fabius were written in Latin; but we must, on the other hand, also trust the words of Dionysius, who busied himself for a long time with the ancient Roman history, and betrays throughout his work a most intimate familiarity with the old sources. Cicero (de Divin. i. 21) quotes the Greek annals of a certain Numerius Fabius Pictor; we have thus, a second Fabius, who wrote Rome's history in Greek. But as we find nowhere the name of Numerius as an historian, and as the reading *Numerii*, in the above passage, is rather of a doubtful character, we would read for it rather our *Quintus*. This conjecture is still more confirmed by looking sharply at the words *Græcis Annalibus*. Why not say simply *Annalibus*, if Cicero did not mean to point by this addition, *Græcis*, to the *Latin* Annals of the same author, which deviated, perhaps, in some parts, from the Greek text; being, perhaps, written at another time.

ready begun to circulate at Rome under the Tarquins, and that there is therefore no ground whatever of disbelieving the ancients (Strab. 1 v. p. 220) who affirm it. We are told of an alliance between the Tarquins and Apollo of Delphi. Though we may not be disposed to admit their Greek descent, yet is it possible that Cære, a city of the Pelasgi, in the vicinity of Rome, which had saved at the Gallic conflagration, the fire and other sacred things of the Vesta, and had also received in her walls the fugitives of Rome,—Cære, we say, may possibly also have been the mediator between Rome and Delphoi. She possessed a treasure called the Ægyllean, at Pytho. But as the name Agylla was the original one, which she had very early already exchanged for that of Cære, it is evident that she stood already early in connection with Greece, and that she had consequently the means of bringing about an alliance between Delphoi and Rome's kings.

Of all the Roman Kings, Servius Tullus stands out prominently in historical reality, as also the many facts related of him. The image of Fortuna, he is said to have introduced, and the magnificent drapes with which she was robed are said to have lasted even till the reign of Tiberius, and originated, by the unanimous opinion of the ancients (Plin. H. N. viii. 48; Dion. iv. 40), from the time of Servius Tullus. Tradition also ascribes to him the building of the temple of Diana on the Aventine hill; and there stood also yet in the times of Dionysius (iv. 26), a statue of brass, inscribed with characters of old Greek writing, and containing the regulations under the presidency of Servius, as also the names of the allied Latin towns. Here we must also remember, that according to another account (Strab. iv. 180), the Romans had borrowed the worship of the ancient image of Diana upon the Aventine hill, from the Massilians, which circumstance was afterwards interpreted into a sign of early friendship that existed between the two places. This alone throws already great light upon the Greek nature of those Greek characters, even if we had not been told by Pliny, (H. N. vii. 58), that judging from the inscription of an old Delphine brass tablet which he saw at Palatium, it was evident, that originally the old Greek characters were used in both languages*. Neither shows it less of the early friendship that existed between the two places, Massillia and Rome, which is still further confirmed by a not improbable tradition, that Rome had been richly assisted with gold by the Massillians after her conquest by the Gauls†. Nor do we see any thing that should have stood in the way of a good understanding between Rome and Massilia. It is well known that that Phœcean colony carried on an extensive

* Comp. Tacit. Annal. xi. 14; Dion. i. 33.
† Iust. xliii. 5.

commerce by sea, in which Rome with her navigation, no doubt shared very early, else the establishment of the harbour of Ostia already under the kings, would be rather enigmatical, as also the reason why the Carthagians, in their treaty of alliance in the first year of the Republic, consequently, shortly after Servius Tullius, insisted so strongly on the precise places to be indicated whither the Romans were allowed to pass* or not.

The foreign intercourse of the Romans was thus so extended that we cannot wonder to meet their vessels already at an early period in Sicily and Cumæ. In the latter place, Tarquin and most of those banished with him, took refuge; a circumstance which shows of an early friendly intercourse between the two places, since strangers had no right to settle in a place, in those times of isolation; and more especially, we should think, when that stranger was a banished king. Moreover, navigation is so markedly secured to the Romans in that treaty with Carthage, that we may easily infer from it, that there existed a considerable trade between Rome and Sicily. It is also known that Rome, at the time of famine, soon after the banishment of Tarquin, received corn gratuitously from Sicily, and fetched some also from Cumæ.—Cumæ belonged to the Æolian colonies of Greca magna.

Æolian terms abound in the Latin tongue, according to the testimony of the ancients†, and the philologers of modern times. If we consider, therefore, from a critical point of view, the early connection of the Roman kings with Cumæ, the tradition of the Cumæan Sibyll at Rome, which was, probably, nothing else than the introduction of the religious views and customs from Cumæ,—we might trace the Æolian forms in the Latin tongue by various other circumstances than mere philological ones, as we shall see in the sequel.

In later times, when the contest of the two classes at Rome assumed a most stubborn character, it may, probably, have proved as fatal to the maritime intercourse, as it did to the extension of their territory. There are, however, proofs enough to show that even after that time of regal power, Rome and Greece lived on a certainly not unfriendly footing. We only allude to the adoption of Greek sacrifices at Rome. Dionysius (vii. 70, sqq.) wishes even to prove from the single fact of the sacrifices, that the Romans were of a Greek origin; thus much, however, is certain, that Greek artists are found at Rome already at a very early period, who even adorned and embellished there the temples of Greek deities. (Plin. H. N. xxxv. 12.) We shall, probably, soon have a better oppor-

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* Polyb. ii. 22.
† Dion. A. R. i. 90.

tunity of enlarging on this point; for the present, it may suffice to observe that neither Rome nor the surrounding parts lacked those sacred feasts which so largely contributed in the ancient world to the facilitation of social and mercantile intercourse, under the peculiar patronage of a certain deity. The industrious Greeks will certainly not have neglected to repair to such crowded and sacred fairs.

Whether the tale about the delegation of the Roman deputies to Greece as far even as Athens, concerning the 12 tables, had been invented by the later Greeks, or is founded on real facts, we will not take upon ourselves to decide. Thus much however is certain, that they had adopted Greek laws, since a statue was publicly erected to their translator, Hermodoros of Ephesus. (Plin. H. N. xxxiv. 5.) Neither will we attach too much importance to the story about the presents of Camillus to the Delphine Apollo, or to the tale of the adventures met with by the Roman deputies on their way to Greece. (Liv. v. 28.) The history of Camillus has undergone too many embellishments by Greek and Roman writers in single parts, to discern the truth from the untruth. But we know that the news of the taking, plundering, and burning of Rome, had reached the Athenians, (Plut. Camill. c. 22, p. 139; Plin. H. N. iii. 5,) while, on the other hand, the fame of Alexander's exploits had, also, reached the Romans so clearly, that they deputed ambassadors to him with magnificent presents. (Plin. l; Comp. Memnon. in Phot. Bibl. p. 229.) We are also told that Alexander had declared Rome's power and strength to be the bulwark of Italy.

The name and fame of the Romans had, it appears, reached Alexander, as warriors exercised in numerous wars. (Plut. de Rom. Fort. p. 326.) That they knew how to preserve that name and fame, is so evident, that Demetrius acknowledged their relationship with the Greeks. It was on the occasion when Alexander had made complaints to them on acts of sea piracies; Demetrius then returned to them some Antiatic pirates whom he had taken, with the remark: "that he made them a present of them, on account of their relationship with the Greeks, though he finds it rather strange that men who stand at the head of Italy should demean themselves with piracies; and that they should, at the same time that they adored in a peculiar temple the Dioscuri, the deliverers, send over to Greece pirates of their country." (Strab. v. p. 232.) Also a contemporary of Demetrius, in writing on Alexander's successors, took occasion to give a brief sketch of Rome's antiquity. This was Hieronymos of Cardia. (Dion. A. i. 6.)

We thus see the Romans already from early times in considerable intercourse with the Greeks; and we can, therefore, not wonder to see the oldest Greek writers who ever mention Rome, calling her often a Greek city. (Plut. vit. Camill. 22, p. 139; Strab. 1, v. 230; Arist.

in Dion. i. 72.) It is true, that the Romans came into a closer contact with the Greeks only by the war with Pyrrhus, yet hear we the Roman ambassadors, the violation of whose rights was the first cause of that war, address the Tarentinians in the Greek language; and we are plainly told,* that whenever the head of the embassy, Postumius, did not express himself in good Greek, he was laughed at and called barbarian. The same we are told of Fabricius, that he took a lively share in the conversation at the table with Pyrrhus, and even often interrupted Cineas† ; a proof that he was master of the Greek.

How much more must have been the familiarity of the Romans with the Greek language, after the extension of their power! Wherever they turned, they met with Greeks and their arts ; the last free towns of Greca Magna had fallen into their hands, and even Sicily itself became a Roman province ; while soon after, when they freed Greece from the Illyrian pirates, they entered also into a closer intercourse with the continent of Greece. Their ambassadors visited Corinth and Athens, and seats were granted to them at the Isthmic games, in consideration and acknowledgment of one common descent. (Polyb. ii. 12.)

ART. VII.—*Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon, during the First Three Years of his Captivity in the Island of St. Helena.* By Mrs. ABELL. Murray.

BEFORE taking particular notice of Mrs. Abell's volume, there are some remarkably interesting particulars relative to the wonderful man who is the grand subject of the book, that not long ago came to light in France concerning him, which we shall lay before our readers. They unfold much of the history of Bonaparte's earlier years, hitherto unknown. They open before us papers in his own handwriting, deposited in a box directed to Cardinal Fesch, which had been sealed until recently. We are thus made acquainted with the influences that operated on his childhood and youth, and with his early occupations. We find him fired by the example of Paoli, animated with deep devotion to his native Corsica, and interesting himself in projects for its defence and improvement. He writes his history : a history which his brother Lucian knew that he had written, but sought for in vain, and which has come to light among a multitude of other papers, the great body of which is still unpublished. Then

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* Dion. xvii. 7r; Appian, H. R. 1. iii. fr. 7. § 2.

† Plut. vit. Pyrrh., c. 20 ; p. 395.

we have a long letter to father Dupuy,—a historical romance, —dialogue on love,—his temptations to commit suicide,—criticisms on Rousseau's State of Nature, &c. &c. Surely no tale of imagination, no fiction of the brain, can exceed all this in value and interest.

If the life of men, who render themselves illustrious by their actions, excites an ever-living interest after they are dead, that interest is directed especially to their first appearance; and we love to watch them in their struggles with fortune, before they have taken their places in the world, and whilst they have not yet broken the chain in which destiny first enclosed them. That obstinate first struggle has in no case been more strikingly manifest than in the life of Napoleon.

The public acts of the life of the great captain, are everywhere written, and no one will forget them. The secret transactions of his policy are preserved in the chancelleries of all the courts of Europe; and sooner or later will be equally known. As to the conduct of his private life, we find in the memoirs published by different persons attached to the Emperor, and above all in the works prepared under his own eye in Saint Helena, a number of more or less authentic anecdotes, which disclose to a certain extent his habitudes and his character. Those *souvenirs*, however, relate to the more brilliant epochs in the life of Napoleon. One describes him as a general, first consul, emperor; another as now clothed in the imperial purple, now chained on a rock; but from the moment when he escaped to Toulon, to the day when he went to despond in the midst of the ocean, we perceive in him a genius already then developed, although no one informs us of the process of its production, or gives us the history of his earliest years. Napoleon himself seems to have been reserved in his communications on that subject, and, except some college anecdotes, and some vague assertions, we have been left until now in entire ignorance, in respect to that which preceded his elevation and that which could explain it.

And yet, the important question is: How was Napoleon formed? How did he employ himself whilst lieutenant of artillery? What are the labours by which he was prepared for his brilliant destinies? By what means, in a word, was developed that character so extraordinary, that intelligence so prodigious? Is it mere chance that has availed to lift him so high? Was his genius cultivated without any aid; or were his talents, perhaps, directed by an iron will, and following the ordinary condition of humanity, were they strengthened by persevering toil? This is what it behoves us above all to know of the young officer, the future emperor; it is thence, especially, that we shall derive valuable, useful instruction.

Of what avail in the history of Napoleon is it that he loved butter-

cups, or that he ate cherries with Mlle de Colombier? In the life of an illustrious man, anecdotes are only of importance, when they serve to exhibit qualities which will become predominant; but, although we read with pleasure the recital of the first emotions of the author, who at a later period gave la Nouvelle Héloïse, we look for something else than a subject of idyls in the youth of Napoleon. It is not the unfolding of the soul of the poet that we would witness; we ask to be informed of the progress of a disposition indomitable, and of an intelligence strong and hardy; and certainly the inner development of Napoleon was not that of Rousseau.

But who shall disclose to us that secret, twenty years after the death of Napoleon, when the witnesses of his infancy and early youth have nearly all gone down into the grave? And further, who has followed him everywhere? Who has known his first labours, his secret thoughts? Who will relate to us his difficulties, his successes, his moments of discouragement, the impressions of his youth? These are so many questions which seemed unanswerable, but which we are enabled at this day to solve, in consequence of the foresight of Napoleon himself, who chose to preserve what he thought and wrote at that period, and by means of an extraordinary concurrence of fortunate circumstances, which have kept those precious documents safe amid a thousand chances of destruction. See how they have come down to us!

At the epoch of the consulate, Napoleon, who then saw himself in history, as he afterwards said at St. Helena, thought of placing in security all the papers relating to his early youth. He therefore put them into a large ministerial box, bearing this label: *Correspondance avec le premier consul*, which he erased, and wrote with his own hand: *A remettre au Cardinal Fesch seul—Committed to Cardinal Fesch alone.* This box, tied and sealed with the arms of Cardinal Fesch, traversed the Empire and the Restoration without being opened; afterwards it passed through different hands, still sealed, and it is but about two years back that its contents were known by any one. Nothing has been lost, and it has actually been found with all the pieces which Napoleon originally deposited there.

These papers are naturally divided into two classes. The former contains correspondence and biographical details; and in the second we find the original works of Napoleon, his thoughts, notes and extracts from different works.

All these pieces are autograph, or at least copies corrected, with annotations by the author. To give an idea of the number of these documents, it is sufficient to say that, without counting the copies, and exclusively of a large number of detached pieces, there are in the box thirty-eight manuscript volumes written in the autograph of Napoleon himself. The most of the volumes are dated. This is all Napoleon wrote from 1786 down to 1793.

If one wished to commence the biography of Napoleon, it would be easy, by the aid of these papers, to confirm a large number of facts, which, to this day, have been inexactly and incompletely stated. One would be especially aided in that undertaking, by a manuscript of Napoleon's entitled *Epoques de ma vie*, in which he has recorded, with his own hand, a great number of dates and facts relative to his early years. It will be sufficient to cite one, which seems not to have been known to historians: it is that, in 1791, Napoleon received a pension from the King. We wish not to tarry here on the anecdotal pieces; but it is impossible not to mention Napoleon's commission as captain, signed by Louis XVI. and dated the 13th of August, 1782. (In his brevet, it is said that the nomination of Napoleon will take effect on the 6th of February, 1792, hence it has been wrongly supposed that the brevet must be dated on that same day.) The King, before his death, seems to have wished to nominate his successor.

The correspondence consists of numerous letters addressed to Napoleon by General Paoli, Father Dupuy of the Minim order, Saliceti, and the Minister of War Lajard. The history of Paoli is familiar to our readers. Having become, in 1765, first magistrate and general in chief of the Corsicans, he not only resisted, for five years, the Genoese and the troops sent to their aid by Louis XV., but awakened the interest of all Europe by his sagacity and the moderation of his administration. Paoli undertook to regulate the political affairs of Corsica; he protected commerce, made treaties with the Barbary powers, and established a Marine; in fine, in the midst of one of the most obstinate struggles which history has recorded, he was occupied about public instruction, and constituted a university. His name was everywhere honoured, and at a time when principles of liberty were proclaimed by all writers, a powerful witness is awakened in us for a little people which—a rare occurrence—knew at once how to defend its independence with energy, and to respect the laws. It was then that Rousseau made his prophecy of Corsica so well known, and which was so soon fulfilled.

The interest which philosophers manifested in a people so valiant was fatal to them, and we are assured that this was the principal motive that prompted Louis XV. to aim at their subjection. Genoa, which had not the possession of Corsica, sold that isle to France. Paoli hesitated to continue a struggle become so unequal; but the people, indignant, rushed to arms, and Europe saw, with admiration, a handful of mountaineers courageously resisting the army of a great nation. Lieutenant-General Chauvelin, who had debarked on the island with two thousand men, was beaten in every encounter, and forced to shut himself up in strongholds. Corsica, whose struggle preceded that mighty one of the Americans for independence, would have been free, if, like America, she had found powerful auxiliaries;

but there were only vain wishes, and no one to respond to them. Marshal de Vaux, at the head of 30,000 men, penetrated into the most inaccessible cantons of the isle, and Paoli, routed at Golo, was obliged to seek refuge in England. He there employed himself in traversing the country, and was everywhere welcomed with the regard due to his courage, his character, and his misfortunes. One of the most ardent partisans of this illustrious chief was Charles Bonaparte, who never ceased to contend on his side. In the campaign of 1769, which was the final one, he went on horseback, with his wife Letitia, then *enceinte*, to all the points threatened by the enemy; and it was after these amazonic journies that Letitia gave birth to Napoleon. In his infancy the future emperor heard nothing spoken of but the exploits of Paoli, and those recollections were revived by the cruelties so unmercifully inflicted by Count de Narbonne and General Sionville. We shall presently see how the heart of Napoleon was roused and stung by the sufferings of his country. (A letter addressed by him, in 1789, to Paoli in England, and published, begins thus: General, I was born when the country was perishing. Thirty thousand French, vomited upon our coasts, overwhelming the throne of liberty in seas of blood—such was the odious spectacle which first met my eyes.) They were rendering him unjust towards France, which was not responsible for the faults committed by Louis XV. The first exile of Paoli lasted twenty-one years. Recalled at the commencement of the Revolution, he passed over to France, and was welcomed with honour by the constituent assembly, by the national guard, and the king. His return to Corsica was a veritable triumph. He became again the arbiter of the country. Napoleon, who had demanded the erection of some monuments to Paoli, feels his enthusiasm re-awakened on the arrival of his hero. The first labours of the young officer of artillery were directed to Corsica. He projected at that time, many plans for the defence and organization of the isle, which he wished to render strong and independent. We see that the example of Paoli was constantly before the eyes of a man, who could not be satisfied with a common destiny; and it cannot reasonably be doubted that the chief of the Corsican mountaineers had a very great influence on the development of the future emperor. That influence was augmented by the return of Paoli; and Napoleon, whose success he predicted, was attached to him as to a father, and bestowed on him unlimited admiration. In a time of trouble Paoli was not able to enjoy in peace his ancient authority. He was attacked by Buttafuoco, the same who invited Rousseau to become the legislator of Corsica. Napoleon at once took up the defence of Paoli, who addressed him a letter on the subject of moderation and patriotism. He first begs him to contemn the calumnies of Buttafuoco; and as Napoleon was then labouring at a history of Corsica, to which we shall presently revert, Paoli says to him that

history should not be written in youth; he counsels him to prepare himself for it by severe studies, in collecting original documents, and profiting by the advice received from Abbé Raynal.

"I have no merit," writes Paoli to Napoleon, "in my disinterestedness; I knew that the sums I expended on my country, the money which I refused, were doing more to secure my reputation, than if I made use of them for building mansions, or augmenting my small patrimony. I am content, for I have not to reproach myself. In a few years, envy and malice will cease to thrust at me, and my friends will see me released by death. Very soon I shall be obliged to exclaim: Had I only been less known to others, more to myself! *Probè diu vixímus!* I desire that our posterity may so conduct themselves that when I am spoken of, it will be as of one who had only good intentions!"

Napoleon has often been accused of governing all his actions by calculations, of regarding only personal interest. A bold step which he took in favour of Paoli, and which has not been known, contradicts this charge. About the middle of the year 1793, Paoli, who since his return had always advocated the interests of France, was indignant at the news of the king's death. The convention summoned him to its bar to exculpate himself; and we know well what that meant at that day. Notwithstanding the dangers to which he would expose himself, Napoleon did not hesitate to address a letter, in which he boldly defends his old friend, and which is yet in existence, written entirely in his own handwriting, among the papers subsequently committed to Cardinal Fesch. We think it will be read with pleasure.

"Representatives,—

"You are the real organs of the sovereignty of the people. All your decrees are dictated by the nation, or immediately ratified by it. Each of your laws is a benefit, and secures for you a new title to the remembrance of posterity, which owes to you the republic; and to that of the world, which will date its liberty from you.

"Only one of your decrees has deeply afflicted the citizens of the town of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old septuagenarian, laden with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, confounded awhile with the wicked corrupter, or the vilely ambitious.

"Could Paoli then be a corrupter or ambitious?

"Corrupter! and wherefore? Is it to be avenged on the family of the Bourbons, whose political perfidy overwhelmed their country with evils and compelled his exile? But has it not just perished with the tyranny, and have you not just satisfied his resentment, if he still retains it, in the blood of Louis?

"Corrupter! and wherefore? Is it to re-establish the aristocracy of the nobility and the prieshood? He who from the age of thir-

teen* . . he who, as soon as he reached the head of affairs, destroyed the existing fiefs and knew no other distinction than that of citizen? He who struggled for thirty years against Rome, and was excommunicated, having seized the property of the prelates; in short, he who gave, after Venice. . . . in Italy. . . .

"Corrupter! and wherefore? To give Corsica to England; he who would not give it to France, notwithstanding the offers of Chauvêlin, who was sparing neither of titles nor favours!

"To sell Corsica to England! What would he gain there, by living in the filth of London? Why did he not remain, when in exile there?

"Can Paoli be ambitious? If Paoli is ambitious, what could he desire more? He is the object of his compatriots' affection, who deny him nothing; he is at the head of the army, and finds himself on the point of being obliged to defend his country against foreign aggression.

"If Paoli were ambitious, he has gained all as to the Republic; and if he shows himself attached to . . . in the time of the constituent assembly, what should he do at this day, when the people is sovereign?

"Paoli ambitious! Representatives, when the French were governed by a corrupt court, when one could believe neither in virtue nor patriotism, it was needful, doubtless, to say that Paoli was ambitious. We have made war on the tyrants; that must needs have been not from love of country and of liberty, but from the ambition of the chief. It is then at Coblentz that Paoli must pass for ambitious; but at Paris, in the centre of French liberty, Paoli, if well known, will be the patriarch of liberty, the precursor of the French Republic; so posterity will think, so the people believe. Hearken to my voice; silence the calumny and those deeply perverse men who assert it. Representatives! Paoli is more than a septuagenarian, he is infirm; otherwise he would go to your bar to confound his enemies. To him we owe all, even to the successful existence of the French Re-

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* There are here many words that cannot be deciphered. It is said that Napoleon's writing was almost illegible, and that he himself could scarcely read it. In the first days of the empire, a man plainly dressed presented himself before him. "Who are you," demanded Napoleon. "Sire, I had the honour of giving lessons in writing to your Majesty, for five months, at Brienne." "A fine scholar you have made," replied the Emperor smartly; "accept my compliments for it." And he ordered him a pension. That writing, scarcely legible then, became afterwards a real stenography. Ten to one if in a word there was a moiety of the letters composing it. It is affirmed that, on the part of Napoleon, it was a matter of calculation, in order to conceal his ignorance of orthography, which he never understood.

public. He ever enjoys our confidence; revoke, in that which relates to him, your decree of April 2, and give all the people joy."

The national convention proceeded, and Paoli, to save his head, excited an insurrection of Corsica and treated with the English. Then Napoleon, seeing that France offered a wide field for his ambition, forgot his resentment against those whom he called before the oppressors of the people, and turned against Paoli. Yet he never ceased to honour a man who had exercised over him so good an influence, and he dictated at St. Helena, some pages, in which his veneration for the celebrated chief, and the most lively affection for their common country, were strikingly exhibited.

Another person, of a different class, who exercised a salutary influence over the spirit of Napoleon, was Father Dupuy, a religious monk, to whom the young officer submitted all his literary labours. Leaving Corsica in his ninth year, Napoleon arrived in France, without knowing a word of the language. At the college at Autun and at the school at Brienne, to which he went successively, he was in the habit of expressing himself in French; but no one took pains to teach him the grammar of the language which was henceforth to become his own, and by an unpardonable negligence, there was not imparted to him the best tincture of orthography. It even appears that his Italian accent remained with him a long time. In a word, he was entirely ignorant of the principles of learning.

Father Dupuy, whose name is scarcely mentioned by Bourrienne, was sub-principal at the college of Brienne, when Napoleon was there. It seems that he was attached to his pupil, and that he maintained intercourse with him for many years. The good father, who had withdrawn to Laon, gave excellent advice to Napoleon, in his letters, and reproved his faults. He let nothing escape; the thoughts, the style, the grammar, and even the orthography were objects of his remarks, which as appears from the correspondence, were not always received with docility. It seems from these letters, that in 1789, Napoleon had undertaken an anonymous *mémoire* of Corsica, which he intended to address to Necker, at that time in the ministry. The manuscript was sent to Father Dupuy, who criticised different parts of it severely. That some idea may be had of the freedom of this correspondence, we introduce the commencement of the letter which Dupuy wrote to Napoleon on that subject.

"Laon, the 15th of July 1789.

"My dear Friend,

"On the 10th of this month I received the package which you directed to me. I have read and re-read the manuscript it contained with great attention; I have found the matter of it excellent, but there are in it many words improper, badly disposed, repeated in proximity, or dissonant; some reflections which seem to me useless, or too bold, or calculated to obstruct the narrative and make it dull;

some retrenchments, some additions, and some changes to be made in certain places. You will easily find some examples in the following observations."

Notwithstanding the five pages of Father Dupuy's remarks, Napoleon was not discouraged, and must reply spiritedly. The result was a second letter by Dupuy, the 1st of August, which begins thus:—

"According to your request, I proceed, my dear friend, to communicate some observations on your last letter. You tell me that I have totally done away with metaphysics."

It seems that, in the manuscript Napoleon intended for Necker, and which appears never to have seen the light, the author, writing anonymously, puts in the mouth of an old man the most animated and energetic recital of the misfortunes of Corsica. Nothing is more comical than the terror with which Father Dupuy was seized on reading those passages which he wished retracted, and to which Bonaparte clung with eagerness.

"I have counselled you," says the monk, "to suppress *les vois régnerent . . . . fiers tyrans de la terre . . . .* You wish me to let it stand, and add that *there are in your work some things stronger yet.* You will not take it ill, my dear friend, that I tell you I cannot transcribe these parts; the language is too bold in a monarchy. I would condemn it in a French secular; much more must a French monastic and priest avoid it, and by no means contribute to it. Your old man, by those reflections, would but irritate the king and nobles of France; and that surely would not be the way to obtain what he desires. You say that *such remarks are, at the present, common even among women.* I assure you I can never approve them. I will add that words pass away in the air, and leave no trace behind, but that a printed work lives, is circulated, and can injure its author convicted by his own writing, unless the utmost care be taken to conceal his name. You will reply again: *Truth! Truth!* I say there are verities which one may and ever must speak, but there are also those which may be suppressed, or at least materially softened. In this latter case, I shall not cease to cry out to you: *Discretion! Discretion!* You will not be offended with my scruples, my dear friend; I believe them necessary. Be persuaded that my observations do not arise from an inclination to criticize, but from my ardent friendship. I shall continue them, if agreeable to you, on the remainder of your work, when you shall have sent it to me."

These reflections were certainly judicious; only the good monk forgot that it was then 1789, and did not divine that he was writing to the future Emperor.

We have dwelt thus long on Paoli and Dupuy, because of the influence they both must have exercised, in different ways, on the de-

velopment of Napoleon. It will be impossible here to analyze the other parts of the correspondence. We have only space for noticing that in a letter of January 9, 1793, Saliceti, deputy to the convention, gives Napoleon an account of what was going on, and of what was in preparation in those terrible days, and concludes with these words, which give him the air of a protector: "You can calculate with certainty on me here, and perhaps I shall not be altogether useless to you."

It was not alone under exterior influence that the disposition and mind of Napoleon were developed. Paoli and Dupuy undoubtedly concurred in that development, but it was principally by his own labours, by his assiduous study of the most profound works on the sciences, on legislation, on history, that Napoleon was educated for his brilliant destiny. He always read pen in hand, and not only did he make extracts of the works he studied, but often afterwards from those extracts, would discuss and criticize the author's views; and when his imagination or his mind was vividly impressed with a subject, he would take hold of it and make it the subject of a special treatise. Of all the productions of Napoleon's youth, that of which most has been said, is a history of Corsica, which he had intended to print at Dole, and which was believed to be lost. In his Memoirs, Lucien Bonaparte expresses, in the following terms, his regrets on the subject of this loss:

"The names of Mirabeau and Raynal remind me of Napoleon. In one of his furloughs, which he passed at Ajaccio (I think in 1790), he had composed a history of Corsica, of which I took two copies, but the loss of which I deeply regret. One of those manuscripts was addressed to the Abbé Raynal, with whom my brother had become acquainted on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal thought the work so remarkable, that he transmitted it to Mirabeau, who, on returning it, wrote to Raynal, that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. The response of Raynal expressed the same opinion with that of the great orator, and Napoleon was greatly transported by it. I have searched again and again for those pieces, which were probably destroyed in the burning of our house by the troops of Paoli."

Lucien is mistaken; the manuscript of that history has not perished; it is found among the papers entrusted to Cardinal Fesch, and consists of three large volumes, not in Napoleon's own hand-writing, but corrected and annotated by him. It is addressed, in the form of letters, to the Abbé Raynal; commences with the most remote times, and terminates in the 18th century, with the treaty of Corte between the Genoese and Corsicans. It is written with great vivacity, and discovers the most lively affection for the island that claimed him. What is most remarkable in it, perhaps is, that Napoleon did not confine himself to writing the history of his country, after traditions

more or less uncertain. He was not bound by vulgar beliefs; but at a time, when erudition was almost proscribed, and regarded as a worn-out thing incompatible with improvement, Napoleon was able to disfranchise himself from that prejudice. He studied the sources, has cited the works he consulted, and it is evident that he has been careful to collect all inedited documents that might throw any light on the subject. Many of those pieces are yet annexed to the manuscript of the *Histoire de Corse.* That extraordinary man could do nothing incompletely; all his labours were serious. In midst of the revolution, and notwithstanding the ideas then prevalent, he had felt that history is not an *improvise.*

We must, however, observe, that although Napoleon resorted to the fountain-head, this is not an erudite work, it is rather a dramatic history. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to read the episode on the death of Vannina Sampiero, who was the most energetic female defender of the independence of Corsica, in the 16th century. That recital, full of a certain terrific and savage grandeur, closes Napoleon's second letter on the history of his country:

"The king of Algiers, Lazzaro, a Corsican by birth, who, in his high rank, had retained the same love for his country, being unable to deliver it, avenged himself by the destruction of the commerce of the Offizio. (The Offizio was a powerful commercial company at Genoa, which owned provinces and vessels, resembling, on a small scale, the English East India Company.) But nothing could mitigate the lot of the Corsicans. They were living without hope, when Sampiero de Bastelica, covered with the laurels gained under the French flag, came to remind his compatriots that their oppressors were those same Genoese, whom they had so often vanquished. His reputation, his eloquence aroused them, and on the arrival of de Thermes, whom King Henry II. sent, with seventeen companies of troops, to destroy the Offizio, the Corsicans armed themselves with the poignard of vengeance, and, reduced to the little town of Calvi, the protectors of St. George learned, but too late, that oppressed though they might be, those intrepid islanders might die but not live slaves.

"The Senate of Genoa, faithful to its own plan, had operated, without ceasing, both against the Offizio and the Corsicans. It saw with pleasure those whom it had wished to subdue, cutting each others throats, and the company enfeebled, which gave it umbrage; but, under these circumstances, it perceived that it must afford powerful succour, or make up its mind to see the French reap the fruit of so much anxiety and intrigue. It offers, therefore, its galleys and troops, and solicits the Emperor Charles V. as its protector, who immediately supplies an army and ships. Vain preparations! the Corsicans triumph; the great Andrea Doria saw ten thousand of his troops perish under the walls of San-Fiorenzo. The

immortal Sampiero beats the Genoese on the banks of the Golo, at Petreta; but, being embroiled with de Thermes, the king of France called him to his court. From that moment our affairs declined, and were only restored by his return: after diverse vicissitudes, the Offizio was about to be annulled for ever, when by the treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, the French evacuated the island. The Corsicans made offers of peace to them; the conventional treaties of Lago Benedetto were renewed on both sides. The Offizio promised to govern conjointly with the nation, and to govern justly. To govern justly was not what the policy of the Senate would choose. It, seeing the Corsicans on the point of seriously pursuing their object, of forgetting their resentment and yielding to fate a portion of their independence, beheld all its projects thwarted. The circumstance, moreover, was favourable; it obliged the protectors of St. George to cede the possession of the island. Indignant at this change effected without their consent, the people sighed for the arrival of Sampiero their liberator. That ardent man had sworn in his heart, the ruin of the tyrants and the deliverance of his country. Seeing the treachery of France, he disdains the employment to which his military services had entitled him, and visits the different courts of Europe to rouse up enemies to the oppressors, and friends to the people. But the kings of Europe knew no justice but interest, no friends but the instruments of their policy. He embarks for Africa, is welcomed by the Bey of Tunis, who promises succour. He gains the confidence of Soliman, who pledges aid. Soliman had a noble and generous soul; he became the protector of Sampiero and his unfortunate compatriots. Everything is in their favour; soon will the crescent, even in our seas, humble the Ligurian cross! Genoa, however, watches with an unquiet eye the movements of her implacable enemy, and unable to appease him, she seeks to bind his hands by the love of his children and of his wife: sweet affections, which master the mind through the heart, as the feelings by tenderness.... Sampiero dearly loves his wife Vannina, whom he has left at Marseilles with his children, his papers, and some friends..... It is Vannina whom the Genoese undertake to seduce by the hope of having restored to her those immense possessions she had in Corsica, and of making the lot of her children so brilliant, that even her husband himself would be satisfied with it. Besides, she will live tranquilly under their government, she will dwell in peace in the midst of her own country and of her parents, content with the rank of her children, and will not be exposed to continue a wandering life in pursuing the projects of a ferocious spouse. But in order to that, she must go to Genoa, to set an example to the Corsicans of submission to the new government, and of confidence in the Senate. Vannina accepts: she takes everything with her, even to the papers of her husband, and embarks with her children in a Genoese vessel. They

had now reached the heights of Antibes, when they are assailed by a brigantine manned with the friends of Sampiero, who seize the vessel in which is the perfidious woman, and conduct her and her children to Aix.

"The intelligence of the crime of Vannina raised a tempest in the soul of the impetuous Sampiero, and filled him with indignation. He speeds like an arrow from Constantinople; the winds second his impatience. He arrives in the presence of his wife. A savage silence obstinately resists her excuses and the caresses of his children. The rigid feeling of horror has immoveably petrified the soul of Sampiero. Four days are spent in that state of immobility, at the expiration of which they reach their home at Marseilles. Vannina, overcome with fatigue and anguish, abandons herself a moment to sleep. At her feet are her children, *vis-a-vis* is her husband, the man whom Europe esteems, in whom his country hopes, and whom she has just betrayed. This tableau for a moment disturbs Sampiero; the feeling of compassion and tenderness seems to revive in him. Sleep is the image of innocence! Vannina awakes; she thinks she descries emotion in the face of her husband; she throws herself at his feet; she is repulsed with horror. . . . 'Madame,' says Sampiero to her roughly, 'between crime and disgrace there is nought but death!' The unfortunate and criminal Vannina falls senseless. On her recovery the horrors of death fill her imagination: she clasps her children in her arms: 'Be ye my intercessors; I wish life for your sakes. I am made a criminal only through love for you!'

"Young Alphonso has just thrown himself into his father's arms, he takes him by the hand, draws him before his mother, and there embracing his knees, he bathes them with tears, and has only strength to point to Vannina, who, trembling, bewildered, nevertheless recovers her dignity in presence of her husband, and says to him with courage: 'Sampiero, the day I united myself to you, you swore to protect my feebleness and to guide my youthful years; can you suffer, this day, that vile slaves stain the purity of your wife? And since nothing but death remains to me as a refuge from opprobrium, that death should not be more humiliating than the disgrace itself. . . Yes, Monsieur, I die with joy. Your children will have, to educate them, the example of your life and the horrible catastrophe of their mother; but Vannina, who has not always been so odious to you, —your dying wife asks of you but one favour; that is, to die by your hands!'. . . The firmness exhibited by Vannina in this address astonished Sampiero, without, however, reaching his heart. The compassion and tenderness which she ought to have excited, found a soul thenceforth closed to the life of sentiment. Vannina died by the hand of Sampiero."

Besides the *History of Corsica*, Napoleon prepared several other

papers, which show how his native land then occupied his mind. The extent and number of these prove that, at that time, Napoleon thought only of Corsica, and that he was preparing himself to play there, some day, the part of Paoli. He never failed, in his writings, to seize the occasion of expressing his resentment against the French. This resentment appears especially in a *Corsican Romance* written in his own hand, in which the poignard plays an important part. An English novel entitled *le comte Essex*, a little oriental tale called *le Masque Prophète*, evince Napoleon's fondness for employing himself in this way. The latter we are just about to cite, in which there is discovered his manner and style, and in which the marvellous and unforeseen everywhere prevail.

"Le Masque Prophete.

"In the year 16 of the Hegira, Mahadi reigned at Bagdad; this prince, great, generous, illustrious, magnanimous, saw the Arabian empire prosper in the midst of peace. Feared and respected by his neighbours, he was occupied in promoting science and accelerating improvements, when the tranquillity was disturbed by Hakem, who from the extremity of Korrasan, began to gather followers about him in all parts of the empire. Hakem, of lofty stature, of impassioned, energetic eloquence, proclaimed himself the envoy of God; he preached a rigid morality, which pleased the multitude: equality of ranks, of fortune, was the ordinary text of his sermons. The people flocked to his standard. He had an army.

"The Caliph, and those of high rank, perceived the necessity of quelling, in the bud, an insurrection so dangerous; but their troops were several times beaten, and Hakem acquired every day new importance.

"However, a cruel malady, consequent on the fatigues of the war, disfigured the visage of the prophet. He was no more the most beautiful of the Arabs. His noble and serene features, his large fiery eyes, were disfigured; Hakem became blind. Such a change lessened the enthusiasm of his partisans. He bethought him of wearing a silver mask.

"He appeared amongst his followers; Hakem had lost nothing of his eloquence. His discourse had the same force. He addressed them and convinced them that he only assumed the mask to prevent men from being dazzled by the light which emanated from his countenance.

"He hoped more than ever in the delirium of the people whom he had exalted, when the loss of a battle occurred to ruin his affairs, diminish his partisans, and weaken their confidence. He is besieged; his garrison is small. Hakem, thou must perish, or thine enemies will seize thy person! He assembles his followers, and says to them, 'Ye faithful, whom God and Mohammed have chosen to restore the empire and give dignity to our nature, wherefore does the number

of your enemies discourage you? Hear me! Last night, when you were all buried in sleep, I prostrated myself and thus prayed to God: My Father, thou hast protected me during so many years; Have I or mine now offended thee, seeing thou desertest us? A moment after I heard a voice saying to me: Those souls that have not abandoned thee are thy true friends, and are elect souls. They will partake with thee of the riches of thy haughty foes. Await the new moon, cause large ditches to be dug, and thy enemies will be precipitated into them like heedless flies into the smoke.' The ditches are soon dug, one they fill with lime, and place vessels full of spirituous liquors on the brink.

"That done, they eat a common repast, drink of the same wine, and all die with the same symptoms. Hakem drags their bodies into the lime, which consumes them, sets fire to the liquors and precipitates himself there. The next morning the Caliph's troops would advance, but stop on seeing the gates open; an entrance was made with caution, and there was found there only a woman, Hakem's mistress, who had survived him. Such was the end of Hakem, surnamed Burkai, whom his followers believed to have been taken to heaven with his own.

"That example is incredible. How far will not the fury of illustration go!"

Alas! Napoleon forgot too soon the concluding sentence of this little tale. What regret would he not have been spared, had he always been on his guard against the fury of illustration!

Discourses to popular assemblies, and to representatives of the people, a project of a *constitution for the Calottæ* (which was a sort of secret society in the army,) political notes of every description, are found amongst his papers. Napoleon shows himself the ardent and passionate republican. "We injure the republicans (it is written in one of those discourses,) we calumniate them, and then, as a universal censure, say a republic is impossible in France!" Farther on, we read the plan of a work on royalty. It will not be disagreeable to see what Napoleon thought of royalty on the 20th of October, 1788, when at Auxonne.

"*Dissertation on royal authority.*—This work will commence with some general ideas on the origin and growth which the name of king has in the mind of man. Military government is favourable to it. Then the book will enter into the details of the usurped authority exercised by kings in the twelve kingdoms of Europe. There have been but very few sovereigns who did not deserve to be dethroned."

What imparts special interest to these manuscripts is the fact, that we see here undisguised the heart of Napoleon, who put all his impressions on paper. Did he fall in with a female whose form he admired, he hastened on his return, to write down their conversation, being careful to note both the day and the hour. Taciturn with his

comrades, he was sure to open his heart in solitude; his humour was sombre, and we need not be astonished at this, because in a biographical notice of his own youth, he relates that, having left the parental roof at nine years of age, he did not return to Corsica until his seventeenth year. That isolation, which doubtless fortified his character, must have contributed to sour it; and accordingly we see him at seventeen, already weary of life and willing to commit suicide. Did he feel his situation to be straitened in France, in an epoch when merit did not suffice for elevation? Did his disgust of life flow, as he himself said, from the spectacle of a degraded society and of the misfortunes of Corsica? The probability is, that all these causes united, operated in producing in him the idea of that fatal design. But however this may be, it is a fact worthy of notice, that on the third of May, the day on which Napoleon said that his thoughts *were turned to death*, he was obliged, thirty-five years later, to enter St. Helena in agony. Here is what we find on the subject of the suicide in an autographic note of Napoleon:—

"Always alone in the midst of men, I retire to muse with myself, and to abandon myself to all the strength of my melancholy. In what direction does it tend to-day? Towards death. In the morning of my days, I can still hope to live long. I am absent from my country six or seven years. What pleasure shall I not have in once more seeing my compatriots and my parents, after four months! From the tender sensations experienced on my remembrance of the pleasures of my infancy, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? And what fury then prompts me to wish my destruction? Indeed, what have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not better to put an end to my own life? If I had passed sixty years, I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and should wait patiently until nature had accomplished its course; but, since I begin to experience misfortunes, when nothing affords me pleasure, why should I support those days in which I have no prosperity? How far men are from nature! How effeminate, vile, mean they are! What a spectacle shall I behold! in my own country! My compatriots loaded with chains, tremblingly embrace the hand which oppresses them. They are no more those brave Corsicans whom a hero animated with his courage; enemies of tyrants, of pomp, of vile courtezans. Proud, full of the noble feeling of his importance, a Corsican lived happy. If he employed the day in public affairs, the night passed in the soft embraces of a dear spouse; reason and his enthusiasm obliterated the pains of the day, tender affection and nature rendered his night comparable with that of the gods. But with liberty, those happy days have vanished like dreams. France, not content with having robbed us of all we hold dear, you have besides corrupted our manners! The real picture of my country,

and her inability to change her condition, are an additional reason for fleeing from a land where I am obliged, as a duty, to bless the men, whom virtue and conscience compel me to detest. When I reach my country, what figure shall I cut, what language hold? When his country is no more, a good citizen must die. If only one man's life were necessary for the deliverance of my compatriots, I should be ready this moment; I would plunge the dagger into the tyrant's bosom, an avenger of the country and of the violated laws. Life is to me a burden, because I taste no pleasure; all is pain to me: it is a weariness, because the manners of the men with whom I live, and shall probably always live, are as different from mine as the light of the moon from that of the sun. I cannot follow the only mode of life which would enable me to sustain life; hence a disgust of everything."

Here we see how strong was the resentment which Napoleon cherished in his youth against France. However, by the time that he led the victorious army of Italy, he had begun to love and admire the French. But the extract has another and a higher value than merely to illustrate the change which came over his partialities; it furnishes a very important lesson to youth. Suppose that returning one evening more gloomy than usual, Napoleon had been weak enough to yield to the ideas that haunted him, and that he had almost mechanically pulled the trigger of his pistol! He had more than others to be called an incomprehensible genius. Poor, obscure, without prospects, saddened by the evils of his native country, he began to experience misfortunes, and he looked not on man on the bright side! Then was the occasion for self-destruction, if ever! And yet Napoleon yielded not to that temptation. He plucked up courage, and obeyed duty and calm reason. Accepting the burden laid on his shoulders, he improved his leisure from the garrison, usually so badly employed, and during the six years of his lieutenancy of artillery, he strove without relaxation to enlarge and fortify his mind. In towns like Auxonne and Seurres, he found means to obtain all the books he needed. He studied his art; he studied history; he sought to know the resources of France. He fed his mind on the best books of antiquity, and thus acquired that knowledge of government, which a few years afterwards he exhibited in so high a degree. Napoleon was obliged to learn in youth, that we must never despair of fortune, and that the best way of securing her favours is to labour with ardour and perseverance, after one's proper perfection. With such an example before him, no one will dare to say that, in order to escape adversity, he must be a suicide. Of course, it would be foolish to dream of a career so prodigious as his; but every one who bears up, who courageously struggles, will sooner or later place himself where his talents, and especially his character, qualify him to be.

Moreover, it is worthy of remark, that in moments of discouragement, Napoleon preserved the elevation of his feelings. When compelled to put the pot on the fire himself, in order to be able to educate his young brother Louis, who was then with him, it is not of his poverty that he complains; it is of the servitude of his country. It is the death of Cato he meditates, not that of Chatterton.

One of the most curious effusions of Napoleon's pen, is a *Dialogue on Love*, in which he certainly does not exhibit much gallantry. In general, the future emperor was little sentimental. In some fragments of memoirs, he has, indeed, preserved the remembrance of some little adventures of youth; but these are of a very fugitive nature, and exhibit nothing scarcely of sentiment. The dialogue in question is intended absolutely to proscribe love. Behold the commencement.

"D. How, sir! what is love? Eh, then, are you not, indeed, like other men?

"B. I ask not for a definition of love; I was formerly amorous, and I have still a sufficient remembrance of it to lead me not to have much care for metaphysical definitions, which are always but the means of confounding things. I do more than deny its existence. I believe it is hurtful to society,—to the individual happiness of men; in fine, I believe it does more evil than good, and that it would be a kindness for some divine protectress, to rid us of it and deliver men from it."

It is effeminate love, especially, that is the object of Napoleon's proscription in his dialogue. He considers it as a legislator, and believes it enervates men: as to the love that exalts and ennobles, that is another thing. In fact, notwithstanding the severe judgment we have just cited, there is to be found among his manuscripts the sketch of a letter from Napoleon to a young lady whom he does not name, but who evidently had captivated his heart. This long epistle, of seven enormous pages, has for its object to prove that the love of glory is not sufficient to give birth to great men, and that the most sublime of the passions is love of country. Napoleon is here speaking of Leonidas, Brutus, Charlemagne; of the grandeur of the ancients, of the feebleness of all the sentiments amongst the moderns. He dwells above all with complacency on the heroes of Corsica. In this letter he often exhibits a true eloquence, in spite of much that is otherwise faulty. But his soul seems to be overflowing; he talks most nobly of glory, grandeur, virtue. One writes thus, one opens his heart without reserve, only to a woman he loves. Only the word is not used. The letter, however, shows what was the love which Napoleon proscribed. Of the thirty-eight volumes written wholly in Napoleon's own hand, some are methodically arranged and ready for publication. But in most of the volumes all is confusion. Immediately after an extract from Herodotus or Plato, we find recollections of youth or

reflections on religion. The order, however, is determined by the dates; for he has generally designated the year on the margin, sometimes even the day and hour. We can thus, day after day, watch the development of this extraordinary character from the 26th of April, 1786, the date of the oldest note, to the 14th of March, 1793, that of the latest piece. There are also some *confessions*, the more precious, as nothing in them discovers special preparation, and as there is not the least sign of intention of future publication. We watch there in its primitive candour, the soul of a man speaking to himself, and who is not yet prominent on the stage of Europe. It is not one of the least remarkable of Napoleon's peculiarities that he wished to place his papers in safe hands: most persons, in his after position, would have destroyed them.

If the attention be turned to the works which Napoleon read, and to the subjects which, one after another, or conjointly, he studied, one will be much struck with the restless curiosity, the eager and profound pursuit, the insatiable thirst, and the independence of mind displayed and demonstrated. He followed no system; but is ever ready to note down his critical remarks. Natural history, medicine, geography, the annals of nations, political economy, &c. &c., all come within his grasp. Mention has been made of his independence of character, which is exhibited not only by his course, or rather no regular course, of reading, but by his interspersed notes. A single example must suffice for our purpose. All know how difficult it is, especially in youth, to withdraw from the influence of Rousseau. That difficulty was much greater as the Revolution approached. Well! notwithstanding that powerful influence, despite of their conformity in some opinions, and his admiration of the citizen of Geneva, Napoleon was far from accepting all his doctrines. In an extract, dated August, 1791, from the *Discours sur l'origine et les fondemens de l'inégalité de l'homme*, young Napoleon has written at the end of each paragraph, *I don't believe that!—I don't believe a word of all that!* At last, as if unable to bear with the magnificent sophisms of Rousseau any longer, Napoleon thus, in his turn, expresses himself:—

"My Reflections on the State of Nature.

"I think that man has never been wandering, isolated, solitary, without experiencing the necessity of living with his fellows. I believe, on the contrary, that even from the infancy of the race, man has perceived the necessity of association with other men, that he united himself to a woman, chose a cavern to serve for his magazine, the centre of his journeyings, his refuge in storm and night. That union became strengthened by habit and by the bond of children; it could be broken, however, by caprice. My opinion is that, in their travels, two savages met, that they recognized each other on a second interview, and had the desire of locating themselves in the

same vicinity. I think that they actually did so locate, and that then arose a natural community. I judge that this community lived happily, because it had abundant nourishment, shelter against the seasons, and because it had the use of reason and the natural feelings. I think the earth has for a great many ages been thus divided into settlements, separate, inimical, few in number, and that, at length, these societies were multiplied, and felt themselves obliged to enter into mutual relations. Then the earth could not sustain them without culture; property, consequent relations arose, also governments; some trade took place. . . . selfishness, lust, pride. There were some possessed of vain ambition, who seized the reins of affairs. My thesis is not to establish that series through which men have passed before arriving at the social state, but solely to demonstrate that they could never have lived wandering, without a domicile, and without fellowship. Why is it supposed that, in a state of nature, man ate his food? It is because we have no instance of men existing otherwise. For a similar reason, I think that man, in the state of nature, possessed the same faculty of feeling and of reasoning as now. He has been under the necessity of exercising them, for there is no example of men existing without customarily using these two faculties. To feel, is the need of the heart, as to eat is that of the body. To feel, is to become attached, to love; man must experience pity, amity, love; then gratitude, veneration, respect. If it had been otherwise, it would be correct to say that sentiment and reason are not inherent in men, but solely the result of society; in that case there would have been nothing of natural sentiment and reason, nothing of duty, virtue, nor conscience. No virtue! It will not be the citizen of Geneva that teaches us so."

Ariosto appears to have been the only poet who seduced Napoleon. There are some poetical efforts in the manuscripts, which must awaken a lively interest; they abound in deep melancholy. Singularly enough, mathematical researches are here very rare. A good deal is taken up with calculations for artillery.

But not to dwell longer on the details. It is apparent, in the first place, that Napoleon, like Michael Angelo, like Newton, and most lofty geniuses, was obliged to submit to that law of humanity, which wills that no one shall achieve any great thing, without great effort. Notwithstanding his superiority, he was under the necessity of protractedly studying those matters, in which he afterwards excelled. Few have toiled more than he; and for many years he ceased not to read and ponder the most profound works. If he had ideas so clear on legislation, finance, the organization of society, &c., those ideas did not issue spontaneously from his brain. He reaped on the throne the fruits of the long labours of the poor lieutenant. He formed himself by the means most suitable for the development of superior men, by toil, by solitude, by meditation, by adversity,—

the nutriment of strong minds and great souls. The example of Paoli planted in his heart the germ of a lofty emulation: later, the revolution presented him a vast and brilliant field. But without that revolution, Napoleon must always have been distinguished; for characters like his controul fortune, are not its slaves. His but very imperfectly cultivated mind, and his want of education, would have deterred him, if the character, which supported all, had not sustained him. We can no longer say that fortune elevated him. When, after seven years of retirement, Napoleon appeared for the first time on the theatre of the world, he then already comprehended within him all the germs of his future grandeur. Nothing was fortuitous with him; he was ever obliged to struggle, and success did not always crown his efforts. It was not chance that took him to Toulon, for Napoleon let no opportunity pass of making himself known. Was a celebrated minister recalled to power, the young officer addressed to him a note on the affairs of his island. Did the government wish to change the military organization of Corsica, Napoleon was at hand, at the risk of losing his place. Everywhere he gave a high idea of his character, and when his attempts were ineffectual, he returned to meditate in retirement. It will now no longer be allowable to attribute his elevation to fate. And yet how often do his manuscripts strike one with the most extraordinary coincidences of dates and events! In a volume of Geography, written entirely with his own hand, and which is not finished, there is found at the close these arresting words:

Saint Hélène, petite île.

It was here that the emperor was obliged to finish his geography!

But what of the recollections of Napoleon in St. Helena? It was in the house of the father of Miss Eliza Balcombe, now Mrs. Abell, that the Emperor spent the first three months of his exile in that island,—a beautiful little cottage, called the Briars, and which seems to have been the gem of the place. It was a rich as well as a lovely spot; for the production of the garden alone, which the family could not consume, brought annually from 500 to 600*l*. Here it was that Bonaparte first nestled in captivity, and from which he was so loath to depart. Here he instantly felt at home and made himself the most homely, especially with Miss Eliza, a romp of a girl, whose earliest idea of Napoleon, was that of other English children at that period, viz. that he was a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little folks. The book presents an extremely interesting record indeed, and authentic beyond a question, so far as the writer speaks from her own recollections and knowledge. And what a moral it teaches! how suggestive of sentiment! how full of character!

Next afternoon after Napoleon's disembarkation, all Miss Eliza's calculations and preconceptions relative to his infernal and monstrous character were destined to be reproved, first by Mr. O'Meara and Dr. Warden calling at the Briars and assuring the family that they would be delighted with him, and would entirely change their opinions when they had seen and had conversed with him. The period for the fulfilment of this representation approached.

At four o'clock in the evening, the same horsemen whom we had seen in the morning, again appeared on their return from Longwood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation, with terror I saw them begin to descend the mountain and approach our cottage. I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone; but mamma desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. . . . . The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage road, they all dismounted, excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He retained his seat, and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, and General Bertrand on the other. How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to fear so much. His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his colour jet black; and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world! Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings were of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach, Napoleon, contrasting, as his shorter figure did, with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was deadly pale; and I thought his features, though cold and immoveable and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. . . . The portraits of him gave a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass, and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as its very softness caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat pocket. The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there.

Mr. Balcombe had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, but immediately resigned them to Napoleon, who determined on not going down to the town again, and desired that his rooms might be got ready for him directly. He had been before excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence though with respect. Some chairs having been brought out at his request upon the lawn, he seated himself, and at once set to work, in right regal fashion, putting questions, and selecting Miss Eliza for the colloquy.

"You speak French?" I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe. "What is the capital of France?" "Paris." "Of Italy?" "Rome." "Of Russia?" "Petersburg now," I replied; "Moscow formerly." On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and fixing his piercing eyes full on my face, he demanded sternly, "Qui l'a brûlé?" On seeing the expression of his eye, and hearing his changed voice, all my former terror of him returned, and I could not utter a syllable. * * * He repeated the question, and I stammered, "I do not know, Sir." "Oui, oui," he replied, laughing violently; "vous savez très bien c'est moi qui l'a brûlé." On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said, "I believe, sir, the Russians burnt it to get rid of the French." He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find that I knew something of the matter.

Again.

"You are too young to play yourself." I felt rather piqued at this, and told him I could both sing and play. He then asked me to sing, and I sang as well as I could, the Scotch song, "Ye Banks and Braes." When I had finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard. I replied it was a Scotch ballad, not English; and he remarked he thought it too pretty to be English. "Their music is vile—the worst in the world." He then inquired, if I knew any French songs, and among others, "Vive Henri Quatre?" I said I did not. He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air. In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music. * * * He was, nevertheless, a good judge of music, probably from having constantly listened to the best performers. He expressed a great dislike to French music, which he said was almost as bad as the English; and that the Italians were the only people who could produce an opera.

Mrs. Abell does not profess to give a journal of what Napoleon daily said and did at the Briars; although the occurrences she relate

have been inserted in her little volume as nearly as possible in the order in which they took place. She now regrets, however, that she did not keep a record of all that occurred. But she was too young and too thoughtless to see the advantage of doing so at the time. Still, the book is crammed with traits, anecdotes, and entertaining passages; the reader at every step, just as the narrator had experienced, growing more and more familiar with, and fond of, the man who was the world's wonder and terror. And yet he was as full of mischief and a teasing humour as ever was wanton idler; although he appears to have found in Miss Eliza a fitting playmate. He howled as he said the Cossacks did to frighten her; but she laughed, for she thought he looked more grotesque than horrible. He was extremely simple in his habits, caring very little, for example, about what he ate. Soon after his arrival he invited the narrator and her sister to dine with him, and nettled her by quizzing the English for their fondness for *rosbif* and plum-pudding. She retorted by accusing the French of living on frogs, and brought him a caricature of a long lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the top of it. He laughed at the impertinence and pinched her ear, as he often did good-naturedly for her audacity; but his officers were at times quite alarmed. He would lay hold of them and make her box their ears, which she did in good earnest, he the while being like to burst his sides with laughter. She never met, she declares, one that entered with such childish glee into every sort of mirth and fun as he did. Her brothers were at the time quite children, and Napoleon would allow them to sit on his knee, and amuse themselves by playing with his orders; and generally such licence seems to have led to amusing, if not half-serious results. For example—

One day Alexander took up a pack of cards, on which was the figure of the Great Mogul. The child held it up to Napoleon, saying, "See, Bony, this is you." He did not understand what my brother meant by calling him Bony. I explained that it was an abbreviation—the short for Bonaparte; but Las Cases interpreted the word literally, and said it meant a bony person. Napoleon laughed and said, "Je ne suis pas osseux," which he certainly never could have been even in his thinnest days. His hand was the fattest and prettest in the world: his knuckles dimpled like those of a baby, his fingers taper and beautifully formed, and his nails perfect. I have often admired its symmetry, and once told him it did not look large and strong enough to wield a sword. This led to the subject of swords; and one of the emperor's suite who was present, drew his sabre from its scabbard, and pointing to some stains on the blade, said that it was the blood of Englishmen. The emperor desired him to sheathe it, telling him it was bad taste to boast, particularly before ladies. Napoleon then produced from a richly embossed case, the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. • • • I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a

circumstance which had occurred in the morning, in which I had been much piqued at the emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible, and I determined to punish him for what he had done. I drew the blade out quickly from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner. I kept telling him all the time, that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist. * * * When I resigned my sword, Napoleon took hold of my ear, which had been bored only the day before, and pinched, giving me great pain. I called out, and he then took hold of my nose, which he pulled heartily, quite in fun. His good humour never left him during the whole scene.

One evening the Emperor desired a quantity of *bijouterie* to be brought to amuse the children, and amongst other things the miniature of the young King of Rome. "He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of the helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right-hand supported a small globe. I asked the meaning of these emblems, and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified he was to rule the world." We shall dismiss the little volume after inserting one anecdote more:

Napoleon asked me what my *robe de bal* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request, of course, was instantly acceded to. I now ran up stairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it. He said it was very pretty; and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa, and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said, "Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game." I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon. The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espiéglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavoured whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slily held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so, I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered. but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done. He laughed until the tears ran out of his

eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the pagoda; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was obstinate and a cheat; and catching up my ball-dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavillion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses.

I instantly set off in chace of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner room and locked himself in. I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock. I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was, that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me. At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them. I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all, when, to my great joy, I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress. "Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress; I hope your are a good girl now, and that you will go to the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud." General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him. I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled. He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before.

We have merely further to notice relative to Mrs. Abell's book, that the interest attached to her Recollections is enhanced, when her own history and circumstances are taken into consideration; for that she informs the reader, that could these reminiscences have been published without her name being appended to them, they would have appeared long ago. But reluctant to publicity as she is, calamitous events have compelled her to come forward as an authoress; nor could she have presented a more acceptable theme, nor exhibited a treatment of one of such paramount interest, in better tone or with finer effect.

Yet it is not but with reluctance that one can leave off a theme of such magnitude and marvel as that of Napoleon; and the more especially, when anything in the shape of novelty, amid so very many common-places, can be asseverated of him. The following, however, are but novelties of the order of speculation; far from perfect ascertainments, and only the conjectures of an American writer, whose christian philanthropy may have outrun probability and prudence. The question is put, Did Napoleon die an infidel, or a christian? Did

this extraordinary warrior bow his haughty head at the foot of the cross, and open his heart to the truths of the Gospel? And the answer is of this nature:—

It is difficult to give a reply. The admirers of Bonaparte have, perhaps, forged false statements, or exaggerated true ones to exalt their hero. But, however doubtful, it is interesting to collect whatever can throw any light upon the religious views of this great man. Accordingly some documents little known are brought forward, which have been published within two or three years in France, that profess to serve the required end.

A glance is first cast rapidly, at the life of Napoleon with regard to religion. Bonaparte, being born in the island of Corsica, of parents originally from Italy, and having an uncle who was a priest, received in early life religious instruction. It is probable that his mother sought to instil into his mind a respect for the doctrines of the Romish Church. Bonaparte, raised among such a people, must necessarily have imbibed in childhood, more or less of their ideas. But these first impressions do not seem to have lasted long. He was soon sent to a military school in France, at a time when the infidel philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau had gained an almost universal assent. He everywhere heard the doctrines of religion scoffed at and ridiculed; and how could a young officer who had doubtless little studied theological subjects, resist the contagion of scepticism?

From the military school Bonaparte passed immediately to the field of battle. There, deafened by the noise of war, constantly engaged in scenes of carnage, urged onward by the incentives of ambition, his heart was too full of visible things to be occupied with things invisible. We do not find in the history of Napoleon, that during his brilliant campaigns in Italy, he paid any attention to religious subjects. He showed no more deference to the Pope, as a temporal prince, than to other sovereigns. He even consented to the abduction of Pius VI., who died on his way, overcome with fatigue and grief. Afterward when he went to Egypt, he tried to gain the Mahommedans by speaking their language, and some at the time said, that he embraced the religion of the Prophet. But this was not true; the invader of Egypt only made use of the language of the Koran to gain a more early triumph.

Having become master of France, and being clothed with the title of First Consul, Bonaparte, it is true, made a formal agreement with the Pope, and restored the exercise of worship. But it would be wrong to seek in such acts a proof of personal piety. He merely wished, according to all appearance, to strengthen his dominion. The priests were his agents, charged to preach to the people, in the cities and villages, obedience to the will of Napoleon. He dealt subsequently with Pope Pius VII.; and in their long and lamentable discussions, there is discovered nothing in the emperor which shows a man piously

submissive to the injunctions of the holy see. On the contrary, Napoleon had formed the plan of making the Pope a simple patriarch, who would have been subjected to his authority.

Continual wars filled up his reign. During this time religion was probably far removed from his heart. It has been remarked, that in this part of his career, he showed often a belief in fatalism. He spoke of his star; he said after a victory, that he had been once more protected by his star. When he met with a reverse, he laid it upon his mysterious star, which he considered presided over all his actions. Strange and superstitious notion, borrowed from the astrology of the dark ages, but explicable when we look at the life of Napoleon.

He had passed through such a variety of fortune, had risen from so humble a condition to so lofty an eminence,—he had so often obtained splendid victories, that he must believe, either in a special blessing of Providence, or in the magic influence of a star. But as the notion of Providence does not appear to have been in his thoughts, he had adopted the notion of a blind destiny, which, under the name of "star," controlled all his actions.

Now, it is remarkable, that almost all illustrious warriors have been believers in fatalism. Is there then in the chances of battle, in the uncertainty of victory, in the triumphs achieved by the force of arms, some undefinable impression which impels men to regard themselves as the slaves of an unknown and irresistible power?

Terrible disasters drove Napoleon from his throne. The moment came, then, for the illustrious Captain to examine himself, to listen to the voice of conscience, to feel his utter weakness, and perhaps to turn his thoughts to God. His old friends had abandoned him; his power was gone; the din with which he had been surrounded was hushed. He was alone with some companions of his misfortune; he was more wretched than can be told. Was it not to be hoped that these severe trials would soften his heart and lead him to seek in the religion of Christ, the only consolation adequate to his adversity?

Some persons thought so. The Rev. Dr. David Bogue sent to the prisoner of St. Helena a copy of his "Essay on the Divine Authority of the New Testament." Napoleon read the little work with interest and satisfaction, it is said. The proofs cited by the author in favour of the divinity of Christianity convinced him as eye-witnesses attest. After Napoleon's death, this copy of the Essay was given to an under officer, who had taught English to the children of the Emperor's companions. When the regiment returned to England, this same copy was given back to Dr. Bogue, who received it with much emotion.

Another reported fact: Napoleon had asked to have a chaplain, and the Italian abbot, Bonavita, was selected. It seems that he was

an enlightened and liberal man. Coming to Belgium, he became acquainted with an Englishman, and travelled with him to London. The Englishman gave him a splendid copy of the Bible, with the request that he would give it to the Emperor. The Abbot accepted the Bible, and promised that he would recommend it to Napoleon; and the report is that Napoleon read much in it, and that he spoke of it with profound respect.

Lastly,—and this is the most interesting fact if true,—a journal publishes a conversation related by Count de Montholon, the faithful friend of the Emperor, in which these words occur: "I know men," said Napoleon; "and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and maxims unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself the perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher; for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven, and the laws of the Spirit.

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires; but upon what did we rest the creation of our genius? Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon *love;* and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

"It was not a day or a battle that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in the world. No; it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war all the kings and potentates on earth were on one side; on the other, I see no army but a mysterious power; some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the Cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth to become food for worms. Such is the fate which so soon awaits him who has been called the 'Great Napoleon.' What an abyss, between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living rather? The death of Christ is the death of God!"

Napoleon is said to have stopped at these words; but General Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you General."

If this language was really uttered by Napoleon, it may be believed without violent straining, that the prisoner of St. Helena understood and embraced, in his last days, the truths of salvation.

Art. VII.

1. *Observations on a Federal Union between Great Britain and Ireland.* By J. Grey Porter. Dublin, 1844.

2. *Federal Constitution of the United States of America.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. London, 1838.

3. *Speech of Dr. Maunsell, delivered before the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin.* September, 1844.

4. *Letter of D. O'Connell, M. P. to the Repeal Association.* Oct. 1844.

After more than twelve years of organized and hotly sustained agitation to obtain an unqualified Repeal of the Union, and secure what was termed the "legislative independence" of Ireland, it is intimated on the part of the managers of the Repeal movement, that they will be ready to accept a Federal Connection with Great Britain, as a sort of compromise;—perhaps more correctly as an "instalment" of their demands—a lever wherewith to conduct further operations—a stepping-stone to the ultimate attainment of an independent parliament. Mr. O'Connell will not decline Federalism; but he still asserts the right of Ireland to what Ireland never possessed—independent self-government and distinctive nationality. Concede Federalism; and he will be at liberty, with a thousand fold better chance of success, to bid his followers hurrah for Repeal.

It is quite natural, therefore, that Mr. O'Connell should encourage the proposition of a "federal union" suggested by two speculative protestant gentlemen, Mr. Grey Porter and Mr. Sharman Crawford. At present it is obvious that neither by force, nor by constitutional means can repeal be achieved;* the attainment of a federal connexion would hasten the more glorious event in reserve; while in the mean time, perhaps, it is hoped, that many of the English party on both sides of the channel may be induced to favour a project so much less repulsive than that for which it is temporarily substituted. It is solemnly averred by the leader of the movement which now convulses Ireland, that he believes that the separation of Ireland from the other parts of the United Kingdom would be a fearful calamity; yet who

* From a deep conviction that the Legislative Union is not less essential to the attainment of these objects than to the strength and stability of the empire, it is my firm determination, with your support, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, *to maintain inviolate that great bond of connexion between the two countries.*—Declaration of Her Majesty in the House of Lords, 24th August, 1843.

can fairly examine the schemes that are afloat for the dismemberment of the empire, whether called a proposal for the repeal of the legislative union, or disguised under the name of federalism or any other term, without arriving at the conclusion that they all lead to one point, the disseverance of Ireland from England and Scotland? There are, we believe, some repealers, who have adopted the cry of repeal as a means whereby to extort certain political measures from the imperial Parliament; a large portion of the Roman Catholic population support it, because they suppose that it will tend, either in a direct or a circuitous manner, to improve the temporal condition of their church; the unemployed poor join it because *any* project promising relief and prosperous days would be hailed with enthusiasm; but the men who are in *earnest* about repeal, who cherish the vision of nationality, and have faith in the abstract justice of the demand for an independent legislature—these men are all heat, in their hearts' core, upon revolution and separation. They cherish those feelings of animosity against England, engendered or kept alive by the tradition of fifty-three different rebellions against Saxon authority. Firmness, combined with discreet conciliation, aided by the influx of British capital and the employment of the people in the construction of railways and other great public works, may after a lapse of time settle the public mind in Ireland;—but once yield a footstep—grant federalism, and Ireland must be abandoned by England to its own wayward courses, or ———, we shudder at the alternative!

Before we proceed to examine the operation of the federal principle in countries where it is, or has been, in existence, and inquire how far it would be applicable to the present case, it may be well to ascertain, as far as practicable, the precise difference of the ideas conveyed by the terms federalism and repeal.

The demand for an unqualified repeal of the union is used on the somewhat magnificent proposition "that the Irish *nation* in extent of territory, in fertility of soil, in the number and industry of its inhabitants, furnishes abundant means for the maintenance of an *independent* legislature;"* and its adherents asseverate, in the words of the Dungannon convention, 1782, "that no power on earth is competent to make laws to bind Ireland, save the king, lords and commons of Ireland."

Federalism is not quite so lofty in its pretensions. It would create *three* parliaments, instead of the present parliament—one for Great Britain—one for Ireland, and another, or imperial parliament, for the general concerns of the whole kingdom—we beg pardon—of the

* Petition of the Dublin Corporation, presented in the House of Commons, March 1843.

two nations! The Imperial Parliament would have the power of taxing Ireland, controlling the monetary system, directing the post-office, revising the bankruptcy and patent laws; while to it would appertain the exclusive right of making peace or war, of concluding treaties of commerce, governing the colonies, of raising armies, and equipping fleets. Internal, or strictly Irish affairs, would be entrusted to the local legislature in College Green, which it is presumed would consist of a House of Lords and Commons. There is therefore, it is apparent, some difference between the rival schemes; but looking to the history of the past, and remembering the proceedings of the grotesque assembly termed a Parliament prior to the Union, we cannot hesitate to express our conviction that both are impracticable and dangerous to the peace of the Empire. Well did Lord Monteagle ask, in his celebrated speech in 1834, "Will you surrender Ireland to the tender mercies—must I use the word?—of a domestic legislature? Would you surrender the people of that country to the tender mercies of contending factions?"

However limited the powers of a federal parliament, such as we have glanced at, may be considered, it may be affirmed with confidence that an Irish provincial assembly on such a basis would possess more substantial powers than were vested in the mock parliament that existed previously to the enactment of the Union;—if we except the anomalous period, from 1782 to 1800. So much is talked about the *restoration* of the Irish legislature; so pertinaciously is it affirmed, that Ireland ought to be a "nation," and not "a pitiful province," that many are led away with the notion that at one period Ireland really and truly was invested with the character of nationality, or at least that she enjoyed an Independent Parliament. Both these suppositions are erroneous.

When Henry the Second landed in Ireland A.D. 1172, the country was ruled by petty and semi-barbarous chiefs, who covered the face of the island with strife and bloodshed. The only compact and well organized body in the state were the clergy.—Ireland at that time possessed no attributes of a regular kingdom. The title of Henry as "Lord and Sovereign of Ireland" was at once recognised by the clergy* at the synod of Cashel; not as a new gift but as a long standing and well established right.

* The subjoined highly interesting ecclesiastical relic, published in Usher's Sylloge, p. 99, written by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of William Rufus, 1110; shows that before the English king formally took posession of Ireland, the Irish church acknowledged the authority of the English:—

"Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the grace of God—and not out of respect to his own merits, &c., to his venerable brother Samuel, Bishop of Dublin, greeting: Complaint hath been made unto us, that you have dis-

That monarch did not however constitute Ireland a kingdom, but merely a lordship. Councils, which have been dignified with the name of Parliaments, were held at a very early period; but it has truly been remarked that they were no more than irregular conventions of the English settlers. England at all times claimed and exercised the right of legislating for Ireland. In the thirteenth year of Edward the 1st, the statutes of Westminster and merchants were sent by the king's command to his chief justice in Ireland, and were there proclaimed and observed without the sanction or intervention of the Irish parliament; on the principle affirmed by Blackstone, in speaking of the position of Ireland, that when the sovereign legislative power sees it necessary to exert its care to any of its subordinate dominions, and mentions them expressly by name or includes thom under general words, there can be no doubt that they are bound by these laws. It is clear, he adds, that where Ireland is particularly named, or is included under general words, that the inhabitants are bound by acts of the British Parliament.*

It deserves to be noted too, that from the earliest times the sovereign had the power of summoning the peers, prelates, and learned persons from Irelond *to meet in Westminster*. By the 49th and 50th record of Edward the Third, writs were sent into Ireland commanding these personages to repair to England to "treat with the king about the affairs of Ireland and others of the king's arduous and urgent

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posed of and alienated to foreigners, those books, vestments, and other ornaments of the church, which our predecessor, Lanfranc, bestowed on your uncle, Bishop Donat, for the use of the Cathedral of the Blessed Trinity, over which you preside. If this be true, we much marvel at it. For those ornaments were not given to your uncle alone, but to the church, and for the benefit and decoration of those who should succeed him in that see, as the brothers and sons of Canterbury do attest. Therefore, I admonish and command you, that, if any of the aforesaid things be disposed of out of the church, you immediately cause them to be restored to it. We have heard that you have expelled and dispersed several of the monks appointed to serve in the said church, and whom, though willing to return, you will not receive back; which if you have done doth not become you. Wherefore, I command you, that if any have been expelled and are willing to return, and continue in the service of God, under obedience, that you receive them, and studiously employ your paternal affection for their preservation, unless, which God forbid, they give cause to obstruct their own restoration. We hear also, that you cause your cross to be carried erect before you on a journey (progress or procession). If this be true, I forbid it for the future; because it belongs to none but an archbishop, confirmed by the grant of the pall from the Roman pontiff," &c. Anselm wrote also to Melchus, Bishop of Waterford, on the same subject, and in the same tone.

* *Vide* Commen aries, Introduction, vol. 1.

concerns. The repealers, therefore, in proposing to render it compulsory on the crown to convene a parliament in Dublin, it is obvious, disregard the ancient prerogative of the sovereign, which enabled him to call a parliament in that place most agreeable to the royal will. In the days of the Commonwealth, Oliver Cromwell exercised this prerogative; requiring forty representatives from Ireland to attend the United Parliament in London. Do these facts indicate the existence of the much boasted "nationality" and "legislative independence?"

But it is important to draw attention to the provisions of that remarkable statute, passed in the reign of Henry VII., called Ponyngs' law. At a meeting of the Irish Parliament, held at Drogheda, in the year 1495, before the king's deputy, it was enacted as follows:—

First: that before any Parliament be summoned or holden, the chief governor and council of Ireland shall certify to the king under the great seal of Ireland, the considerations and causes thereof, and the articles of the acts proposed to be passed therein.

Second: that after the king, in his council of England, shall have considered, approved, or altered the said acts or any of them, and certified them back under the great seal of England, and shall have given licence to summon and hold a Parliament, then the same shall be summoned and holden; and therein the said acts só certified, and no other, shall be proposed, received, or rejected.

This law was passed in consequence of the disorderly proceedings of the two factions of York and Lancaster, who carried their contests into the Irish assembly. It was an absolute surrender of claims to independency and an acknowledgment of the power of the sovereign state over the Irish legislature. We have already seen that Cromwell summoned forty members from Ireland to London; it may be added that from the year 1666 to 1692, a period of twenty-six years, there was no meeting of the Irish Parliament at all! But four sessions were held in the reign of William III., and from 1703 to 1783, it was only convened biennially. Ireland became a kingdom in the reign of Henry VIII.; that king having assumed the title of king of Ireland; but all this time Ponyngs' law, passed in his father's reign, was in force, and though the country was termed a kingdom, its legislature was subordinate and dependent. The Parliament of England always claimed power of binding the king's subjects in Ireland; and this power was admitted by act of the Irish Parliament 10 Henry VII. c. 22., and again expressly affirmed by statute 6 Geo. 1, c. 5, which declared that the kingdom of Ireland ought to be subordinate to and dependent upon the imperial crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united thereto; and that the king's majesty, with the consent of the lords and commons of Great Britain

in Parliament, hath power to make laws to bind the people of Ireland. The power of the English courts of law in the case of appeals from Irish judicial decisions, is thus stated by Blackstone:—

> Thus we see how extensively the laws of Ireland communicate with those of England; and indeed such communication is highly necessary as the ultimate resort from the courts of justice in Ireland is, as in Wales, *those in England*; a writ of Error (in the nature of an appeal) lying from the King's Bench in Ireland to the King's Bench in England, as the appeal from the chancery in Ireland lies immediately to the House of Lords here; it being expressly declared by the same statute, 6 Geo. 1, c. 5: THAT THE PEERS OF IRELAND HAVE NO JURISDICTION TO AFFIRM OR REVERSE ANY JUDGMENTS OR DECREES WHATSOEVER. The propriety and even necessity, in all inferior dominions, of this constitution "that though justice be in general administered by courts of their own, yet that the appeal in the last resort ought to be to the courts of the superior state, is founded upon these two reasons. 1. Because otherwise the law appointed, or permitted to such inferior dominion, might be insensibly changed within itself without the assent of the superior. 2. Because otherwise judgments might be given to the disadvantage or diminution of the superiority; or to make the dependence to be only of the *person of the King*, and not of the CROWN of England.*

But it is contended by Repealers, that in 1782 the Legislative Independence of Ireland was extorted by the menaces of the armed volunteers under Charlemont and Grattan. We on the other hand must contend that the Parliament of Ireland was not invested with independence in 1782; but that it still continued in its original character of a subordinate assembly. We support this position by the following argument:—

1st. Because, as Mr. Flood urged upon his companions in arms at the time, the simple repeal of the act of Henry VII. and the act of Geo. I., could not raise that to an independent legislature, which had not been independent before those statutes.

2nd. Because the power of the crown to summon the Irish peers, prelates and commoners to meet in Westminster, was left untouched by the declaratory act of 1782.

3rd. Because the Irish Parliament, neither before nor after 1782, had authority to exercise one of the privileges and powers essential to every independent Parliament, that of controlling the public revenue. Till the union, the revenues of Ireland were vested hereditarily in the crown.

4th. Because the cabinet (which could place a veto on any bill) was not responsible to the Irish Parliament. The English cabinet ruled Ireland; they were responsible to the British, and not the

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* Vol. I. page 104.

Irish legislature;—a fact which of itself stamped upon the latter the character of inferiority. The lord lieutenant and the chief secretary were but the ministers of the administration in London;—not ministers acting on their own responsibility.

5th. Because subsequently to the era of 1782, it was declared by act of the Irish Parliament:—that "all statutes made in England or Great Britain concerning commerce, or seamen, or forfeited estates, or concerning proceedings at law or in equity, or in any court of delegacy or review in case of a demise of the crown, shall be accepted, used, and executed in this kingdom (Ireland), according to the present tenor of the same respectively."

It may, or may not be expedient to frame a new constitution for Ireland, but it is preposterous to talk of *restoring* the ancient rights of the country and its free and independent legislature. Beside, we must not forget that the so-called Irish Parliament never represented the native Irish—it was from first to last an assemblage of the Saxon. The mass of the population, being Roman Catholics, had no representatives in it. Beside, out of the three hundred members of the House of Commons, two hundred were the nominees of private individuals; from forty to fifty were returned by constituencies of not more than ten persons each; some boroughs had not more than one resident elector, and of the 300 members, not less than 104 were placemen and pensioners.

Never perhaps in the history of the kingdom were there exhibited so many scenes of disgusting profligacy, violence, and confusion, as were exhibited in the Irish Parliament, from the period of 1782 to 1800, whilst it enjoyed the semblance of independence. Armed men dictated to members *in curiâ*; mobs broke into both the House of Lords and the House of Commons; the latter being set on fire while the house were sitting in 1793. Many of the members were roughly treated in the streets or threatened with personal chastisement. So soon after the "final adjustment" of 1782 as the year 1785, Mr. Foster, a conspicuous member of the Irish Commons, declared that it was impossible for things to remain as they were. "Commercial jealousy," he said, "is roused, and it will increase with *two* independent Legislatures. Without an united interest in commerce, in a commercial empire, political union will receive many shocks, and *separation of interest* must threaten *separation of connection.*" Even Mr. Grattan, eight years after the event for which he struggled with so much energy, and from which he expected such great results, in the bitterness of his disappointment, asked, "What has our renewed constitution as yet produced? A place bill? No. A pension bill? No. *Any* great or good measure? No. But a city police bill—a press bill—a riot act—great increase of pensions: fourteen new places for members of Parliament, and a most notorious and corrupt sale of peerages. *Where will all this end?*"

It is often denied that the Irish Parliament had the power to abolish itself, and pass the Act of Union. But it is forgotten by those who make this objection, that the statute abrogating the local legislature, and constituting the Imperial Parliament, was not the act merely of the Irish legislature, but was passed by the king and parliament of Great Britain, to whom, according to the law of nations, pertained the power as the legislature of the sovereign state, of abrogating the provincial assembly, and incorporating the Irish people as British subjects.

But it is asserted by the advocates of Federalism, that a FEDERAL CONNECTION between Ireland and Great Britian somewhat on the plan of the federal system in operation in the United States of America, or after the fashion of the Federal Union between Norway and Sweden, would be beneficial to both countries, and therefore expedient; for that while it would gratify the feelings of the Irish people, it would promote the internal improvement of the country, and at the same time secure the permanence of the connection with Great Britian.

Now we venture to question every one of these assumptions. However elated the Irish might be in the beginning, at having once more—

"A parliament house of their own,"

they would soon become exacerbated and discontented at the absence of the royal person, which sheds so much lustre and dignity on, and attracts so much wealth and splendour to, the great British metropolis. They would feel irritated at the circumscribed limits of the jurisdiction of their Federal Parliament; and would even be "agitating" for their enlargement. They would feel galled at the interference of the Imperial Parliament in any Irish matter; and would, of course, soon perceive that they could have very little substantial power, so long as the cabinet was responsible to the Imperial Parliament, and not to the Dublin houses. The power of taxation would belong to the Imperial assembly; and it is not difficult to foresee that its exercise would give occasion to many collisions and disputes.

At present Irishmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen, are equal in the eyes of the law. They are all members and subjects of one kingdom. All are represented in the Imperial Parliament,—all are eligible to fill the highest offices in the state. An Irish county stands in the same relation to the legislature, as an English county. There is no difference other than a geographical one, between Belfast and Hull, Cork and Glasgow, Limerick and Bristol; one flag, one constitution, one sovereign, one parliament! But let a Federal Union be established, and immediately Ireland is placed in an inferior and subordinate position; little better than she was in the

reign of Henry VII. Her provinciality is proclaimed to the whole world,—she abandons the high and valuable privileges which she now enjoys, as a member of the great Imperial co-partnership. We are told, indeed, by those who labour to excite feelings of hostility towards England, that Ireland, at present, is a "pitiful province." This is a gross perversion of fact; and was very ably exposed by Lord Monteagle, during the debate on the Union in April 1834:—

"I deny that Irelandis a province of Great Britain. Is Scotland a province? Is England a province? Is Wales a province? We all are parts of the United Empire; and I as much belong to England, and have as much a right to all the privileges of an Englishman, as the proudest Howard who walks the earth; and in like manner the Howard belongs to Ireland as fully as if born there. We are all subjects of one king—we live under the protection of one and the same law—we belong to one United Empire—and it is a delusion, and a delusion attempted for the most mischievous purposes, to promulgate the notion that Ireland can be considered a province. I protest against the attempt thus to provincialize and vulgarize Ireland."—*Mirror of Parliament, Sess.* 1834, *Vol* 2.

Federalism therefore, would not afford a balm to the feelings of the Irish people—it would only produce bitterness, contention, and excitement.

But it is supposed that Federalism would improve the domestic condition of Ireland. We are at a loss to conjecture in what manner. At the best it can be but the *means* toward the improvement anticipated. But how can any man undertake to say that the dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a federal link, would be productive of advantage to Ireland in the face of the undeniable facts, that since the Union the condition of Ireland has undergone an immense revolution, which has tended to increase the wealth and exalt the social condition of the people. Not laying too much stress upon the extension of civil liberty and the political privileges of the Catholics, we appeal to the facts that the Agriculture, the Shipping, the Commerce, and the manufactures of Ireland have all been immensely improved, and that while the population has more than doubled in numbers since the year 1800, the general condition of the inhabitants is better and more eligible than it was forty-four years ago:—

"Let noble lords examine the details of the question as affecting the Agriculture, the commerce, and the manufactures of the country. Let them look, in spite of all the impediments thrown in the way, at the improvements which that country is even now experiencing. Let them look at these things, and lay their hands upon their hearts and say conscientiously, whether they believe or not that the situation of Ireland has been materially advanced and improved by the adoption of that Union which it is now the

wish of some should be dissolved."—*Speech of Earl Grey : Mirror of Parliament, Sess,* 1834.

These facts are unanswerably demonstrated, in a work by Mr. Montgomery Martin, entitled "Ireland before and after the Union" ; who establishes the following position:—first, that Ireland was not benefited in her shipping, commerce, or manufactures, by having a resident parliament; but that, on the contrary, she suffered materially by the existence of that institution. Second, that since the Legislative Union, and commercial incorporation of Great Britain and Ireland, the shipping trade and manufactures of Ireland, have largely increased, as evinced by augmented tonnage, imports, and exports, customs' duties, and also by official and general manufacturing returns, and statements. Third, that on these grounds no argument can truly be raised in favour of a Repeal of the Union ; on the contrary, it is demonstrated to be equally, if not more the direct, immediate, and vital interests of Ireland,—that the Union, as now subsisting with Great Britain, be preserved in perpetuity.

That a Federal Union would tend to preserve the connection between the two countries, is one of the extravagant assertions which are constantly indulged in in the Conciliation Hall. A Federal Government was established in 1777, in America ; but a few years' experience showed that the liberty given to the individual states, was productive of animosities and collisions that were dangerous to the existence of the central government, and in 1788, it was found necessary to alter the constitution, and substitute quite a different principle for that which had hitherto guided the commonwealth. In place of Federalism, and the independence of the several states, the principle of UNION, by which sovereignty was transferred to the head of the confederation, was substituted.

"As long," observes M. De Tocqueville, "as the war with the mother country lasted, the principle of union was kept alive by necessity ; and although the laws which constituted it were defective, the common tie subsisted in spite of their imperfections. But no sooner was peace concluded than the faults of the legislation became manifest, and the state seemed to be suddenly dissolved. Each colony became an independent republic, and assumed an absolute sovereignty. The Federal Government, condemned to impotence by its constitution, and no longer sustained by the presence of a common danger, witnessed the outrages offered to its flag by the great nations of Europe, whilst it was scarcely able to maintain its ground against the Indian tribes, and to pay the interest of the debt which had been contracted during the War of Independence. It was already on the verge of destruction, when it officially proclaimed its inability to conduct the government, and appealed to the constituent authority of the nation."*

* Congress made this declaration Feb, 21st, 1787.

In 1783, we find Thomas Paine, the apostle of democracy, thus setting forth the advantages of a UNION in America, and exposing the mischiefs arising from conflicting claims to nationality and individual sovereignty and independence:—

"But that which must more forcibly strike a thoughtful, penetrating mind, and which includes and renders easy all inferior concerns, is *Union* of the States. On this our great national character depends. It is this which must give us importance abroad, and security at home. It is through this only that we are or can be *nationally* known in the world. It is the flag of the "United States," which renders our ships and commerce safe on the seas or in a foreign port. Our Mediterranean passes must be obtained under the same style. All our treaties, whether of alliance, peace, or commerce, are formed under the sovereignty of the *United* States, and Europe knows us by no other name or title! The division of the Empire into States is for our own convenience, but abroad this distinction ceases. The affairs of each state are local. They can go no farther than to itself. And were the whole of even the richest of them expended in revenue, it would not be sufficient to support sovereignty against a foreign attack. In short, we have no other *national* sovereignty than as *United* States. It would be even fatal for us if we had—too expensive to be maintained, and impossible to be supported. Individuals, or individual states may call themselves what they please: but the world, and especially the world of enemies, is not to be held in awe by the whistling of a name. Sovereignty must have power to protect all the parts that compose and constitute it: and as *United* States we are equal to the importance of the title, but otherwise we are not. Our Union, well and wisely regulated and cemented, is the cheapest way of being great, —the easiest way of being powerful, and the happiest invention in government which the circumstances of America can admit of,—because it collects from each state that which, by being inadequate, can be of no use to it, and forms an aggregate that serves for all.

The States of Holland are an unfortunate instance of the effects of individual sovereignty. Their disjointed condition exposes them to numerous intrigues, losses, calamities, and enemies; and the almost impossibility of bringing their measures to a decision, and that decision into execution, is to them, and would be to us, a source of endless misfortune.

It is with confederated States, as with individuals in society: something must be yielded up to make the whole secure. Our citizenship in the United States is our national character. Our citizenship in any particular state is our local distinction."

It would be well for those who are anxious to repeal the Union of the United Kingdom, to apply Paine's remarks to themselves—to ponder on his observation that the disjointed condition of states exposes them to numerous intrigues, losses, calamities, and enemies. When they shout for "nationality," let them remember his words, "Our citizenship in the United States [Kingdom?] is our national character. Our citizenship in any particular state is our local distinction." Mr. O'Connell is aiming to dislocate and subdivide: the

Americans, after an experiment of a confederation of independent states, felt themselves constrained to unite, consolidate, and combine. But perhaps the Irish people would be content with such a state of things as now exists in America, and rest satisfied that Ireland should stand in the same relation to Great Britain as the state of Maine does to the United States. Mr. O'Connell has ten thousand times declared that he will never cease to agitate till Ireland is "a nation," in possession of an independent legislature. His followers, therefore, would never consent that Ireland should be placed on a level with the petty provincial states of America. But supposing that they were ready to sacrifice their aspirations after nationality, would a connection on the American plan be advantageous to Great Britain and Ireland—or to either of them? We think not; for although in some essential points the American Union theoretically possesses more central authority than was exercised by several of the old European monarchies, it is obvious that experience has not been in favour of the present system. We have upon many occasions seen the central government of America almost unable to perform its functions. We see slavery suppressed in one corner of the nation, and at the same moment flourishing in rank luxuriance in another. The petty state of Maine but a few years ago proceeded to levy war against Great Britain, despite of the injunctions of the authorities at Washington; and took upon itself to legislate on the boundary question, threatening at every step to come in collision with the central government, or to precipitate the Republic into a war with England. The state of New York, in defiance of the supreme executive, we may add in open violation of the laws of nations, put on his trial, on the charge of murder, Mr. Mc Leod, an English officer, for an act done under the British flag, and in obedience to the orders of his superior, acting under the lawful authority of his sovereign. The imbecility of the federal system was recently manifested in the sanguinary riots at Philadelphia, when that city was sacked by armed mobs that for some days were able to discomfit the public authorities; while the "repudiation" of debts by the state of Pennsylvania has rendered the American national character disreputable in every commercial city in Europe. Contrast with all this the constitution of the United Kingdom. "In England," it is remarked by M. De Tocqueville, "the centralization of the government is carried to great perfection. *The state has the compact vigour of a man*; and by the sole act of its will, puts immense engines in motion, and wields or collects the efforts of its authority."

Federalists and repealers often refer to the federal connection that exists between Sweden and Norway, as a proof of the excellencies of separate and domestic legislatures. But we think that the peculiar position of those countries, the circumstances that attended the annexation of Norway to Sweden, and the working of the present

government in those countries, have not been sufficiently attended to. The population of Norway is not greater than 1,150,000 souls. More than three-fourths of the country consists of rocks about two thousand feet above the sea-level and unfit for cultivation. The hardy inhabitants derive their chief subsistence from their lobster, herring, salmon, and cod fisheries, as well as from the timber of their inexhaustible forests, and the produce of their mines. So that they are almost entirely independent of manufactures and agriculture. It is somewhat difficult to contrast the internal condition of such a country with that of Ireland—in every respect the converse of Norway. But there are other circumstances which tend still further to widen this difference. Norway is peopled by a simple race of primitive manners, for ages accustomed to the enjoyment of their rude independence. The people are protestants. There are no sectarian contentions among the population; and Sweden and Norway are in harmony in the matter of religion. The Norwegians have no order of nobility; but have a church establishment. The legislative body is called the Storthing. The members are not chosen directly by the people; but by a body of electors chosen by the citizens. The Storthing meets once in three years, and the session can last but three months. Now supposing we were to admit that Norway is prosperous; that her liberties are placed on an enduring basis; and that no rivalries and jealousies exist between Sweden and Norway, how, we would ask, could an argument *ab exemplo* in favour of a federal union between Great Britain and Ireland be maintained? The cases are altogether dissimilar. But it is assuming a good deal to take for granted all the points we have mentioned. That the Norwegians enjoy comparative prosperity (which has certainly not arisen from the federal union) we are not disposed to question. But this prosperity is owing to the remoteness of their country; to the bounty of providence, which compensates them for the rigours of their winters, by enabling them to reap on sea and land harvests where they have neither ploughed nor sown; perhaps in a still greater degree, to the steadiness, frugality, and enterprise of the scanty population. But what guarantee has Norway for the preservation of her liberties? She is unable to maintain either an army or a navy—the defence of the two countries is left to the Swedish government. What but the protection of some first-rate European power could save Norway from the aggression of the czar? Finland, her neighbour, has already fallen into the hands of the Russian autocrat; and who can doubt the desire of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh to strengthen their maritime power? But mark how the federal union between Norway and Sweden was brought about. Prior to 1815 Norway was united to Denmark. But in that year, at the dictation of the allies, and not till after the blockade of their ports, Norway was coerced by strangers to consent to a federal union with Sweden. And after all how has federalism worked in

this instance? Harmoniously? Pleasantly? M. Malte Brun, the geographer, answers these questions in his descriptions of Norway:—"A spirit of independence runs through all the proceedings of the Storthing, *which has led to continual differences with the Swedish government.*" Indeed this fact is confessed by Mr. Laing himself, the vehement reviler of Sweden and enthusiastic advocate of Norwegian democracy. "This Norwegian constitution has been in operation now for a quarter of a century, going on smoothly, *except when the royal finger is laid hold of by the Swedish counsellors of his majesty, and unadvisedly thrust into the machinery, when it gets an ugly squeeze, and is precipitately withdrawn.*"

We contend, therefore, that whether we look to the cases of America, Holland, or Sweden and Norway, we find nothing to encourage us to approve of the project of a federal union between Great Britain and Ireland. Such a connection would be productive of nothing but contentions, collisions, and disasters; and Ireland would in all probability, in attempting to separate from the English crown, become the seat of war, when its fields would be trodden down by contending armies. The agitation for a repeal of the union is a pernicious agitation. By embittering the public mind it prevents the application of gradual ameliorative measures to Ireland. It is adopted by some in ignorance, by some in despair, by its leader we believe as the tortuous means of wringing concessions from the government. In whatever light it is considered it is dangerous and worse than useless. England will never quietly consent to the dismemberment of the empire. Steam navigation and railroads prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an event as took place in 1782; and till the arm of England loses its strength, she will not permit any foreign power to interfere in the domestic arrangements of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding agitation, Ireland has increased in riches and waxen stronger since the Union. Thrift and temperance are making rapid strides in the country. Even now, British capitalists are investing their money freely in those railways and public works so important to the prosperity of Ireland; and the Queen's Government, forgetting past animosities, are, in a spirit of charity and equality, devising means for the improvement of the people—which, after all, must be a work of slow and gradual accomplishment. The true glory of the inhabitants of Ireland is their British citizenship—the renown of the British arms, whether achieved in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, in India and China, or at the Nile, Trafalgar, and Acre, is shared by them. The object of every good subject ought to be to blend distinctions between the people of the United Kingdom; and to promote the feelings of harmony and brotherly kindness as well as the development of all the resources of Ireland for the general advantage. Why

should they not, as the illustrious author of the Fairy Queen, asked in the days of Queen Elizabeth—

> Sith no less famous than the rest they bee,
> And joine in neighbourhood of kingdome nere—
> Why should they not likewise In *Love* agree?

ART. VIII.—*Richard the Third, as Duke of Gloucester and King of England.* By CAROLINE A. HALSTED. 2 vols. Longman.

MANY people of England read the history of their country, in by-gone times as did Marlborough,—that is in Shakspeare. And certainly none have suffered through that medium so grossly as the hump-backed Richard. Miss Halsted, however, with chivalrous gallantry, has joined the array of antiquaries and patient miners in the depths of English annals, to unravel the barbarous mysteries of the middle ages in which the Duke of Gloucester figured; and manfully she comes forward to rescue from obloquy a man so "doomed to everlasting fame." It appears to us that the lady has managed this apology, defence, and British championship with consummate skill;—reading, the balancing of authorities, and the exercise of sound judgment recommending Miss Halsted's volumes to the student, and the man of unbiassed mind. Let us to proofs.—

The mysterious death of the unhappy and care-worn Henry VI., which, as Miss Halsted remarks, has contributed more than most of the other events to sully the reputation of the Duke of Gloucester, is plausibly enough by her laid to the charge of King Edward. This is part of her constructive account:—

> On the morning after Edward the Fourth's triumphant entry into the metropolis, Henry VI., his meek and suffering rival, was found lifeless in the Tower; and towards the close of the same day—that which preceded the departure of the victorious monarch into Kent—the corpse of Henry of Lancaster "upon a bier, and about the bier more glaives and staves than torches," was brought from the Tower to St. Paul's, and there publicly exposed to view preparatory to being conveyed to Chertsey for interment. There were too many political motives for the expediency of the royal captive's death, not to favour the suspicion that it was hastened by violence; and a very cursory view of the leading crimes and miseries of those fearful times will show that political expediency was in fact the foundation of almost all the dark and daring deeds that sullied that degenerate era. Every malevolent and ireful feeling was doubtless re-kindled in Edward's heart, by the attempt of Falconbridge to release the Lancasterian monarch; and also by his setting fire to the metropolis. To the ill-timed insurrection, then, of this daring character, there is strong reason to conclude may, at least in a great degree, be ascribed the sudden and premature death of Henry VI. Warwick, the king-maker, was slain, and Margaret of Anjou was a prisoner

and childless; the young Prince of Wales was numbered with the dead, and the ex-king himself was not only in close confinement, but alike incapable of active measures, whether in mind or body. Yet Falconbridge had proved, within eight days of the battle of Barnet, and almost before Warwick's unquiet spirit rested in the silent tomb, that the daring temperament of this mighty chief yet lived in his kinsman, and that King Henry's name alone was sufficient to render Edward's throne unstable. The vindictive feeling which influenced this sovereign's military conduct to those opponents who thwarted his views or opposed his ambition, when coupled with such palpable cause for indignation, affords the strongest ground for believing that the death of his unhappy rival was a matter previously determined upon by the Yorkist monarch, even if, as was alleged, nature, worn out and exhausted, had really anticipated the decree by a tranquil and natural dissolution.

Next, let us note a passage where Miss Halsted is accounting for, and tracing the intimacy and love-affection that existed, as she argues, between Richard and Lady Anne Neville,—the twain having been under the same roof in their early and susceptible days:—

That the Lady Anne Neville and her cousin of Gloucester were thus intimately associated in childhood rests not on mere surmise, but is proved, in one very striking instance, on the testimony of a narrative of historical value appended to Leland's Collectanea, the genuineness of the authorities connected with which have never been disputed. The circumstance here alluded to is the appearance in public of the youthful co-heiresses of the Earl of Warwick with their royal kinsman the young Duke of Gloucester, at the costly feast which celebrated the installation, as archbishop of York, of their uncle, George Neville, lord chancellor of England. That Richard came there with Warwick's family as a visitor to the archbishop's palace and not in state as a prince of the blood royal, is inferred from his extreme youth, and from no mention being made of any other near members of the reigning family: likewise because his young cousins, as if in compliment to the youthful prince, were placed in a more honourable position than the would otherwise have been entitled to occupy; "sitting in the chief chamber," with the king's brother, although the name of their mother the Countess of Warwick occurs with "the estates sitting in the second chamber." Here, then, positive proof appears of their intimacy in childhood.

Miss Halsted argues that Lady Anne could not have been sought for by Richard in consideration of her estates, for that she was attainted at the time.

Moreover, let it be asked, why did Clarence "cause the damsel to be concealed," unless he suspected that the affection which had been early formed for her by Gloucester would lead him immediately to renew his vows of attachment, and incline her to listen to them? He evidently anticipated the fact, and acted upon it; for no mention is made by the chronicler of the

Lady Anne's desire to be concealed; no intimation is given of her repugnance to her cousin, or of her flying to avoid his overtures; but possitive assertion is made by him that avarice—the coveting her share of riches that were her birthright, and which he trusted, perhaps, from her attainder, he should exclusively possess in right of her elder sister—alone influenced the unworthy prince, whose greedy desire for power and riches led him first to rebel against and dethrone his elder brother, and even to deprive him in his adversity of his patrimonial inheritance; and now instigated him to separate from his younger brother the object of his choice, and cruelly to persecute and degrade the unhappy victim whom he has bound by consanguinity and misfortune to protect, because, as distinctly alleged by the chronicler, "he feared the division of the inheritance he wished to enjoy alone."

Illustrative of the liberal and mild domestic rule of Richard, the treatment and education of his eldest son, the Earl of Salisbury, is adduced, taken from a curious document, relative to the family while residing at Middleham Castle. Here is a morsel:

One item commemorates the sudden death and burial of Lord Richard Bernall, his governor, who, it would seem, expired and was interred at Pomfret, recently after a journey from Middleham, a specified sum being inserted for "ye Lord Richard's costs from Middleham to Pomfret," and another expenditure for "the Lord Richard's burial." Various entries connected with this nobleman show the entire association of the young prince with his tutor, and it also proves that Middleham was their fixed abode during Gloucester's active military career. The cost of the young Edward's primer and psalter, together with that of the black satin with which they were covered, are specified in this remarkable fragment, which also demonstrates the nature of the amusements in which the illustrious child was permitted to indulge. These latter items are particularly pleasing, and altogether invaluable, as relates to the private history of Richard Duke of Gloucester, from pourtraying the lenity of his domestic rule, evinced by the encouragement which he gave to the pastimes of the period, such as payment for a pack of hounds, the wages of a resident jester, the election of a king of rush-bearing, and a king also of Middleham, mummeries evidently connected with the district where he resided. Other items are still more important, from the proof they afford of Richard's attention to the comforts and rights of his personal attendants, and those of his offspring. These, together with the frequent and munificent alms offerings of himself and his family to the religious houses in the vicinity of Middleham, attest his strict observance of the devotional ordinances of the period, and display in a remarkable manner the admirable regularity and perfect order which characterized his domestic establishment.

These passages relate to the early career of the Duke of Gloucester. We hasten for a moment to glance at two of the most important passages of his history belonging to the period of his protectorate and his sovereignty,—viz. his alleged usurpation of the crown, and the murder of his nephews. The coronation of Richard seems to have

been conducted not only on a most magnificent scale, but to have met with the warmest popular approval. Miss Halsted thus collects and reports:—

No personal fear was evinced by Richard, no deception practised on the multitude: bold and decisive, gorgeous, magnificent and wholly unopposed, the enthronement of Richard III. is the best reply to all the calumnies that proclaimed him a dark and a stealthy usurper. Friends and foes were mashalled side by side, and the kindred of the deposed sovereign shared with the relatives of the new monarch the most dignified and honourable places, both in the procession and the banquet. A daughter of the house of York, the sister of the late and aunt of the rejected king, occupied with her husband and son the most prominent places about the persons of Richard and his queen; while the heads of the royal house of Lancaster; the Duke of Buckingham, and Margaret Countess of Richmond, were selected to fill the most favourite positions, and upheld the trains of the illustrious pair. No single observance was disregarded that could give effect or add weight to the ceremony, neither was there any display of despotism or partiality that could convert the solemn rite into a compulsory act, or one of abject servility to a tyrant; peers and prelates, judges, knights, and citizens, all united with one accord in honouring the choice of the legislature, and in confirming the elevation of King Richard III.

Miss Halsted is successful in her effort to cast great doubt upon the popular story of the two young princes, said to have been murdered in the Tower at the instigation of Richard. The extract begins with part of the testimony furnished by Fabyan, who wrote about sixty years after the reported event.

He says, after describing the accession of the Lord Protector, "King Edward V., with his brother the Duke of York, were under the sure keeping within the Tower, in such wise that they never came abroad after." And again, that "the common fame went that King Richard put unto secret death the two sons of his brother." Rous of Warwick is the next contemporary authority; but, although coeval with King Richard, it must not be forgotten that he, like Fabyan, wrote the events which he records after that monarch's decease; and the fact of his having dedicated his work to King Henry VII. is alone sufficient to demonstrate his Lancasterian bias, even if proof did not exist that his character of King Richard, when exercising sovereign power, was altogether opposed to that which he afterwards gave, when writing under the auspices of his rival and successor. "The Duke of Gloucester, for his own promotion, took upon him the disinheriting of his lord, King Edward V., and shortly imprisoned King Edward with his brother, whom he had obtained from Westminster, under promise of protection; so that it was afterwards known to very few what particular martyrdom they suffered." This writer, however, places the death of the princes during the protectorate: "Then ascended the royal throne of *the slain*, whose pro-

tector during their minority he should have been, the tyant Richard;" an assertion so utterly at variance with every contemporaryr that it materially weakens the effect of his other assertions. Bernard Andrews, the historiographer and poet laureate of Henry VII. states that "Richard ordered the princes to be put to the sword," a fact that must have been known to the contemporary annalists had a positive order to that effect been given; and Polydore Virgil, who compiled his work under the immediate patronage and at the express desire of the same monarch, after intimating the uncertainty of the manner of their death, states that it was generally reported and believed *that the sons of Edward IV. were still alive, having been conveyed secretly away, and obscurely concealed in some distant region.* Thus it appears that neither the contemporary writers of the period, nor those who wrote by royal command in the ensuing reign, gave any distinct account of the fate of the young princes; the former all agree that they were imprisoned, and that it was "commonly reported" that they were dead; but when or how the event occurred; or whether there was foundation for the report, has never been sought to be established, excepting by Sir Thomas More. This historian was not coeval with Richard, he was a mere infant at the time of that monarch's death; but, being educated, as before observed, in Bishop Morton's house, he is supposed to have derived the materials of his history from that personage. But Morton, although coeval with the events related, gloried in avowing himself Richard's bitter enemy. He united with Hastings in conspiring against him as the lord protector, and he goaded Buckingham to open rebellion after Richard was anointed king. He deserted the latter nobleman as soon as he had weaned him from his allegiance; and escaping to the Continent, within a few weeks of Richard's coronation, there remained an exile and an outlaw during the rest of his reign. It must therefore be apparent than any information derived from him relative to affairs in England during that period could only be by report; and the colouring which his own prejudice and enmity would give to all rumours spread to the disadvantage of King Richard, would render his testimony not only doubtful, but most unsatisfactory, unless confirmed by other writers or proved by existing documents.

Richard's rule, while king, seems to have been exemplary.

Brief as was the period during which he was permitted to rectify the abuses, and meet the exigencies, of those troublous times, he not only revived the substance of many obsolete Saxon laws in all their original purity, but he instituted fresh ones, based on such solid ground, and framed with such legislative wisdom and ability, that to this day many of the statutes of Richard III. remain in full force, and justify the encomiums which his enemies have passed upon them. "In no king's reign," states Sir Richard Baker, the chronicler of the English monarchs, "were better laws made than in the reign of this man:" "he took the ways of being a good king if he had come to be king by ways that had been good." Even Lord Bacon, the biographer of his rival, bears testimony to "his politic and wholesome laws." * * Richard III. did indeed merit more generous treatment from his sub-

jects, for amidst the turmoils and vexations, the mortifications and disappointments, which fell so thickly and so heavily upon him, his attention was unceasingly directed to one point.—that of emancipating the great boby of the people from the many oppressions under which they had so long and so painfully laboured, and d iffusing a nobler and better spirit among all ranks, by the soundness of his edicts, and the high principles of justice, religion, and morality, on which they were based. "The king's highness is fully determined to see administration of justice to be had throughout his realm, and to reform and punish all extortion and oppression," were the words of the proclamation in which, during a brief progress into Kent, Richard invited the humblest of his people, who had been unlawfully wronged, to make his petition to "his highness; and he shall be heard, and without delay have such convenient remedy as shall accord with the law;" for, finally, concludes this important document. "his grace is utterly purposed that all his true subjects shall live in rest and quiet, and peaceably enjoy their lands and goods according to the laws." As a means of cheeking the unjugt verdicts which had of late years prevailed, bringing the courts of law into contempt, and frustrating the benefit designed by that noblest of our institutions—trial by jury, he struck at the root of the evil by decreeing that no individual but such as possessed freehold property to the amount of forty shillings a year should be deemed eligible to be chosen a juror; he also granted to every justice of the peace, power to bail such persons as were arrested for felony on suspicion alone: but the most beneficial of his enactments, and that which afforded the greatest relief to the community at large, was a law prohibiting the seizure of property belonging to persons imprisoned on a charge of felony, before conviction—a measure which was loudly called for in consequence of the opening which a contrary usage had long afforded to the powerful to oppress the poor, their weaker opponents, and by false indietment to set at deflance all principles of juctice and humanity.

We close with a passage which serves to confirm Miss Halsted's doctrine that Richard strove to promote, while king, the kindlier and gentler feelings of his subjects, by patronizing such sports and pastimes as were consonant with the spirit of the age for that purpose. Certainly, if the representation be perfectly correct, he far outstripped the tyrannical Tudors in such measures of civilization.

Falconry and hawking especially engaged his attention. He had nominated John Grey of Wilton, to the office of master of the king's hawks, and the keeping of a place called the Mews, near Charing Cross, in the preceding year; and he now issued warrants for securing, at a reasonable price, such hawks and falcons as should be necessary for the "King's disport," following up this command by the appointment of a serjeant of falcons for England, and a purveyor of hawks for parts beyond the seas. Hunting, also, the sport to partake of which King Edward had so frequently invited the civic authorities of London, a condescension which had told so much in his favour, was not overlooked by his politic brother. * * Nor were the

amusements of the humbler classes forgotten by the monarch; the exploits of the bear ward, the appellation given to the keeper of dancing bears, together with the grotesque antics of apes and monkies, by which the former animals were usually accompanied, was a rude pastime greatly estimated at this period by all ranks; and the king, shortly after his accession, had appointed a "master guider and ruler of all our bears and apes within England and Wales"—the greater part of the animals thus exhibited being the property of the crown; and letters were sent to the several mayors and sheriffs throughout the kingdom, requiring them to protect the "said game," as well as the master and subordinate keepers whom the king licensed, "reasonable money paying," to travel through the country with them. But the recreation to which Richard himself seemed most devoted was that of music. Innumerable grants to minstrels were bestowed from the royal funds, and foreign musicians received from him the greatest encouragement. He kept a band of trumpeters at a yearly payment, and promoted a royal choral assemblage upon a very enlarged scale, having empowed "John Melynek, one of the gentlemen of the chapel royal, to take and seize for the king all such singing men and children, being expert in the science of music, as he can find, and think able to do the king's service within all places in the realm, as well cathedral churches, colleges, chapels, houses of religion, and all other franchised and exempt places or elsewhere, the college royal of Windsor excepted;" an act which singularly illustrated the despotism of the period, and the little personal freedom enjoyed by the people of England.

NOTICE.

ARTICLE IX. — *Report from the Select Committee on Dog Stealing (Metropolis), together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.*

This has been rather a funny Committee, really repulsive for its total want of regulated sympathies and ordinated opinions. Take, however, a few reported facts. Modes of Dog Stealing:—

"You have stated the mode which you have pursued in obtaining the restitution of stolen property. I have before me a list which you have caused to be forwarded of dog-stealers known to you. Will you describe to the Committee, as I name them, the nature of the premises, and the mode in which the trade is carried on by those parties respectively?—The dog stealers generally go two together; they have a piece of liver; they say it is merely boiled bullock's liver, which will entice or tame the wildest or savagest dog which there can be in any yard; they give it him, and take him from his chain. At other times they will go in the street with a little dog, rubbed over with some sort of stuff, and will entice valuble dogs away from the place; they watch opportunities of seeing dogs out in the street,

and they get expert in it. Unless they were expert dog stealers, they could not do what they do; there is an organized gang of them; some live at Paddington, some at Hammersmith, some at Bayswater, Bethnal Green, and Spitalfields, and they meet occasionally at the different low public-houses, and communicate with each other; and if there is a dog lost or stolen it is generally known within five or six hours where that dog is, and they know almost exactly what they can get for it, so that it is a regular system of plunder."

The terrible results of dog-stealing:—

"Will you state those cases of cruelty?—There is one case in particular, of a lady who was living in Bolton Street, Miss Brown. It occurred that her dog was stolen by the diligent watch of the parties, from the street or from her house, and she came to me in great distress, saying that the dog had been taken away, and asked me what could best be done to get him back. I said that the best way to my knowledge was to have it advertised; but whether it was advertised or not, some one applied to her to say that they had got the dog; she was very thankful to hear it; but the question was what it would be restored for. The party said they must have as much as 6*l.* or 7*l.* or 8*l.* for it, which frightened her very much of course; she could not tell what to do; she came again to me, and I said, 'You had better leave it for the present; let it remain for a little time, and they will come to more reasonable terms.' After a little time had elapsed, one night two or three of those men were seen at the house, stating that they knew where the dog was, and that unless she gave 6*l.* on that night, their intention was then and there to cut its throat, which so alarmed her that she did not know what to do. She came in great terror to me, and thought that to have the poor dumb animal's throat cut was a very frightful affair.—Did she get the dog back?—Yes, and she paid I think about 4*l.* for it; but she was to go to a certain house to meet the parties with the dog, towards Covent Garden Market. It happened to be a very wet night, and she started about nine at night, with a party to go; she was to give the money and have the dog restored to her at the corner of the street, which was done, and she got the dog back; however, soon after, finding that they had got so much advantage from it, they stole it again, and much about the same took place as before; they got more money from her, and since that she has left England, and I really do believe for the sake of keeping the dog; she has left the country, because she could make more of a certainty of keeping the dog in foreign parts than in England, if that was not the sole cause of her leaving; she prayed for the time to come when she might leave England, which she has done, and taken the dog with her."

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW

FOR

DECEMBER, 1844.

ART. I.—*Analisi-storico Topografico Antiquaria della carta de' dintorni di Roma.* Da ANTOINO NIBBY.

THE Campagna di Roma, formerly *Campania*, is a province which comprehends the greater part of ancient Latium, consisting of that broad tract of low-land on the western coast of central Italy, which extends from the Sabine and Alban mounts to the shores of the Mediterranean; it is also known by the name of Agro Romano. To the modern traveller, as he hurries along the ancient Cassian or new Appian, on his way to the Eternal City, it presents the aspect of a desolate waste, faintly relieved at distant intervals by an inadequate cultivation. The very small number of farm houses are miserable dwellings, built as appendages to old towers or temples, and are constructed out of the fragments of these ancient edifices. The inhabitants of these wretched hovels are compelled to desert them in the middle of summer, when fevers and agues prevail in the country; and they sleep either at Rome, under the porticoes of the palaces and public buildings, or in the towns which are nearest to their farms. If they remain too long in the country, they are seized with the diseases which have been mentioned; and in the months of July, August, and September, the great proportion of patients in the Roman hospitals are the peasants from the surrounding country.

"In the middle of the seventeenth century," says Ranke, in his History of the Popes, "there were reckoned to be in Rome about fifty families 300, thirty-five 200, sixteen 100 years old; all below this were considered of vulgar and low birth. Many of them were either settled or had possessions in the Campagna. Most of this old nobility, however, were tempted to become holders of Luoghi di Monte. The sudden reduction of the interest brought them into difficulties, and they were gradually obliged to alienate their estates to the wealthier papal families, who thus became the non-resident holders of vast landed property."

Now, Ranke holds that these large estates, owned by a few landlords, is one great cause for the deterioration of agriculture in the Campagna; for from the peculiar nature of the soil, they required the consequent vigilance and the unremitting care of resident cultivators, immediately interested in their productiveness. The system of small farms, therefore, with, as far as might be, a proprietary interest in the land, could alone properly and successfully conduct the agriculture of the Roman territory. With regard to the extension of the malaria, this same excellent writer is of opinion, as some others have been, that it is to be attributed to the destruction of the woods; and this view obtains support from the fact, that since Gregory XIII. destroyed those in the vallies, with a hope to promote and extend agriculture; and Sixtus V. those on the mountains, in order to lay open the haunts of the banditti, the malaria has constantly encroached more and more, on districts before either partially affected, or not visited at all. But more of this anon.

As the eye of the modern traveller runs over the surface of the Campagna, it seems a flat and level district, as its name denotes, bounded on one side by the horizon, or swelling up on the other into rough precipitous mountains. But as you proceed, you find it everywhere undulating, broken into hillocks and valleys, with here and there a rocky precipice, a small lake, or a stream working its way through a rank vegetation, at length to mingle with the Tiber. Noxious vapours arise from its stagnant pools, and at night its humid atmosphere is illuminated by the fitful gleam of myriads of fireflies. Temples, whose altars have long since sunk into the dust, or been replaced by other shrines; aqueducts, the long line of whose moldering arches stretches for miles, until it is lost in the distance; circuses, villas, and tombs, whose ruins retain no trace of their original use and purpose, lie scattered at intervals and in every direction.

How different the appearance of this region at the dawn of the Republic, or during the first years of the Empire. The thirty cities of Latium, with their dependent villages; the territories of Veji, and its sisters of the Etruscan league; the Sabines, rough and hardy as the mountains on which they dwelt; names, many of which have

survived every vestige of the spots that bore them; all were once comprised within this same compass. The Roman soldier from the battlements of the Capitol, could distinguish the walls of the deadliest enemies of his name; and as the dust rolled over the ruins of Alba, and the torches flashed in the last desperate charge of the Fidenæ, he might almost follow with his gaze the triumph of his countrymen.

It is in the length and obstinacy of these struggles that we must look for the causes of the first desolation of the Campagna. War followed upon war, and conquest upon conquest, with all the usual melancholy results. Fields were laid waste, harvests destroyed,—there is scarcely even a foot of ground that has not been the scene of some daring enterprise, or some desperate conflict. The great historian of Rome, fond as he was of embellishing the deeds of his countrymen, seems almost to have grown wearied with narrating these protracted contests, and to be at a loss to account for the existence of a population adequate to such efforts. Ten years were consumed in the siege of Veji; and were there added to these all the wars previously waged against this great rival of the Roman name, the term would be more than doubled. Although the conquest of the Latins apparently bore a much earlier date, yet what a long period elapsed, and how often was the war resumed, before they were actually subdued. When at length the conquest had been completed, and the names of Veji, Fidenæ, and Tusculum were merged in the humble denominations of allies and tributaries of Rome, little remained to the conquerors but depopulated villages and desolate fields. The mountain streams resumed their natural course, and swollen by the melting snows, spread unchecked over those spots, where the hand of man, confining them to determined channels, had made them ministers of comfort and plenty. Pools and lakes were formed anew, a pestilential atmosphere hovered over them, and spread its direful influence far and wide. Town and village gradually disappeared altogether, till the site, the precise locality of many of these once formidable rivals of Rome, could only be distinguished by the ivy-grown fragments that lay scattered over the spots where they had at one time stood.

But when Rome, carrying her armies beyond the confines of Italy, became the centre of a great empire, the constant flow of wealth from all parts of her dominions was soon followed by the usual consequences. The senators, and the more wealthy and luxurious of all classes, began to display their riches and taste in the erection of villas and suburban palaces. Although the delightful coast of Baiæ was preferred during the summer heats, yet the Alban mount, the shades of Tibur, and the high lands of the Campagna, and the coast of the Mediterranean, were more suitable, from their convenient dis-

tance, for a short retirement from the cares of the senate and the forum, and afforded every attraction which variety of scenery could offer. From his own villa on the heights of Tusculum, a few minutes' walk would carry Cicero to the seat of Cato. At the base of the mount, on the other side, and directly beneath his eye, waved the stately groves where Lucullus divided his hours, between eastern luxury and pursuits worthier the taste of a Roman hero. On the acclivity beyond, the view is intercepted by a thick growth of trees, but you fancy that you almost see the shrubbery that crowns the summit of Pompey's tomb, rising higher than their highest branches, and marking with melancholy precision, the site of his once magnificent villa.

The Campagna was again repeopled; the fields restored to cultivation; the water-courses guided into their defined channels; villages and towns arose from the ruins, with new beauty; the whole intermingled with pompous aqueducts, with temples, with sacred groves, villas, parks, and the sumptuous suburban palaces of the lords of the earth. The reign of Augustus was peculiarly favourable to the repopulation of the Agro Romano, and under his successor we find only three places in the Campagna, and a part of the Pontine marshes, mentioned as being still unhealthy.

As long as Rome remained the seat of government, the Campagna seems to have continued in the possession of those advantages, which the immediate vicinity of a great capital always gives. Still, therefore, some circumstances connected with the history of that period, from which it would seem, that at least for the poorer classes, the tenure by which those advantages were held was feeble and insecure. Immense as was the number of slaves, which the triumphs of the Roman arms brought into the markets of the capital, it was not sufficient for the rapacious luxury to which the higher classes had abandoned themselves, even before the fall of the Republic. As early as Augustus, it was found necessary to direct the attention of the legislator to those subterranean prisons, of which the abuse seemed to keep pace with the decay of morals. In these, the incautious husbandman, the defenceless traveller, and frequently even the citizen of Rome itself, were confined, and compelled to wear out their days in hard labour and in chains. Ruffians were employed to entice or to force the victim to these horrid dens, where the light of day never penetrated, and where the voice of lamentation and entreaty would only be exchanged for the stern silence of despair. Driven to desperation by the outrages of the rich, the poor had at length recourse to the only help which nature offered; and taking their defence into their own hands, infested the highways, in turn, and cut off all communication except for such as travelled with a powerful train of armed attendants.

With the change of the seat of empire began a new period of de-

cay. The wealth which had formerly flowed in one channel, was now divided between two, and the innumerable resources which the immediate presence of the sovereign offers in every situation, were at once diverted from Rome and its Campagna by this fatal blow. The villas were abandoned to the charge of agents and slaves, and suffered to fall gradually to decay. Many of the villages were deserted, while others lingered along in a doubtful and precarious existence. The inroads of the barbarians completed the work of destruction. The reigns of Odoacer and of Theodoric, were of too short duration to exercise any permanent influence upon the state of the Campagna, although the first measures of both were directed to the repeopling of the whole of the peninsula. The period which followed was more disastrous than any which this territory, the theatre of so many vicissitudes, had ever witnessed. During forty days, Rome herself was abandoned, and except perhapsa lingering invalid or straggling bandit, the birds of the air were the sole occupants of her forums and her palaces. From this epoch it becomes difficult to follow with accuracy the history either of the town or of the country. During the short interval that elapsed between the Greek conquest and the Lombard invasion, no important change could have taken place in either. The history of the Campagna is lost in that of the city, and the fullest mention that we find of it, is in some of those dry paragraphs, in which the chroniclers of the middle ages so often compressed the record of a long period of suffering and devastation. The invasions of the Saracens, and the havoc of the German wars, though they could have added but little to a measure of suffering already so full, must have been an insuperable obstacle to the return of a better order of things. When the population of Rome itself had dwindled to seventeen thousand souls, it is easy to judge what that of the Campagna must have been. And so pestilential had the atmosphere grown, that the average term of human life is said to have scarcely exceeded forty; rare, very rare, were those cases in which it was drawn out to sixty.

At the return of the Papal court from Avignon, in 1377, the city and the Campagna had reached the lowest point of desolation to which they had even fallen. The monuments of both had been converted into fortresses, where the bandit-noble, secure in the strength of his position, set law and humanity equally at defiance. The whole district had become once more the theatre of petty wars, waged with all the relentlessness of personal animosity. But that too passed away. The reins of government were gradually drawn with a firm grasp. Some grew wearied with their wild and lawless life. Others were allured by the attractions of town, and the softer pleasures of society. A few were crushed by the strong hand of a resolute sovereign. From that period there has been a gradual improvement throughout the Agro Romano, too slow perhaps to be

measured by well-defined steps, but still sufficiently perceptible in its results. The towns of the Alban mount became once more the summer retreat of the rich and the noble. Extensive villas arose on the sites of ancient villages, and in some parts, villages have been formed by the gradual extension of a villa. The immediate vicinity of the city was reduced to cultivation, and filled with vineyards and gardens. The fertile vallies and low lands, that line the rivers, or girdle the base of the mountains, were redeemed by partial tillage. Flocks of sheep and countless herds grazed in safety during the day upon the plain, and were folded at night beneath the shelter of a Roman tomb, or the deserted fortress of a noble. The draining of the Pontine marshes by Pius VI., was attended with the most important consequences for all that portion of the Campagna which lies within the range of their noxious air. Had that vast enterprise been followed by times of peace, and the hand of patient industry applied to the draining and tillage of the marshy sections of the Campagna itself, there is no saying how great a return might already have been made towards its original fertility. As it is, however, enough has already been done to show where the evil lies, and how it may be remedied.

For, let it be borne in mind, that the soil of the Agro Romano is mostly of volcanic origin, intermingled, however, with extensive tracts of calcareous and fluvial formation. The coast, in a line of from three to seven miles inland, is composed of sand and gravel, the gradual deposit of the Mediterranean. The mountains on the right bank of the Tiber, with the exception of the Janiculum, which presents a mixture of volcanic, marine, and fluvial substances, and Soracte, which is purely calcareous, are all volcanic. On the opposite bank, the Alban mount, comprising in its full extent the Algidian, Tusculan, and Villiternian hills, is the only one which exhibits, throughout, positive indications of a purely volcanic origin. The plain partakes of the nature of the highlands, and retains in every part the clearest traces of having been covered with water, at some period anterior to the existence of historical records. Even the unpractised eye can discern, in the softened lines and rounded swell of its tortuous vales, the action of that powerful agent; and it needs scarcely an effort of the imagination to go back to that distant age, when the seven hills spotted like islets the azure surface of the sea, and the recesses of the Alban Mount responded to the sullen dash of its waves.

The outlets of these waters were the Anio and the Tiber, particularly the last, through whose channel they were carried off to the Mediterranean. The powerful action of volcanoes concurred, no doubt, with the simpler causes, raising the soil by the successive accumulation of volcanic matter, and swallowing up lake after lake in the unfathomed abysses of their craters. But even now, as if

regretting their long lost rule, the waters return from time to time to their old domain, and mingling with the mountain torrents, spread unchecked over all the lowlands of the Campagna. The rise of the floods, on these occasions, is so sudden as scarcely to give the inhabitants time to secure their herds. The most promising harvests are sometimes rooted up in the course of one short night, and streams, that but a few hours before hardly trickled over their pebbly beds, rush on with the fury of a headlong river, bearing down trees, bridges, and man himself, in their resistless career.

A variety of opinions has obtained with regard to the real causes of the insalubrity of the Campagna. Recent observations have simplified the question, and the scientific men of Rome appear to have agreed perfectly upon the apparent cause, and to differ only in the manner in which they explain it. Besides the two principal rivers of the Campagna, there are many smaller streams. and shallow pools. Some of these dry up during the heats of summer, or retain only humidity enough to fill the air with vapour. The marshes of the coast are covered with similar exhalations, nor are the Anio, nor the Tiber free from them. So long as the sun continues above the horizon, these vapours, rarefied by the direct action of the rays, are invisible, and, except in some particular spots, harmless. But within a few moments after sunset, the air grows chill, the vapours flow together, become condensed, and fall again upon the earth. This continues for an hour or so after sunset, and in the Campagna and open parts of the city, produces a sudden chill, not unlike that of ague. It is this chill, coming directly after the heat of day, and falling upon the body when the pores are open, that produces the fever.

The question which naturally suggests itself upon a consideration of this fact, is whether miasmata mingle with these vapours, or whether their noxious effects are to be attributed solely to the sudden change which they produce on the system. It was to the solution of this difficult problem that Brocchi directed a long series of cautious experiments. He took the air in its highest state of corruption, and in one of its most dangerous spots. The first analysis seemed to confirm the prevalent opinion, and miasmatic particles were positively detected. But upon renewing the experiment, and collecting the vapour with new precaution, it was found impossible to discover the slightest trace of animal matter. Here then, so far as we know, the question rests at present, and here most probably it must remain until repeated trials shall have shown that there is no ingredient too subtle to escape the test of chemical analysis.

The term fever has been used, in speaking of the *malaria* of the Campagna. It is, it would appear, nothing more than the common fever of low and marshy districts, and manifests itself in either a continued or intermittent form, according to a variety of circumstances which act upon the system, and predispose it to one or the other. The first, though more violent, is less apprehended, if the patient

be within the reach of immediate medical aid. And this accounts for the fatal effects of fever among workmen employedin the remote parts of the Campagna, and at a distance from a properly provided hospital. The intermittent fever causes less alarm to the sufferer, who, from this very circumstance, is apt to neglect it as soon as the fit is over, and thus carry it with him from year to year, until his shattered constitution becomes too feeble to sustain the struggle. But if taken in time, and followed up with proper caution, scarcely any disease, it is said, is more easily overcome. But before the discovery of the searching power of the Peruvian bark, the fever in either form was a far more formidable evil; and the early history of Rome has left a strong proof of its terrific effects, by classing it with the plague, the most loathsome and frightful of all the diseases to which humanity is subject.

There are several curious phenomena connected with the *malaria*. It is, for example, confined to the lowlands. High situations are free from it; and it would be easy to form a scale, presenting at different points of elevation, the gradation of noxious, bad, suspicious, passable, good, and finally, excellent air. Monte Mario, at the gates of Rome, is healthy throughout the year. But as an exception, the village of St. Oreste, which stands midway on the ascent of Mount Soracte, is desolated by autumnal fevers. Here, however, the peculiar construction of the mountain itself offers a plausible reason for the variation. It is a solid mass of rock, with here and there a scanty growth of shrubs and low wood, and without a single spring of fresh water.

The action of trees is another well ascertained fact, and one which will become of the highest importance in all the experiments that may be made for the amelioration of the air. The branches of a thick wood oppose a barrier to the passage of bad air, which, if not complete, is yet far from ineffectual; and the ventilation produced by the motion of their leaves thins, if it does not wholly dissipate, the vapours, which hang like solid masses over the valleys.

The unhealthy season does not commence till towards the middle of July. Until then, the air continues pure, and the shepherds remain with their flocks through nearly the whole of the month of June, taking the remainder of this interim of good air to gain the mountains by slow marches. At this period, the earth is heated almost to burning, by the rays which fall with full force through an atmosphere of the most perfect transparency. The rivers shrink within their narrowest channels. The pools and brooks dry up. The parched ground opens in broad veins. Day after day, and often week after week pass on, and not a cloud dims the atmosphere, not a shower crosses the pathway of the sun. Of a sudden, a small black cloud is seen hovering over the mountain tops, or rising up from the bosom of the sea. It gradually swells, expanding its folds and deep-

ening its hues, till they become of a sullen inky blackness. The air is still as death, and of a stifling heat, which burns upon the skin, and makes it painful even for a person to breathe. Other clouds now rise in every direction, as if called into sudden life from the depths of the sky, but a few minutes since so cloudless and so serene. As the great mass rolls onward, it gathers them to itself, and borne down by its own weight, sinks nearer and nearer to the earth. The first peal of thunder is low, murmuring, and indistinct. A calm, a thrilling, breathless calm, ensues, as if every heart were without a pulse, and every eye were strained, to see where, on whom, the avenging bolt may fall. And well may man tremble, well may he dread the breaking forth of that fearful voice, for who can tell what hearth is to be left desolate, or to whom those brief instants will bring years of bereavement and unavailing sorrow.

The rain, although it falls in torrents, and swells the rivers with a momentary tide, is soon drawn up again by the rays of the sun, and the earth left dry and parched as before. Still, it is only during a few hours now that the heat is oppressive. Hardly a day passes without a breeze from some quarter, which, as night approaches, becomes fresh and reviving. The slightest fall of rain on the mountains is felt in Rome by the immediate change which it produces in the temperature; and a storm there, is often followed by a week of cool weather in midsummer. But the degree of unhealthiness of any particular season depends, in a great measure, upon the autumnal rains. When these are delayed or scanty, the fever obtains a stronger hold, and spreads with greater rapidity. But an early and great fall of water seems to act immediately upon the atmosphere, purifying and cooling it at the same time that it sinks deeply into the earth, renewing the half-drained streamlets, and giving a fuller and healthier current to the larger rivers.

Another fact with regard to the *Malaria*, and one of the most important of all, is, the degree in which it is modified by the presence of a more or less dense population. In Rome, the parts most thickly settled are freest from it; and the increase of inhabitants in one part of the modern city, has been followed by a perceptible change in the salubrity of its atmosphere. It has already been seen, in tracing the history of the Agro Romano, that there, this phenomenon has been twice repeated in the most decisive manner, and under circumstances which leave no reasonable ground for doubt with regard either to the causes or to the extent of the change. It is said, also, that the progress of depopulation in the towns over which this scourge has passed, has, at first, been so slow as to be almost imperceptible. The outskirts are thinned by fevers, which, returning at the return of midsummer or of autumn, gradually compel the inhabitants to retire towards the centre of population, or remove at once to more elevated and salubrious situations. By de-

grees the range of disease extends, drawing a narrower and still a narrower circle around the fated spot. Years may pass away before its hold is made sure, but its violence redoubles as it approaches the centre, and one or two seasons suffice to complete the work of destruction.

The accumulation of vast tracts of land into a single hand; the appropriation to the service of one individual, of what was designed to supply the wants and secure the comforts of many, it is contended, is the great cause of the present desolation of the Campagna, and the obstacle which opposes its return to a more perfect cultivation. The evil too is felt in every part of the community, and is everywhere attended with the same results. It paralyzes the present, it darkens the future. It cuts off the proprietor from the noblest sympathies of our nature, and degrades the workman to a level nearly with the beasts that share in his labours. The consequences of this grand evil are written upon every object that surrounds us. The shores of yonder lake, once sufficient for the support of an entire city, now barely yield a scanty and hard-wrung sustenance to the poor inhabitants of a village.

And here let a few startling facts be stated. The Agro Romano is the property of about one hundred and seventy-seven proprietors, one hundred and thirteen of whom are individuals; the remaining number consists of corporations. Of these, one individual owns fifty-four thousand acres. For the purposes of cultivation, these estates are generally subdivided into farms, which vary in extent from two hundred to ten thousand acres. Each farm contains arable land, meadow land, permanent grazing ground, woods, and underwood. A stone house, which, though composed of many rooms, seldom rises higher than two storeys, a store-house, and a stable, are the only buildings. If you separate these by a large court-yard, which is common to all, and draw around them a high thick wall, the picture of a Roman *casale* will be nearly complete. The wall is often surmounted by a battlement, and the gateway defended by towers.

It is but seldom that the proprietor cultivates his estate upon his own account. Nor could farms of such vast extent be managed by tenants of limited means, who are accustomed to put their own hands to the plough. This state of things has led to the formation of a class of men peculiar to the Agro Romano. They are called *Mercanti di Campagna*, and, as the designation implies, are rather merchants, than simple farmers. They are necessarily men of some fortune. The first investment requires a large capital, and this is actively employed, not merely in cultivation, but in a wide range of commercial circulation. Active and intelligent, they form a sort of independent corporation, knit together by the strong ties of common pursuits and common interests, and which follow with close attention

the fluctuations of commerce through the whole shores of the Mediterranean.

Next to the *Mercante*, comes his overseer, or *ministro*. It is by this man that the immediate business of the farm is conducted. His residence is at the *casale*, and all the inferior labourers receive their orders from him. Seated, from dawn till late in the evening, upon his powerful, high-mettled horse, he rides from one part of the farm to another, examines with his own eyes into the state of every field, superintends the work of the day, and issues the necessary orders for that of the morrow. Several horses, highly fed, await his orders in the stable of the *casale;* his table is supplied with the best of food, and wine, matured by long keeping, crowns his abundant repast.

Besides this division of cares between the *Mercante* and the *Ministro*, there is a still minuter subdivision, by which each department is brought under the immediate direction of a separate chief. There is one for the stud, one for the herd, one for the sheep, one for the day-labourers, and each of these, in turn, is aided in his duties by assistant or under overseers; so that upon the larger farms, there are seldom less than forty individuals, whose entire business is to watch over the work of the common labourers.

These, again, are of different classes. Some are permanent labourers, who are hired by the year, and are treated with peculiar confidence and kindness; and there are others employed simply by the task, at the breaking up of the ground or during harvest. Most of these are inhabitants of different provinces, and generally of the mountains or highlands. Aquila sends out the pioneers of this great army, men skilled in the making of ditches and roads. From Amatrice come the planters of trees, and others taught to form hedges and fences, by interweaving their boughs and dead branches. The Ciociari and Marchigiani are trained to the more painful and perilous task of reaping and sheaving grain under the burning sun of July. The olive orchards are consigned to the care of the Lucchese, natives of a district long renowned for the exquisite quality of its oil; and for the Modenese is reserved a duty, which might almost be envied them by their employers themselves, the trapping and killing of wolves. All of these form independent bands, under the guidance of their respective chiefs. Some of them may be found, as the season for labour approaches, seated in the market places, with a white staff in their hands, and ready to follow their leader wherever he may see fit to conduct them. Others must be sought after in the mountain villages. As soon as the bargain is closed, the *caporale* mounts his horse, and the long train, each person bearing his clothes and provisions for the way, descends, to the sound of gay music, towards the scene of their labours. There, with no other roof than the heavens, that shed their damps and dews so plentifully, except, perhaps, a miserable hovel, and with no bed but the naked earth, they toil from

dawn till nightfall, with scarce an interval of relaxation; and when their task is done, they return, wasted with labour and a noxious atmosphere, their numbers thinned by disease and by death, to restore their strength, and enjoy their hard-earned pittance, upon their native mountains.

One of the most interesting scenes which this form of husbandry and cultivation presents, is at the time of harvest. The reapers are all engaged from year to year, but as the ripening of the grain depends upon the state of the atmosphere, it sometimes becomes necessary to call them down before the usual time for reaping. On these occasions, the hurrying of the agents, the exchange of messengers from the mountains to the lowlands, and from the lowlands to the mountains; the march and encampment of the reapers, give a momentary life to these vast and silent plains. They come, gay, thoughtless of the toil, perchance of the death that awaits them, clad in their wild and picturesque costumes, and bearing in their hands, the yet primitive implements of their labours. The commencement of their task is like the onset of an army, and as you see them advance in a line of eight or nine hundred men towards the immense field of grain that rolls in majestic waves before them, hear their shouts and songs, and behold the flashing of their sickles, you might almost fancy it a battle field before blood has been shed. Every labourer and every member of this vast agricultural household is in motion. The *ministro*, and the *mercante* with his sons, may be seen in every part of the field, spurring their horses to and fro, urging on the slothful, and encouraging the active to greater exertion. The *caporals* of the bands, at once waking and directing their followers, fill the air with their peculiar cries of excitement and of reproof. As the hour of refection draws nigh, the servants come hurrying from the *casale* with bread and wine, and, during the live-long day carts of wine and water slowly move up and down the line, giving each his share of refreshment. And now, as they approach the end of the field, they redouble their efforts, as at the sight of victory. Their songs break forth anew. *Ave Maria, Virgine, Santissima, Vento di ponente*, pass from mouth to mouth; shouts and loud bursts of merriment speak the fulness of their content, and the last thrust of the sickle is hailed with a note of triumph. But meanwhile a car, closely covered, with a bed of straw, stands waiting at the door of the *casale*, to convey to the hospital, or to the grave-yard, those who have sunk under the labours of the day.

In the shepherd's life, all is quiet, simple, monotonously primitive. Plain in their habits, contracted in their views, the horizon of their minds is like that of their lives, and their thoughts never soar beyond it. Yet bold, hardy, and skilful, and living, as it were, in constant communion with nature, it is almost impossible to resist the in-

fluence of those associations with which the poetry of every age has surrounded them.

The Roman shepherd changes his pasturing ground twice a year. In summer he feeds his flock upon the mountains; in winter upon the plain. As he generally returns to the same spots, his dwelling is constructed with more care than the temporary *shanties* of the day-labourers. His winter hut, in particular, is framed with sufficient strength to resist the wind and rain. Still, it is nothing more than a hut, thatched, interwoven with branches, and strengthened with straw and layers of mud. The top rises like a cone, and the cross upon its summit bespeaks the devotion of its simple-hearted tenant. Two doors afford access to the interior; and behind one of them, a private door, so nicely fitted as almost to escape observation, leads to the store-room and treasury of the chief. A double or treble row of berths, the models of which may be found in the cabin of every coaster, are their beds, where they sleep without mattress or covering, and ready to spring up at any instant at the call of their watch. In the centre of the hut, directly under the highest point of the cone, a hearth is sunk half a foot or more below the level of the floor. On each side of this stand two strong stakes, with notches, or in the more luxurious establishments, with iron hooks, for the support of a cross beam, to which they suspend the cauldron, the great implement of their morning and evening labours. The smoke is left to curl and wreathe itself about the walls, and find its way out as it can.

Work begins with the first peep of dawn, and each shepherd carries off his portion of the flock to the spot marked out for the day's pasturage. The dog, shaggy and strong built, fierce, but grave and stately in his pace, moves round with a bold tread among the sheep, who, accustomed to his care, follow him as promptly as he does the call of his master. On reaching the meadow, each takes his stand, the dog at his watch, the sheep spread at will over the field, choosing with unerring instinct the greenest tufts, while the shepherd, stretched upon the grass, beneath the shade of a tree or of a bank, whiles away the long hours with the shrill notes of his bag-pipe, or the still ruder strains of some pastoral song.

As evening comes on, the flock is again gathered together, and follows the steps of the well-known leader along the pathway that leads to the fold. There, all meet, and one by one, each flock is admitted into the netting that marks out their dwelling-place for the night. This is covered with a low roof, divided into equal parts, which communicate with one another by narrow passages. At the side of each of those passages, sits a shepherd with his pail before him, and a small yoke suspended by a string, and so arranged as to fall directly upon the necks of the sheep as they pass, and present their dugs in the most convenient way for milking. The quiet animals crowd around these passages, eager to enter, and each ewe

leaving in turn its tribute of milk, goes through to the night-fold.

Now commences the most important part of the shepherd's labours. The cauldron is attached to its frame, and a fire of brush and boughs is kindled upon the hearth. The milk soon heats, and bubbling up, seems to call for the forming hand of the master shepherd. The first process gives a rich curd of exquisite delicacy, but so pure and light that if left to stand, it soon returns to its original form. Then comes the cheese, the well-known *pecorino*, with which the coasting sailor loves to season his repasts, and gain a higher flavour for his wine. The whey is once more placed upon the fire, and this last action of the revived flame produces the delicious *ricotta*. This supplies the evening board of the shepherds themselves, and a large superabundance, which, with characteristic charity, is distributed to the poor of the neighbourhood. The dogs, too, come in for their share of the whey, their only food, and each lapping his full in turn, quietly gives way to make room for his fellow. The work of the day is now over. The watch of the night stretch themselves in their pens upon the outskirts of the fold, the dogs prowl their round on the alert for the lightest footfall, while the remainder of the band lay them down in their wicker berths, to resume, at the earliest flush of day, the unvarying round of their quiet duties.

The facilities for deriving an income from this source, have blinded the Roman landholder to the more important objects of agricultural enterprise. The soil of the Campagna is peculiarly fitted for the production of grain, a species of culture which would eventually lead to a division of farms upon a smaller scale, and one better adapted to the real progress of the people. Of this truth government seems to have been fully aware, and the laws and edicts which have been formed with this view, ever since the return of the papal court from Avignon, present a singular contrast between the selfishness and narrow aims of the landholders, and the enlarged and judicious sentiments of government. It is not here meant that the latter has been always in the right by its mode of reasoning, or that the rules presented have invariably been the best adapted to the object proposed. In more than one instance, the ruling power has erred from an indistinct conception of some of the primary laws of political economy; in many, too, it has failed from an unwise assumption of authority. Nor in the absence of certain essential securities, can the landlord be always blamed for having failed to join heart and hand in the exertions of his sovereign. Here, as elsewhere, there have been mistakes of judgment and errors of conduct on both sides, and the blame should be shared between them, though this cannot justly be done in equal proportions. As a curious chapter in legislative history, a brief recapitulation of leading features may be acceptable.

One of the earliest proofs of the importance attached by government to the cultivation of grain, is contained in the *motu proprio* of Gregory XII., dated the 15th November, 1407. Fifty-three years later, Sixtus IV., in the plenitude of his power, gave free permission to every comer to cultivate, for his own use, all tracts not planted, let who might be the real owner of the soil. Arbitrary and unjust as this measure was, it led to some beneficial results; many planting in self-defence, and others under the sanction of the law. But the first act deserving of more serious attention, inasmuch as it manifests a juster sense of the rights of property, and a clearer perception of the true principles of political economy, was a decree of Clement VII., which secured to every planter the right of choosing his own market, whenever the amount of grain raised exceeded a given quantity. The constitution of Pius V., of the 11th of October, 1566, was dictated in the same spirit, and vassals wereprotected against the arbitrary monopolies of their feudal lords. Sixtus V. and Paul V. added the weight of their voices, by new acts of legislation; but the false principles which prevailed at the board of Annona, invariably counteracted every wish of the sovereign. The same causes rendered abortive the efforts of Alexander VII., and of the two Benedicts, XIII. and XIV., in many respects so judicious and well directed. Pius VI., whose enlarged mind and liberal views are apparent in nearly all the secular enterprises in which he embarked, renewed or confirmed the right of free exportation. He caused also an exact survey to be made of the Agro Romano, and adopted it as the basis of the land tax; and although, by attempting to fix the rotation of culture and fallow by positive laws, he put a new and unnecessary restraint upon the immediate cultivation; yet, so correct were his views in the main, that the quantity of land planted with grain was far greater, during his reign, than it ever had been before or has ever been since. The population of the capital also rose to 165,000 souls. Pius VII. followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. He reduced the powers of the tribunal of the Annona, confirmed the free exportation of produce, and held out the double excitement of rewards and of penalties to the owners and tillers of the soil. By a second decree, he aimed more directly the coercive powers with which he was invested, as absolute sovereign, against the *latifundia*, or large estate; and in hope of awing the avarice of the proprietors, subjected them to an extraordinary tax. Finally, returning once more to this subject, in his *motu proprio* of the 15th September, 1802, he traced a plan for the gradual reduction of the whole Agro Romano to a complete state of cultivation. The course upon which he fixed, whatever may be thought of its practicability, is too singular to be overlooked. The villages of the Agro Romano, as well as the capital, are surrounded with villas and vineyards. Taking these as a starting point, he

drew round them an imaginary zone of a mile in breadth. All the land contained within the limits of this zone, was to be planted and reduced to permanent culture and croppings within a reasonable time. As soon as the first belt had been completed, a second was drawn around it as a new starting place; and this process was to be continued, until, by the successive extension of these cultivated zones, the whole territory had been reduced to the highest degree of cultivation of which it is susceptible. It is hardly necessary to add, that the misfortunes which soon after began to fall so fast and so heavily upon the head of the pontiff, left him no time to bring his ingenious system to the severe test of experience.

In spite, therefore, of this formidable array of edicts and decrees, the landlords have triumphed. The produce of grazing is sure, and the process simple; whereas tillage requires many hands, a large outlay, constant supervision, and is after all more exposed to the chances of the season. At its highest point it has never extended to three-fourths of the arable land.

Such are a few general sketches of the climate, the culture, and the condition of the country around Rome. It would not be a difficult task to traverse this territory as the sentimentalist; to indulge in fancies of the most interesting character with regard to its past history, and even to give reins to the imagination about its coming destinies that would occupy many embellished pages. Whether one takes the retrospect, the aspect, or the prospect in relation to Rome, there is hardly an end for profound thought and deep emotion. But we refrain, and conclude in the words of an eloquent writer. "Rome still stands—changed, but scarcely humbled, amid the solitudes of her own creation."

ART. II.—*Einleitung in Rom's alte Geschichte.* Von Dr. K. L. BLUM. Berlin, 1844.

WE have in an article in the preceding number of this Review, (Rome's Early History), endeavoured to show that the life of the first Roman historians falls in a time when Greek life and spirit began to touch Rome already on all sides. We are even told that it was a Greek who first penned the origin and early history of Rome, and that Fabius Pictor had followed him in nearly all points (Plut. vit. Rom. 3, p. 19; 8, 22,) that Greek is well known to have been Diocles from the island Peparethos. We know not when he lived; but it is hardly imaginable that Rome should have attracted the notice of the Greeks, before the happy issue with the war with Pyrrhus. The work of Diocles would thus fall in the time between the termination of the war with Pyrrhus and the beginning of the second Punic war.

If it be therefore true, that Fabius had followed in the first part of his historical sketch, the Greek writer, Diocles, who could not have been much older than himself, we cannot help thinking, that a Roman of that time who owed his information and education to the Greeks, acquired them more by the way of a lively personal intercourse, than the closet study of dead books. It is well known that the Alexandrine school had issued a canon of the classical works in Greek literature generally, by which means the better educated classes were enabled to acquire the choicest compositions in that language, without fear of wasting their time and money in inferior or even useless works.

But such a selection was not yet made at the time we are talking of, so that the possession of good and solid knowledge could hardly be said to have been acquired by means of studying books. But there can be no doubt on the other hand, that the personal intercourse with the educated Greeks, must have been of paramount influence on such an active warrior and statesman as Fabius was. If we possessed, therefore, a safe guide to the spirit and character of Greek literature and culture of that time, we might easily also find the clue to the spirit which pervaded the work of Fabius. Unfortunately, however, but little has descended to us of the works of the Greek writers who had flourished under the successors of Alexander until the second Punic war; even the Greek history we possess of that time, belongs to the most imperfect and obscure writings of historical antiquity. Still, even that little throws great light upon the spirit in which the ancients treated history generally, and more especially as regards the influence they exercise on the Roman historians at large.

As the first historian among the Greeks, we may consider Hecateus of Miletus, who lived in the time of Darius and Xerxes. His native place was situated in a part which has probably produced and fostered the first singers of Greek exploits. In that charming tract of land which extends along the western coast of Minor Asia, a lively intercourse and stirring life existed from the very nature of its situation, such as we observe in the early periods of Greek history. Connected towards the interior with rich nations by commerce, and endowed in their own province with manifold productions of nature, the inhabitants found very early, by means of the neighbouring sea, facilities to carry on trade with Egypt and Phœnicia, while towards the north the commercial intercourse was still more attractive on account of the towns being inhabited by people of the same descent. All these circumstances could certainly thus not have failed to develop in the active and lively Ionians, and other inhabitants of Minor Asia, a spirit of enterprise such as was hardly seen among other nations.

To all this, was furthermore added the favourable circumstance of a mixed population of the most different races, both of foreign and Greek extraction; it was consequently also the confluence of the most different worships, and with them also the most various views on life and its relations. Here, of course, all the facilities were afforded to the rational man to *think* and *reflect* on the truths of the traditions of so many conflicting views and opinions. Religion was here opposing religion, tradition was at variance with tradition, and opinion with opinion; what wonder if man was here early roused by force of circumstances to serious reflections on the vital principles of his abstract and moral existence, looking down on the immense mass of religious traditions with a rather doubtful and incredulous eye.

Among such thinking characters, was that great early historian who ventured on the stage of criticism with his work, which he introduces to the reader with the significant words:—"He, Hecateus, writes what seems to him true, there being too many and too absurd stories current among the Hellens." (Demetr. de Eloc. 12.) And in this sense he actually treats the old sayings and traditions, by which he renders his work palatable even to a thinking reader.

How closely he has been followed in his views of the historical truth of those traditions, by his immediate successors, is evident from the works of Herodotus, who by his very attempts to refute the views of Hecateus, betrays the great importance he attaches to them. But it happened to the early Greeks, as it did to our philosophers in the last century, who, stimulated by the new spirit of inquiry, carried their doubts even beyond the limits of man's narrow sphere of comprehension; thus it was with the new spirit of reflection, doubt and disbelief, which had introduced itself among the Greeks, when their historians began flatly to reject as absurd and untrue all the traditions of their forefathers, and in a sweeping manner accommodated them to their own peculiar views and opinions. They had no notion whatever of the fact, that all nations have their ancient and early times, in the mysteries of which no later eye is able to penetrate, and that some of the mysteries and enigmas which are preserved to posterity, receive their importance only from that oraculous character they wear.

Thus Hecateus, however great our admiration is for him as the founder of a free historiography, has on the other hand, gone too far with his rational explanations of the early religious traditions, to meet with our critical approval. (Comp. Pausan. Lacon. 25.)

Such rational attempts are still more pronounced by the historians who pretended at the same time to instruct in political wisdom, and more especially by those of the school of orators and eloquence, who pretended more to specious language than historical truth. Among these latter stood uppermost, *Ephorus*. After the creations of early

devotion had lost all their signification, it was thus but natural to convert images called forth by enthusiasm and spiritual associations, into mere manifestations of earthly and corporeal figures; to lend to them the flat reality of history, in the place of the substance of sublime abstraction which they had lost. This was especially done by Ephorus (Ephor. frag. p. 52), and to this his dry attempt at historical representation, he owes probably a great part of his fame among the ancients. The new way he opened found, however, general approval, and was variously imitated by his countrymen. In his (Ephorus') old age, Alexander's rashness opened the far East to the Greeks, and with it also a vast field of fictions and wonderful tales to our honest historian. We may fairly say, that at the time of Alexander's appearance, the Greek world had nearly exhausted her own mines of wonders and miracles, in sketches, tales, and stories of all sorts, but that Alexander's conquests replenished those stores with new provisions of miraculous traditions and fictions from the remote East.

With Alexander thus began a new period in the arts and sciences, which we should be more able to appreciate, were we in possession of more specimens of the literature of that period. His conquests claimed, more than any previous event, the attention and reflection of the Greek writers. At the same time that they found something amusing and surprising in the new Eastern tales, they gradually accustomed themselves to a closer study of foreign customs, manners, views and opinions.

But no one of the whole fraternity of writers had made a better use of those new tales, in properly amalgamating them with the Greek spirit, than the man remarkable to us in a double point of view. First, for his bold attack and overthrow of the old systems of mythology, and giving in his researches that new and ingenious direction which guided the subsequent historians in their inquiries into the fables, traditions, and mythologies of foreign nations. Secondly, for his style; his work being probably the first that was written in Greek, and translated into Latin in prose. His name is *Euhemerus*, and his book was known under the title: *Sacred history*.

It is very common for writers treating of the literature of that period, to pass over in silence that historian and his work, though the frequent mention of his name by Greek and Latin writers, both in the classical time, as well as in that of the fathers of the church, ought to have given a better notion of the vast influence he exercised on the comtemporary, and even later, literatures of the ancient world; and so indeed he did, when we consider him a little more closely.

Euhemerus was probably born at Messene, in the Pelepo-

nese.* Of his life we know nothing beyond what he tells us himself: that he enjoyed the friendship of Cassandro. By this, he appears as the contemporary of Epicurus, with whose views he does not seem to have disagreed.

This work, we know only from some fragments; and if Pliny (H. N. xxxvi. 12) names him among the writers of the Pyramids, he no doubt merely alludes to a few observations and remarks that he may have made on them incidentally in his work, *Sacred History*.

In inquiring into the possible contents of his work, for which he seems to have been universally decried as an Atheist, we find that he had most ingeniously applied the mania of his time, of reading and listening to adventures of travels and stories about miraculous countries, to the best form of state and religion, on which he descanted in the style of an amusing novel. We scarcely need observe, that his views on the subject coincided with those of the great array of philosophers who have laid down their plans and systems of the construction of the best state, in particular works, and that he had in the form, already a predecessor in Xenophon, in his work on the Education of Cyrus.

Euhemerus relates, that as a friend of Cassandro, he had travelled at his order and in his affairs, to the south; and having sailed from Arabia Felix into the vast ocean, he arrived after many days' sailing, at three islands. One of them was the famous *Panchaia*. The inhabitants were distinguished for piety, as the country was for beauty and fertility. (Euseb. Præpar. Evangel. ii. 2.) All that a lively imagination can fancy and conjure up that is pleasing and charming, has been lavished by the author, in the description of this island, and more especially of its capital and its environs. (Diodor. v. 41 sq.) Several miles distant from it, so he reports, lies a temple of Zeus, while the sacred field round about, is overshadowed with trees, some pleasant to the eye and others bearing fruit sweet to the palate. Among the former, are a vast number of overgrown cypress, palm, laurel, and myrtle-trees; neither is there lack of water in any point, while within the holy district, a huge fountain pours out sweet water in such a quantity, and to such an extent, as to form a navigable river. As this river meanders on all parts, and waters all the surrounding fields, long tufty groves

* His native place is differently given by different writers. Some name as such *Acragas* (Clem. Alex. p. 7; Arnob. advers. gent. iv. 29); others *Cos* (Athen. xiv. 77, p. 658); and others *Tegea* (Plut. de Placit. Philosoph. i. 7.) Polybius, however, (in Strab. ii. p. 104) calls him a Messenian; and his testimony ought to be of some importance, since he was himself from that neighbourhood; the same is also maintained by Ælian; v. H. ii. 31; Lact. Div. instit. 1, ii.; and even by Plutarch, de Isid. and Osirid. c. 25.

have grown up; a resting place for a great many men during the heat of the summer days, and a receptacle for a vast number of birds, to delight the eye with their dazzling plumes, and the ear with their enchanting song. Also various plantations and meadows, adorned with green plants and flowers, are there, besides many nut-trees, and various sorts of vines, affording a pleasant sight and light food. Here we could almost fancy to read the description of Paradise, by Mahomet. But it is evidently a dexterous introduction to his following system.

He started from the point of view, that man's life was originally uncivilized, and that some individuals endowed with superior strength of body and mind, had established their authority beyond any control: and the vulgar at least carried their admiration so far as to set them up as deities; or considered them at least as men endowed with divine faculties. (Sext. Empir. ix. 17, p. 552.) Those divine individuals, where could they live more happy than in that happy island? With the ancients as well as us, there was a belief in a golden age, when man spent his life in innocent pleasure, and ignorance of worldly cares, in the most pleasing region of lovely nature; and this, Euhemerus describes in such lively colours, that in reading it we are at first easily deluded into the supposition that he had in all reality met with such a pleasant spot in his travels. True to his plan, he makes those divine men, whom he conjured down by his magic pencil from the Olympus to his island, perform such deeds as to explain the adoration which the multitude evinced for them, and even built holy temples for their worship. But not to leave the reader in any doubt as to to the real humanity of the supposed gods, the narrator introduces inscriptions relative to the life, labours, and death of those men, made by Hermes himself. Nay, what is still more, Euhemerus states still further, that in the country where those deified men had lived, there lived still in his time, a most happy people who worshipped the former with the most costly offerings and sacred donations of gold and silver.

To remove from the minds of the readers all doubt as to the truth of his narration, he enters into the most minute particulars of the moral and political life of that happy people, which he depicts in perfect harmony with the received traditions concerning their ancestors. The population is divided into three classes; at the head of whom stand the priests, while all had their property in common, except the houses and gardens, which were private property; everything else, either gained or produced, was equally distributed by the priests to all the inhabitants, after they had taken a double portion for themselves. All wore costly garments of gold. The soldiers defended the country against foreign invasions, and sang to the gods, sacred songs.

We see here a fragment of a sketch on state and government,

which the author has no doubt completed and carried through a perfect system. Zeus he certainly represents in all his glory, (probably not to hurt the popular feeling), but he destroys, on the other hand, his divinity, by showing diplomatically that he was only a man. The other popular deities, he treats still worse. He thus relates of the Aphrodite, that it was she who first introduced illicit love, and made, moreover, a profession of it, not to appear before the other women as impudent and passionate. *Cadmus* he makes a cook of a king of Sidon, who eloped with Hermione, the king's musician (a flute player). The character of the ancient female flute-players is well know. That Euhemerus continued in this satirical strain to ridicule the whole body of gods and heroes, cannot be doubted, when we consider the inveterate hatred with which he was persecuted by nearly all the writers of antiquity.

By the later writers he was usually branded with the epithet, the *most wicked of the wicked*, (Theophil. Ant. ad. Autol. 1, iii. fol. 267), who annihilates the whole region of religion, who has spread his infidelity throughout the world. But on the other hand, he serves to the early fathers of the church, as a proof of the absurdity of the ancient mythology. Clemens of Alexandria, (Strom. p. 7) however, expresses himself most handsomly on him, saying that "he is astonished to see Euhemerus, and many more of his way of thinking, branded as wicked unbelievers, when, in fact, they have led a far wiser life, and entered more acutely into the errors of the mythology, than any other men; and [continues he] though they were still far from knowing positive truth, yet had they already conjectured the errors of religion, which is the finest tinder to the light of true knowledge."

If we ask, how it then happened, that a man who flatly denied the existence of the ancient gods should, nevertheless, allow the citizens of his invented state, to grow happy, blessed, and prosperous in their worship of these false gods; we refer in reply, to the spirit of his age. The states life of the Greeks, had nearly everywhere been on its decline, and on its ruins had risen new forms and views of political life, altogether at variance with the previous opinions of ancient glory and excellence. The less the present order of things answered the old exigencies, the more is it natural for one of the old school to create a state of his own, apart from the real existing one, where his claims and views may meet with more satisfactory results. Indeed, in most of the thinkers of that time, we find that propensity of conjuring up phantom states from their own imagination, and turning their eyes from the real existing. Thus, also, with Euhemerus.

His island, Panchaia, several other writers have sought for, and have proved that it never existed. (Strab. ii. p. 104; Plut. de Is. et Osir. c. 25.) But there are others, on the other hand, who

maintained that his views of the gods were so in harmony with the spirit of the age, that they exercised the greatest influence even on the historians. We cannot, therefore, wonder to see a Greek who lived soon after Euhemerus, Diocles of Peparethus, treat the Roman traditions and religious views, quite in the way of the former. The same method of treating old sayings and mythological fables, became from that time also the fashion among almost the whole tribe of the Greek historians. A bare look at the extant fragments of that period, suffices to convince us of the fact.

That the Romans had, at the very outset of their historiography, pursued the same method, is evident from the fact, that their first historian had blindly followed Diocles, in the same way as he was again in his turn followed by the subsequent writers. There must, indeed, have been in that method, something that was pleasant and attractive; Ennius was the first to supply the Romans with a translation of a Greek prose-work,—that of Euhemerus.

There can be no doubt that the translation has had the desired effect, and has remained in memory for many centuries. His design, Ennius plainly expresses in his well-known verses, that the gods care but little about man and his affairs, &c. (Arnob. iv. 29; Lactant. D. H. ii.; August. v. ii. 27.

In looking at the course which the treatment of Roman history had taken from that time, we find that the easy, pleasing style and form of Fabius found more favour than the rather heavy way of investigation pursued by Cincius. Upon the whole, we can say that with a few exceptions, nearly all the writers contented themselves with the traditions noticed down by those early poets and historians, or even Fabius alone, to which they usually affixed or added a few more incidents drawn from some family archives, or the occurrences of the day. Nearly the same process was pursued by our chroniclers in the middle ages, who began their works with the creation of the world, and passing in review all the principal events in former days, as related by some previous historian of repute, whom they copied almost literally; while their own sketches usually only begin with the occurrences of their own times. We will take a brief survey of those writers who have attempted to enrich the knowledge of Roman antiquity, by critical inquiries of their own.

The first that attracts our notice is *Cato*, that strict censor, who stood equally high as senator, orator, and general. In his old age he wrote an historical work in seven books; the first embraced the history of Rome's Kings; the second and third, the origin of Italy's towns; the fourth contained the first Punic war, and the fifth, the second. All those events were told briefly, as also the subsequent wars until the year 600 U.C., which had been sketched in the two last books.

It is a very startling fact, that Cato has entirely omitted the long

and glorious period of Rome, from the banishment of the Kings to the first Punic war. What might have been the cause of it? Did he think, that the whole of that important period had already been well described by another person? Or, did he consider the events of the period far beneath his notice, which we might justly infer from his words: "that he had no desire to describe the events noted down upon the tablets of the Pontifex Maximus, such as: how dear corn was, or how often the sky was overcast with mists and clouds?" But we do not see, on the other hand, why we should except from that category the period of the Kings, which he has notwithstanding deemed worthy of being described. At all events, he has not drawn his accounts of the latter from any new sources, since the fragments of the first book plainly show, that he treated the origin and early history of Rome quite in the Greek sense, and that he had consequently not deviated in the main points from his predecessors.

The building of the city, Cato places in the year 432 after the destruction of Troy, which falls—as Dionysius observes (i. 74)—in the VII. 1 Olymp., after the calculation of Eratosthenes. He thus follows in this, the Greek writers before him. In the same way follows he his predecessors, and more especially Fabius, in the story about Romulus and Remus. Nay, even in his description of the legislation of a king, such, ex. gr., as Servius Tullius, whose memory must have been of the highest importance to him, he hardly appears ever to have deviated from his predecessors. In the same way as he supposed the early inhabitants of Latium to have been Achæans, in like manner receives he in his later books the anecdotes about the foundation of the towns of Greca Magna, without any critical inquiry and examination as to their truth. Indeed, what else can we expect from a man who has spent his whole life in agriculture, states concerns, accusations and informations of all sorts, and who had only in the evening of his life acquired some literary knowledge by his late study of the Greek language and literature, which he had previously despised and even denounced? Neither can it be denied, that he had a more particular private view in the task he had undertaken, than that of clearing up Rome's early times by new inquiries. He boasts himself (Plut. vit. Cat. 20, p. 388,) that he had written the histories with his own hand and in large letters, for the self-instruction of his children in the affairs at home and abroad. Should these histories have in reality formed the first books of his *Origines* (which he continued until his death,) we should have a clue to the point of view from which we ought to start in judging of the value of his inquiries on the subject.

Still less satisfactory than Cato's critical inquiries and investigations, are those of the writers of the subsequent times. Generally speaking, the whole period between the end of the second Punic war and the commotions of the Gracchii, is very poor in historical writers.

It is not improbable that the mania for Greek fancy literature, of which the Romans seemed to be possessed ever since the famous Athenian embassy (Gell. vii. 14), had supplanted the more serious and profound study of home history.

Upon *Piso*, the next important historian, Greek literature seems however to have exercised but little or no influence whatever. He wrote *Annals* of vast extent, and in which he seems to have sketched the later events with such a fidelity, as to have served as a perpetual source and authority for the subsequent writers; though original research into Rome's early history was as little peculiar to him as to any other writer of his time. L. Calpurinus Piso was a highly esteemed statesman, and had even been entrusted with the censorship, on account of which he was called *Frugi*. But his attempts to lend to his historical character moral and brave virtues, betray more a moral than critical sense for historical inquiries, where he even charges himself with subtle and sophistical conjectures. He thus makes Romulus a moral hero, who abstains from drinking too much wine at the table, to be better able to go through the business of the next day. The anecdote of the treason of Tarpeia is well known. She had promised to open the citadel of Rome to the Sabines, for their golden bracelets. *Piso*, however, does not allow her to commit treason, but that in concert with Romulus, she outwitted the Sabines by promising them the delivery of the citadel, if they were to give away in return what they bore on their left arms,—not specifying the *bracelets* by name, but which they mistook for the bracelets, while she meant their arm-shields.

By the old and simple poets, who cared but little about chronological accuracies, Tarquinius (the tyrant) is given out as the son of the elder Tarquinius, while Piso shows by calculation, that he was the grandson of the latter.

Neither can we form a better opinion of the researches of Cassius Hemina, who, though he seems to have been very familiar with the Greek language and literature, was even more than any of his predecessors partial to the Greek way of subtile definitions. In the same judgment must we also include his contemporaries, and a great many of his immediate successors; at least, we can make an honourable exception only with regard to C. Licinius Macer, in his researches with regard to the history of the Republic, but by no means to that of the Kings. One only, Claudius, if he be the same mentioned by Cicero, (de legg. 42.) seems to have entered with a spirit of criticism into the untruths and arbitrary falsification of the early part of the Roman history. Claudius declared that the old documents had perished in the flames in the Gallic conflagration, while the new ones had been forged by men who wished to flatter certain individuals without name or family. (Plut. vit. Num. pr.) The other historians deviated in so far only from the records previous to that confla-

gration, that they placed in their stead occurrences invented by themselves. Thus, Valerius Antias, probably because he deemed poetical embellishments indispensible in the life of a hero, causes Romulus and Remus to be secretly, at the expense of their grandfather, instructed at Gabii, in the Greek and Latin arts and sciences.

It is superfluous to accumulate here instances to prove the fact. The only question that suggests itself here, is, whether a more critical way of historical research existed among the Romans, in the later periods, when the better educated classes began to perceive the want of a *real* history of their country, and consequently to feel the necessity of supplying it by impartial investigations—we allude to the time of Cicero, when a few distinguished historians, such as Nepos, Varro, and Atticus—actually entered the new sphere of historical inquiries, with more sense for truth and fact, than did their predecessors.

Titus Pomponius Atticus, that noble and sensible Roman, who had devoted the whole of his quiet life apart from the tumults of the active and busy world, to the study of ancient times, and the literary intercourse with the most distinguished characters of his own time; that really great Roman—we say—felt most keenly the importance of possessing a *true* history of his people; he most vehemently urged his countrymen on to the composition of such a work, while he himself laid the first hand to it. His work contained a brief sketch of all the events of the world, during the last seven centuries, and he enlarged more especially on all subjects of Roman history, laws, treaties of peace, wars, as also on the origin of some of the patrician families; and in short, on all that he deemed remarkable. This work, however much Cicero extols it, would have been of more importance to us, if extant, than it ever was to the Romans themselves, since he (Atticus) admits himself, that that work was the fruit of his study of the ancient annals.* He has thus, not made use of old inscriptions, or other monuments, but simply of the old historical works. Still we may reasonably expect, from a man of such a delicate and refined taste as that of Atticus, that he had studied those annals with more circumspection, care, acuteness, and critical sense, than any of his predecessors. That acuteness he betrays already, in his derision of the story of Romulus and Remus, and so he does his critical sense, in his remarks on Coriolanus, preserved to us by Cicero. (Brut. 9, 10.) The profundity he shows here is no doubt also displayed in many other places of his work, which seems, however, to have had the form of a tabular chronicle but little in accordance with the

* This he plainly says, if we consider in their due connection, the following words in Cic. Brut. 4; "Nam ut illos de republica libros edidisti, nihil a te sane postea accepimus: eisque nosmet ipsi ad veterum annalium memoriam comprehendendam impulsi atque incensi sumus."

popular taste; neither is, indeed, his name hardly ever mentioned by any of the later historians.

A similar work was composed by Cornelius Nepos, the friend of Atticus. It bore the name *Chronica*, and we scarcely know now, with any degree of certainty, its real contents. It seems, however, to have, like the former, treated of universal history, without neglecting at the same time, the early history of Rome. Even by the testimony of Cicero, he must have been a fine writer of delicate taste. (ad Attic. xvi. 5.) In his researches, however, of Rome's early days, he did not seem to have entered with sufficient profundity, as he not only makes Demaratos, with the other writers, the father of the elder Tarquinius, but describes even very minutely his flight. To judge from his biographies and a few isolated narrations in Pliny, (H. N. xxxv. 3) he was by no means a profound thinker; but rather a tasteful writer, and a man of refined sense, who well digested what he read and heard, and remoulded a fact or story into a pleasant style, rather than throw light upon its truth, or fallacy, by thorough investigation.

Of a quite different spirit and character was Varro, a man who was indefatigable and restless in his research of all that time and fiction had enveloped in obscurity and mysterious doubts. But he lacked due temperance and soberness in his inferences; he jumped too hastily at conclusions, while his style wants energy. He wrote numerous works, among which were a great many on the early history of Rome. But fragments have descended to us of his books on Agriculture and the Latin tongue. But the numerous accounts and observations from his pen on Rome's early history, command our highest respect for his antiquarian knowledge, and we cannot help sharing with the ancients our admiration for his erudition.

Varied as the subjects were on which he wrote, in the course of his long life, he always seems to have recurred in each of them to his favourite study, the antiquities, customs, and origin of his own people. At one time he busies himself with the antiquities of the city, at another time with the customs and manners of his nation, or with the worship of the gods, martial affairs, games, poets, theatres, and in short with any subject that formed an item in Rome's greatness. Cicero, (Acad. quæst. i. 3,) therefore, beautifully observes of Varro, that his books have taught the Romans to know who, what, and where, they were.

Varro was also a man of intense feelings. This he evinces in some of his views on religion. The ancient nations, he says, had, during 170 years, worshipped the gods without any image whatever; and, adds he, had this form of religion remained, the worship would have been purer than it is now. Nay, he even asserts that those who first introduced images among the nations, have robbed them of all respect and reverence. (Aug. de Civ. Dei., iv. 31.)

He must, moreover, be also considered as the man who has done more than any to clear up Rome's antiquities. He was the first to steer a different course from the old *Annals*, and to weigh and sift every fragment and remnant of Rome's antiquities, with some spirit of unprejudiced and impartial criticism. It is this feature that renders him great in our eyes, and for which he commands our respect and admiration, notwithstanding his paying some homage still, to the received errors and prejudices, among which is his making Æneas introduce the *Penates* from Phrygia to Italy, according to the old tradition. In the same sense, he also composed his history of the Trojan family, in which he derives the name of the *Palatine* mountain, from *Pallantia*, daughter of Euandros. The same surprising piece of *un*criticism, he also shows in many other etymological remarks; ex. gr., he derives the Sabines, from the Greek *Sebasthai*, and *Lusitania*, from the companion of Bacchus, *Lusus* or *Lysus*.

To the class of these historical inquirers belongs Livy, whose works as they are mostly extant, are even of more importance to us than those of Varro. In the history of Livy, we see everywhere the influence which the discoveries and definitions of Varro and his colleagues concerning Rome and her people, have exercised on his mind. He never omits to quote in proof or refutation of some fact or opinion, monuments of a different character than mere annals or other written documents of the same nature. Neither is he remiss in showing the uncertainty, and the inauthenticity of some authors and authorities, as well as in his complaints of better and more safe information (V. 1, 21; vii, 6; viii. 6, 40).

To doubt in his intentions and attempts to be true and authentic, would be wrong. But whether his complaint of the want of better information be correct, is a different question, and which we must answer in the negative. In considering the various proofs given by Pliny of the preservation of old monuments, we can by no means suppose that that want was so great as complained of by Livy and others. It is on the contrary, he, (like most of the ancient historians) who wanted himself, perseverance, patience, and even dexterity to be initiated into the old writings, and to draw from them by dint of explanation, comparison, and inferences, results of which the ancients hardly had any notion whatever. The besetting sin of Livy, the most celebrated Roman historian, is his carelessness or negligence. He had no knowledge even of the important document of the early alliance between Rome and Carthage, which Polybius had preserved, of that treaty of commerce in the first year of the Republic. And yet, he was not ignorant of the work of Polybius, for he nearly copied him verbatim. Nay, more, he shows that negligence even in his translation of Polybius. This fault, however, he shares with most of the eminent historians, and more especially with the Romans. Their

reflections were too much given to the present, to enter more accurately into the spirit of the preceding ages; even Sallust neglected to collect the necessary materials and informrtion for his history of Rome, but had them compiled together with the obsolete words by a grammarian (a Greek! a certain Atteius Philologus.)

In Livy in particular, the great hurry is visible with which he skipped over the early times of Rome. The whole of the obscure period of the Kings, he thus compressed in one single book, the weakest of the whole work, while the long time from the beginning of the Republic until the war with Pyrrhus, is despatched by him in the next ten books, to leave the following 130 books for the delineation of Rome's purely historical time. The ancients in short, cared more about style and subject, than research and inquiry. And in the former (diction) there is certainly much more vigor, freshness, dignity and penetration, than in most of our modern historians.

Considering Rome's history from that bright side, there is certainly in it something great, brilliant, and noble, which corresponds with the great and mighty deeds, which we even now admire in the ancient Romans. They took pleasure not only in accomplishing great things, but also to *tell* those achievements to their fellow citizens and to posterity, in a dignified way, worthy of those actions, or in a pleasing style and form to amuse their age. Rome's earliest historians had already given the example for such a proceeding, which was followed by many distinguished writers for many centuries after. Had these histories been preserved to us, even to the life of Hadrian written by himself, we should now be in possession of the finest and grandest specimens of historical excellence during three centuries and a half, written in the most pleasing and varied forms possible. It would also enable us to appreciate more duly the earlier historians, than did Cicero (de legg. 1, 2), who calls them all *sober and dry*. To us, who are less blinded by the parade of public eloquence, every one of these early historians would, in his simplicity, be a welcome representative of the spirit of the age he lived in.

Cicero's age was too busy in giving a gloss and polish to language, which the Romans so greatly admired in the Greek speakers, to relish the simple and natural style of the earlier writers. But when that gloss had in course of time lost its artificial novelty, a reaction took place among the better educated in favour of the simple but energetic diction of the earlier historians. This is particularly seen in Gellius. It was by no means a degeneration of taste, but a repletion with what was too refined and too artificially dressed.

The little we now possess of those early writers, inspires us with a desire for the whole, and a wish that more had been saved. Most of them were not only *writers*, but also *actors* in those great events they described, a circumstance which greatly enhances the value of those histories.

There was first of all, Cato, what a man! Of his larger work, *Origines*, even Cicero (Brut. 17) asks, "whether there be wanting in it the flower and ornaments of eloquence?" though he seems afterwards to have bowed to the contrary opinion of Atticus (ibid. 85; comp. de Orat. ii. 12.) Not less respected was the friend and patron of Ennius, M. Fulvius Nobilior, who after having triumphed over the Ætolians, wrote the History of Rome as far as his own times. Indeed, nearly all the Greek statesmen were historians, and among them Cato's younger contemporaries, A. Postumius Albinus, L. Libo, and L. Calpurnius Piso. The simple and pleasant style of the latter is much extoled by Gellius. Of the succeeding writers, C. Fannius, who had served under P. Scipio Æmilianus in Africa, is particularly singled out by Cicero, as having written with taste and eloquence, as also Cœlius Antipater, his contemporary, of whom Cicero says, that his style is far more spirited and lively than that of any of his predecessors.

But the general spirit with which those historians treated the subjects of their own time, may be inferred from the remarks of a man, whom Atticus—in the usual sweeping way—brands as tedious and ignorant. This was no other than Caius Sempronius Asellio, who had served under the younger P. Scipio Africanus, as tribune of war before Numantia, and had written the events of his own time. Dionysius calls him, together with Cato, the most sensible of all Roman historians; while Sempronius observes of him, that "he was not content to relate what had happened, but endeavoured to illustrate likewise the end for which, and the manner in which, it took place. For to write, under what consul the war had begun, and how it was finished; who had the honours of triumph, or what had happened in the war; what the Senate had in the meanwhile resolved, or what law had been enacted—is nothing more than to tell stories to little children."

Those men may, indeed, have been rather simple and artless in their style and way of representation, but this deficiency of diction was fully supplied afterwards, when under the auspices of the younger Scipio, Greek literature became current at Rome. From that time, we see a whole array of great names, of men who successfully sketched their own life in the grand events of the Republic. The three books of M. Æmilius Scaurus, containing his own life, maintained their reputation even at a later day, in the time of Cicero, when the readers had become too dainty with regard to style and form. He was himself that celebrated statesman, who stood for a long time at the head of the senate, and of whose stern character, Sallust (in his Jagurtha, 15) gives a rather unfavourable report. Not less celebrated for his stern principles and strict justice, was the passionate eneny of Scaurus, P. Rutilius Rufus, who had also written his own life. An excellent writing must also have been the history

of Q. Lutatius Catulus, containing his consulate and actions. As consul and proconsul, he had shared with his colleague Marius, the glory of the victory over the Cimbri. Cicero speaks in high terms of him as an orator, and says of his work (Brut. 35) that it is written in pure Latin, and in that polished form so peculiar to Xenophon.

Also, Sulla sketched his own deeds in 22 books, and dedicated the complete work to Lucullus, with the charge to bring it into a better order, and give it the last polish, (Plut. vit. Sull. c. 37, p. 475,) a proof that that great general and bold Republican laid some value upon it. A man of such an extraordinary character, to whom nothing was sacred but his own aim and design, must certainly have delineated himself in that work, such as he really was. There can, therefore, be no doubt whatever, that the work had its peculiar and original points, and must also have been written in a polished form, as may reasonably be expected from a man of education. The ancients, however, are silent on its merits, but they are not so on those of the work of his contemporary, Sisenna. This latter wrote among others, also, a book under the title "*Historiæ*," a part of which, probably, contained the history of Sulla's civil wars. The ancients are quite enthusiastic in their praises of that work, and among them, also, Cicero and Sallust. Varro even gave the name of *Sisenna*, to one of his own books on history.

Let us, however, put aside the works of the ancient writers that are lost to us; but speak rather of those great historians, whose works have descended to us. There we meet at once and first of all, the writings of the extraordinary man who, for the space of nine years, compelled, sword in hand, the tribes of a rough country to adopt Roman civilization; and when the broken edifice of the Roman state was about to fall, his sharp eye saw at once where, and how, her only support was to be found. This man was C. Julius Cæsar, the great general, the finest statesman, the spirited speaker, and the affable man of society. He gives proofs of these qualities almost in every page of his Memoirs. They contain his accounts of the Gallic campaigns and the civil war. They are, altogether, a *history of war*. Military men testify as to their excellence, while we civilians are enchanted by the clearness of the representation, simplicity of language, skilful distribution of the different subjects, and the pleasant variety the works offer in reading. Neither can we be mistaken in the end and aim he had in view with their composition.

In his Memoirs on the Gallic Campaigns, he at once introduces the reader into the midst of the country, by a brief geographical sketch. The real narration begins with the design of the Helvetians to seek another domicile; for which purpose they solicited a free passage through the Roman territory of Gallia. Here Cæsar at once enters into the most exact data, and that precision so peculiar to his

character. He thought it right to refuse them that passage for several reasons; for their having killed a Roman consul, defeated a Roman army, and made them go under the yoke; and fearing, moreover, that they could not during the passage, refrain from committing acts of violence and injustice, as enemies of the land. Their request is then refused, and as they were about entering Gallia by other roads, Cæsar attacks and beats one of their tribes. He here observes that the defeated tribe was the same who had formerly ill-treated the Roman consul and army, and that he thus avenged the disgrace by a lucky chance, or the decree of the immortal gods. After a total defeat of the Helvetians, he forces the remaining tribes to resume their previous domiciles, that they might not, when let loose, invite the Germans to the same settlements. It was Cæsar's plan to keep the Germans far removed from the Gauls, lest they might be tempted to penetrate also into the Roman provinces, nay, even into Italy itself.

This is, indeed, a worthy introduction to the whole work, to the following great spectacle, to the following wars which occasioned by such motives, must have filled the worst enemies of Cæsar with admiration at least for his understanding. In the same spirit, he indicates immediately in the beginning of the third book, his design and motive for having occupied the part around the Lemanus-lake. It was to open a free road across the Alps, which was hitherto done only with great danger and exorbitant duties for the wandering merchants. Here he shows himself again in a different character, interested in the free commercial intercourse between Gallia and Italy.

Hardly had he effected his end, and confined within proper limits the Gallic inhabitants along the sea coast, of whose maritime affairs he gives a lively description, showing how they were at first superior in strength to the Romans, but had afterwards been compelled to yield to Roman bravery,—than he turns the look of his countrymen to unknown Britain. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, he found it advisable to visit the island merely to observe the race of its inhabitants, and make himself acquainted with the localities, ports, passes, &c., in short, with almost every thing unknown to the Gauls themselves; in proof of which he relates that he had called together the merchants from all parts of the country, questioned them about Britain and its relations, but could learn nothing from them. To this native ignorance on their part, he displays afterwards a most contrasting familiarity on his part with the particulars of that island, which is still more enhanced by a lively description peculiar to his pen. In the same spirited and lively way, are his descriptions of the manners and customs of the Gauls and Germans.

If such accounts and narrations were well calculated to open

the eyes of the Romans on the great merits of their general, the love with which he sketches the distinguished deeds of his subordinate officers, were certainly not less designed to inspire his brothers in arms with a zeal for emulation and rivalry in military distinction. But what commands mostly our admiration for his character and talents, is in reading his account of the great obstacles, difficulties, and disasters that he had to surmount, and which frequently brought him and his legions to the brink of destruction. Notwithstanding, however, the victories he gained over them, the spite and courage of the Gauls were by no means broken, and they threw the whole of their forces at last into the place called Alesia. Here, the Romans, while besieging and fighting the besieged, were themselves surrounded by innumerable hordes. He sketches that incident with such lively colours, that we are involuntarily interested in his fate, we almost fear for his safety, in reading it; we follow him through all his dangers, we are astonished at his intrepidity and talent in extricating himself from them. Here every one feels that his work ought to end. But there is added to it another book from an unknown person, probably A. Hirtius, which appears a very weak production in comparison with the former.

Those Memoirs had already been published in the lifetime of Cato, as may be seen from Cicero. (Brut. 75.) But the time from the beginning of the civil war until the death of Cato, Cæsar was so occupied that he could not think of writing books. They must, therefore, have been written before the civil war. Now, the author says, in the preface of the appendix, eighth book, that Cæsar had finished his work inconceivably quickly and easily; a remark that leads us to the conjecture that he had written that work in the time immediately preceding the civil war,* in the design to vindicate himself of the many charges of his enemies, and more especially with regard to the Gallic wars, in the most dignified way.

That work, then, is fairly calculated to bring to light Cæsar's high talents and merits as a military man, while the next work on the civil war is of quite a different character. Here everything points to the mildness with which he astonishes his captive foes, and which submits to him in a short time the whole of Italy. Without allowing himself the least censure against his enemies, he states dry facts in such a clear light, as to convince us of their malicious disposition, and cruel intentions. He utters no reproaches even against Labienus, who,

* This is confirmed by the circumstance, that Labienus had already, at the beginning of the civil war, gone over to Pompey. Cicer. ad Att. vii. 11, 12; Dis. Cass. xli. 4; the same who is represented by Cæsar in the Gallic wars, with so much love and favour.

previously his favoured sub-commander, had now demanded the head of Cæsar from his warriors, and put moreover to death the prisoners, his former companions in arms, against all martial laws. Only the description of the Pharsalian battle is preceded by his opinion and view (confirmed by facts) on the blindness of his opponents, and on the dangers which awaited his country, in case they should be victorious. We are tempted to believe that this work, together with the pronounced principles therein, were designed to contribute to the reconciliation of the opposing parties, which he had in view. Here, too, we are irresistibly drawn along as if by a magic spell, by the clearness that pervades the checkered picture he gives of the military art, cunning, and courage of the two great generals and their armies.

The more so, if we compare with that work its continuation by unknown writers, concerning the African, and more especially the Spanish war. The text of both is corrupted; much has been omitted, and much interpolated, though we feel that they were composed by a contemporary of Cæsar, and are probably the same spoken of by Suetonius. (Vit. Jul. Cæs. 56.) The Spanish war in particular, bears even in the disfigured passages, the stamp of a diary by a contemporary of Cæsar. But how far behind do these two stand in clearness, arrangement, and spirit, those memoirs of Cæsar!! The same, however, cannot be said of the little book on the Alexandrine war; it bears, at least as far as the decisive battle with the young king, quite the character of Cæsar's pen, his way of arranging his narrative, his precipitation in developing it, and his habit of omitting unpleasant points, such as the burning of the Alexandrine library; so much so, that we might be disposed to ascribe a great part of it to his pen,—to have been at least compiled from Cæsar's papers.

In the first instance, we ask, why should there be no remark in that work, that the book had not been written by Cæsar, in the same way as we find in Bell. Afric. c. 7 and 9. We are next confirmed in our opinion by the preface of Bell. Gall. 1, viii., when we try to emend and read critically the difficult passage: *Cæsaris nostri commentarios—contexui, novissimumque imperfectum de rebus gestis Alexandriæ confeci usque ad exitum, etr.* Here we propose to change *ab* into *de*, and the sense is easily found, if we translate *contexere* (as is often the case) with *continue*, and understand by the following words, a last incomplete work of Cæsar on the Alexandrine war. That that passage must have been very early already corrupted (by the transcribers), is evident from Suet. vit. Cæs. 56, who takes it himself already in a false sense, as may be seen from the words: *Hirtium, quietiam Gallici belli novissimum imperfectumque librum suppleverit.*

Of a quite different character was Cæsar's contemporary, C. Crispus Sallustius. From him we possess two complete works of history. In Cæsar's writings, a serenity of mind is continually mani-

fest, which has its origin in the consciousness of an open benevolence, and due power of will and purpose; while in Sallust's writings a continual gloom pervades, an ill-restrained anger, which gives us a clue to the author's own afflicted mind, as to the inward corruption of Rome at that time. The prefaces of the two works of Sallust, are in particular, effusions of a mind that collected experience at a rather high price. They are works not undertaken in the joy of the heart, but created by a mind of a peculiar stamp of character and original way of thinking. We plainly see in it a suppressed grief and vexation, that originated in frustrated hopes and marred prospects. We may fairly say that Sallust first invented that language for the expression of the passions which agitated his age, and gave him also much to do; that language which Tacitus afterwards so greatly developed.

From the subjects selected by Sallust for the treatment of his histories, both in the extant and lost works, we see that he was himself a child of the civil commotions and disorders, and that he dwells upon them with peculiar love and predilection. We can impossibly read without fright and deep emotion his masterly sketch, on a large scale, of the mean disposition and ignominious actions which distinguished at that time the multitude of Rome; or when he raises, as it were, with his bold hand, the curtain of the inward state of the Republic, its entire dissolution, through the hands of a few shining characters.

His first work, as indicated in the preface, was the conspiracy of Catilina. He admits in that same preface that his youth had been spent in a way that did not distinguish him advantageously from the badness of his contemporaries.

In this confession alone, is already the justification of the accusations brought against him by various ancient writers, while it also shows that the work had been composed at a much later age than is usually supposed. We can hardly believe that after such an avowal, a mind of his powerful stamp, should ever again covet posts of honour in the state, to disgrace them in the way history tells us. But we are inclined on the other hand to believe, that after his passions had been weakened, and his ambition lost its impetuosity, he had retired, when advancing in years, into private life, and that he then considered his faults in the same light as others did. What his character lost in dignity, his history gained in truth and interest, by being told by one who had been wrecked himself in the storm of those commotions.

Hardly had the history begun with the name of Catilina, than it is made use of as a peg to attach to it a sketch of the depravity that had broken out in Rome, but which received its fixed light and colour only by the development of the character of Catilina and his accomplices. Though the author is a decided opponent to the nobility, he no longer

complains of their selfishness, but of that of the popular party. He even suppresses as much as possible, his hatred against Cicero, which now and then breaks out in spite of his efforts to conceal it. We are almost inclined to think, that he had not purposely, out of hatred, omitted in the report of the session of the senate which preceded the execution of Catalina's friends, the share Cicero bore in it, and which we might certainly suppose, from the fourth speech of Catilina. It is true that Cicero (Epis. ad Attic, xii. 21) lays rather a stress on the share he had in determining the members against the culprits; but properly speaking, that share was in all reality so insignificant, that Sallust was right in passing it over with silence, in a history dealing with great events alone. The history of the seating of the senate forms the central point of the whole work. In the speeches held pro and con by Cæsar and Cato, the two grand sides of ancient Rome are shown, as it were in the back ground, as if to exhibit in a greater contrast the present state of the Republic. Most skilfully does he thus string to present events the observations on the characters of those two men, who evidently personify in themselves more than any, the two extreme points of Roman greatness of the age.

Still more masterly composed, is the second work, or rather the matter which Sallust found in the wars of Jugurtha, this being of such a manifold character, as to afford him the best opportunity for the display of his descriptive talents. The distribution of the subjects are so judiciously done, that the history teems with pleasant novelty and thorough perspicuity in all its complicated phases. Here the writer proceeds with more boldness than in Catilina, here he shows himself the farsighted statesman, before whose look the whole movement of the state machinery lies open; here he steps forward as the experienced soldier, familiar with the ways and means of war, with the plans, stratagems, and circumspection of the general, and conversant with the fears, hopes, and courage of the soldiers, as well as with all the localities proper for military operations; here at last he also presents himself as the inspired poet, who full of the greatness of the subject, knows how to exhibit it to us in that magic form so replete with poetical beauties almost in every page.

These beauties make us only regret the more, the loss of his other writings, which embraced a considerable part of the succeeding years, mostly his youth; and for which he was even by the ancients themselves (Martial, xiv. 191, August. Epis. v. ad Marcell.) called the first historian of Rome. We are in possession, however, of two letters of Sallust, not to mention the really forged libel against Cicero, of the genuineness of which there is some doubt among the litterati. The first can certainly not be his, being too weak for his pen, and looks even as a mere imitation of the second, which latter however bears all the characteristic energies of Sallust, together with his clear order and diction, and cannot be questioned for a moment.

Livy has frequently been compared to Herodotus, the father of history. But we find, on the contrary, too many disparities in the two, to coincide in that view. Both were pupils of their age, and people, and represented in their peculiar way, the stage of culture of their respective nations.

Whatsoever may be said against his (Herodotus's) credulity, talkativeness, and prolixity, the faults are eclipsed by his merits as an artist.* But such is by no means the case with the work of Livy. Here cannot be the question of an artificial arrangement of the whole, as in that of the former. He is strong only in the single parts alone, and the whole is not arranged after some æsthetical notion, but after an external matter-of-fact plan, after a sort of chronological order, to facilitate a survey of the whole for the simple reader, not initiated in the complicated harmonies of art. This plan of particular actions was the more necessary in the second half of the work, where the events are sketched in their last details.

But even there, we look in vain for that mildness and love which distinguishes the Greek, in his description of the peculiarities and inward relations of foreign nations. The Roman character was too stern and proud for such indulgence. Wherever the Roman comes in contact with foreigners, his first condition is submission of the latter to Roman superiority. Battles and victories are therefore the proper elements to satisfy a Roman historian, and supply food for his ambitious, domineering views; and it was only a Cæsar and Tacitus who could raise themselves above those narrow-minded prejudices.

As far as we can pursue Roman history to its remote antiquity, we find no trace in it of native family deities. The whole of Roman mythology seems to have been borrowed from the Greek, or based upon Greek notions. Among the Romans as among the Greeks, the gods usually appear in couples, though they are condemned as it were to cruel sterility, opposed to the blessed fecundity of the Greek gods and goddesses. The reason is simply this:

The religion of the Romans, like that of most of the ancient nations, was a religion of nature.

All the powers of nature, taken individually, appear under the form of *male* or *female*, as *cause* or *effect*. This notion, however, does not yet necessarily pre-suppose a *generation*, or deities (powers) begetting other deities. Such a mythological system only takes place after nations or tribes come in contact, either friendly or inimical, with other foreign tribes, when a similar contact or connection is also brought about between their respective deities, from which again results families of gods, &c.

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* *Vide* the Article "Early Greek Historians," in this periodical of last month.

This is particularly seen among the Greeks. Every individual tribe had developed for themselves, separate deities of their own, which, however, were soon brought into a more intimate connection with one another, with that of the tribes themselves. Also among the Romans, other tribes began to intrude, but under rather reserved, if not hostile, relations. In the same distant relations remained, also, the respective deities, until a closer amalgamation took place between the tribes, and with them also between the gods. There is another difference between the Greek and Roman gods; the former were jovial, cheerful, and social beings, who did not disdain to associate with human beings, and even come in family connection with them, producing a race of heroes or demi-gods, as an intermediate link between God and man; while the Roman gods kept far aloof from man, assumed more the character of gloomy, awful ghosts or spirits, in perfect accordance with the serious and grave character of the Roman people themselves.

Such deities are also Romulus and Remus, who were only at a much later date remoulded into heroes. They were old Roman deities, distinct from most of the other deities by having no wives. They are, however, not the only instance of bachelor-gods. There were also twin-gods, no married couples, among other related tribes. To say that some of those ancient tribes had borrowed those gods from the other tribes, would be as absurd as to maintain that the Greek tongue is the mother of the Latin or the Etruscan, or that the Sanscrit is the mother of the Greek. That there is an affinity between all of them, no one can deny, but all it proves is, one common national origin. Affinity of languages also points to affinity in the other branches of mental and moral culture among nations. We know from history, that different nations, of one and the same stock, differ from one another in point of humanity, as two plants of one and the same family differ from one another in their physical qualities; in all of them we perceive a family feature amidst the great external varieties peculiar to their individual development. This common family likeness, is among nations particularly visible in their religious views.

The notion of deities placed at the side of each other without any sexual connection, is already in itself a step in advance towards a more moral development of the human character. Among the Greeks, we first perceive that more refined idea represented in *Castor* and *Polydeuces*; among the Etruscans, in their view of the good and bad Genii; and among the Persians, in their *Ormuzd* and *Ahrman*; and lastly, among the Romans in the twin brothers, Romulus and Remus.

Among the ancient nations, however, morality was closely connected, if not even identified, with the state itself; and more especially so at Rome, where nothing higher or more sacred was known beyond the stability of the state, and where religion kept equal steps with

the civil condition of the people. If we could therefore get a clear insight into the civil state of society in the earliest times of Rome's foundation, a clue would also be furnished to the inward life of her citizens, to their peculiar views and notions in religion.

It may therefore not be uninteresting to attempt at least to enter more fully into those early social conditions of that remarkable people, which may perchance throw some light on their original deities.

The spot where the Tiber comes forth from the promontories of the Apennines, forms an extended plain, which is intersected by mountains and streamlets, and which must already early have afforded a pleasant abode to the shepherd and his herd. Tradition, indeed, tells us as much, of several troops of shepherds having selected some of those parts, the neighbouring heights and forests, as a fit shelter against the excessive heat of the summer.

Elevated spots were invariably chosen by the ancient nations, for the performance of their religious ceremonies. Such a spot which the collected shepherds must probably have chosen for that devout purpose, appears to have been the Palatine Mountain, which derived its name from the goddess worshipped there, *Pales*. (Solin. 2.) Pales was the goddess of grass food (Serv. in Georg. iii. 1), and consequently propitious to the shepherd, who probably solemnized in her honour, the spring festival, *Palilia*.

This festival, the rallying time of the neighbouring shepherds upon that mountain, was justly afterwards considered as the nativity of Rome, which gradually became the settling spot of the wandering shepherds. That festival was still in existence at Rome, at the latest period, when the rural rejoicings, such as offerings of milk, &c. (Prob. in Virg., Geor. iii. 1), betrayed its pastoral origin.

Be it, that the name of that goddess itself, bore affinity with the word *palus* (a post), by which she was, perhaps, represented, in the same way as Jupiter was by a stone, and by which she thus belonged to the large family of *Phallus*; or be it that the name owes its origin to some other circumstance or derivation, we find that goddess always in company of Ceres and Fortuna, among the great penates of the Etruscans. (Serv. in Æn. ii. 325.) It is possible that the first nomades, about the part where Rome stands, were shepherds of an Etrusean descent, who dwelt along the Tiber. In that case, we see at once an Etruscan race composing the first population of Rome, and which, in process of time, claimed its rights opposite to those of the Latin population. That there were originally, also, shepherds of Latin race, who had also their peculiar worship, is evident from old Latin names in reference to it, as well as by several traditions. Indeed there must have been a Latin worship of pastoral deities, in the earliest times, round about Rome, which became in process of time, amalgamated with the national manners and customs. What can

approach nearer the notion of a pastoral deity, than that of a sucking nurse? Thus we also find a *Dea Rumia* or *Rumina*, from *ruma* (breast), which the goddess reaches to the young creatures. (Non. Marcell. p. 167.) Even in much later times, offerings consisting of milk were brought to her. The same root has also the old name of the Tiber, *Rumon*, which is also connected with *ruminari*, in a figurative sense. Nay, even the city itself, which owes its origin chiefly to those shepherds, derives its name *Roma*, from the same root, and may, like the word *ruma*, figuratively apply to a group of hills in a vast fertile plain. Of the same root is also *Romulus*, who did not give his name to the city, but received it equally with it from the same root*.

That the oldest towns did not receive their names, as usually supposed by the later Greek historians, and after them, also, by the Roman,—from their guardian gods, but *vice versa*, the latter from the former, may easily be proved. Even the names of Alexandria, Antiochia, Seleucia, &c., say nothing against it, as the building of these places falls in a time when the Greeks were already used to attribute to every race a patriarch; and to every ancient city, a founder; from whom they derived their names. But in the earlier times, individual importance was too little to give a name to a city. Neither were the ancient cities built all at once by the simple will of one individual, but grew up like plants, gradually, and in most convenient spots. It was only an Alexander, who first conceived the ambitious plan of building at once a whole city, and give it afterwards his own name, a notion that was subsequently adopted by many other ambitious princes.

Moreover, Romulus was even at a much later date, when he had already become the patron deity of the city, worshipped as an original pastoral deity. Offerings of milk were brought to his memory, as to the Rumina. (Plin. H. N. xiv. 12.) He was praised in later songs, as the god of the shepherds, and the Roman tradition knows even more to tell of his abode among the shepherds, than the Greek of its Apollo. Pastures and their produce were especially, among the early Romans, the standard of wealth; so much so that even in later times, all the national revenues passed under the name *Pascua*, as all the orchard fruits went by the name *Glans*, from the chief nourishment of the early shepherds. The earliest coin bore the stamp of an ox or sheep (Varr. de R. R. ii. 1), and was even called after it. Also property in general passed by the name *Peculium*, and from thence *peculatus* (theft). As this word indicates in particular a states theft, we may easily infer from it the importance

* A similar opinion was already entertained by some of the ancients. Fest. v. *Romulum* quidam a sicu Ruminali, alii quod *lupæ ruma* nutritus est, appellatum esse, ineptissime dixerunt.

that was originally attached to the purloining of an ox or sheep. Nay, even the places of the public meetings in the field of Mars, were called *Ovilia*. Also fines of money were, in later times, fixed by the value of oxen and sheep.

Next to Romulus, we have already seen a goddess Rumina playing an important part in the early religion of Rome. There were two more of a very remote age—Lupercus and Luperca. Against the ravenous wolves, abundantly found in the mountain forests in the vicinity of the Tiber, the shepherd naturally sought protection from an appropriate deity, under an appropriate name; hence also the festival Lupercalia, in honour of that deity.

It is a fact, confirmed by the most ancient religions and customs, that nations in the early stages of civilization, place the greatest importance on the objects that immediately surround them. Such may also be the case with regard to that festival. In process of time, the original simple sense of it gave way to a mysterious festival of purification in the month of February.

A later time, which derived all Roman sacrifices from the Greek, brought also this festival in connection with an Arcadian one. In the latter sense it might perhaps have been rather of a Sabine origin, as the very month, February, is of a comparatively late introduction, and derives its name from the Sabine word *februari*, to purify, while the day when that festival was solemnized, was called the *day of purification* (Varr. de. L. L. p. 55; Plut. Q. R. 68; vit. Num. p. 72.) Also the wolf was among the ancient Sabini a sacred animal, much talked about in their traditions, and which even lent its name to a whole tribe (Strab. v. p. 250.) Also the tradition of the carrying off the Sabine women, shows that the Romans had borrowed the nuptial ceremonies from the Sabini, the whole merely referring to an attempt of later times to found historically the ceremony of marriage by taking the bride home. (Plut. Q. R. 19, 87.) To a similar attempt, may, likewise, the murder of Remus owe its origin. Also the nuptial ceremony of besmearing the bed-posts of the new-married couple with wolf's grease, is probably connected with the religious worships of the Sabini.

The introduction of that fable is ascribed by a tradition (Valer. Max. i. 1,—which is certainly older than the Greek—to Romulus. It was but just, that to the god of the shepherds should be sacrificed a little goat, in gratitude of his protection of the flock. But also dogs bled on his altar (Plut. Q. R. 68,) the watchful friend of the cattle, and worst enemy of the wolf. The latter was thus himself considered as a sort of deity, worshiped in the same way as were the fever, terror, and other evils—to pacify and turn them off. The more so here, as the pastoral god himself was in his infancy suckled by a she-wolf. Nursed by the milk of a wolf, he soon grew up to be the powerful leader of a pastoral people.

Nothing is more natural to a nation of shepherds living continually in the free air and forests, than to give particular attention to the flight and the songs of birds; nor need we be shepherds exactly, to connect our fears, hopes, and wishes with some outward visible phenomena in nature. To men, however, such as shepherds, living and communing perpetually with solitary nature alone, prognostications, divinations, and omens, drawn from the appearances in nature, are not only usual and habitual, but even necessary to their very existence and mode of living. We thus see, in nearly all nomadian tribes, the same species of auguries drawn from the same phenomena. Observations and interpretations from the songs and flights of birds were thus already common among the Psidians, Cilicians, and Arabians, as among the Umbri and Romans.

Gradually these divinations and observations were brought under a regular system, art and rules, and the subjects were naturally drawn from the immediate sphere of pastoral life. Ravens, owls, vultures, hawks, eagles, &c., were birds fit for observation and prognostication. But no bird afforded to the Romans more scope for auspices than the *picus*. (Plin. H. N. x. 18.) It was a sacred bird especially among the ancient Sabini. Not far from Reate, in a very ancient town, is said to have existed the most ancient oracle of Mars. As at Dodona, pigeons prophesied down from an old oak tree, so foretold here the picus from a wooden monument, as a messenger from heaven. (Dion. A. R. I, 14.) It was a *picus* who settled upon the standard of the Sabini during their expedition to Asculum, from which the part received the name, *Picenum*. In no less estimation and respect stood that bird among the Romans, who attached to it rather an ominous ghostly character.

Its worship among the inhabitants of Latium must have dated from a very early period; since tradition makes that bird the son of Saturn, the Latin king, and great prophet. This stands evidently in connection with the tradition by which it hovered around Romulus, when yet a helpless child, and brought him also food. Thus, the sacred bird, which was invoked for good omens in newly-born children, came to the divine lad from its own impulse, as protector and nurse. The relation however did not stop there; the shepherd lad became himself the greatest soothsayer of the flight and songs of birds, (Cic. de Divin, 1, 2; de Republ. 11, 9); and his gratitude showed itself by paying divine homage to the *picus*. The sacred staff made use of by Romulus in those ceremonies, was carefully preserved in the following times, and was miraculously proof against the devouring flames which in the Gallic conflagration had reduced to ashes even the temple in which it was carefully kept.

ART. III.—*The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century.* By H. GALLY KNIGHT. Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. Second Series. Henry Bohn.

ECCLESIASTICAL architecture still excites a revived interest not only in England but throughout several continental nations. Connoisseurs as well as professional artists continue to bestow a re-awakened attention to this important branch of liberal studies. It is too true indeed that the revolution in public feeling—which, by the bye, is decidedly towards the Gothic style—has not as yet amongst us, whenever a new sacred edifice is projected and completed, evinced an enlarged and enlightened taste, but merely feeble repetitions and poor imitations. Now the study and feeling it appears to us, which must form the solid foundation of excellence in the Fine Arts, and especially in Architecture, must be the study, and feeling, not alone of the artist, of a few amateurs, and of certain munificent patrons, but of the people; and the larger the number of those who can appreciate Art, the broader and surer will be the foundation on which the fabric of its excellence may be reared. But England, even in regard to institutions for the study of the Fine Arts, is much behind the other great nations of Europe. She is even eclipsed by despotic Germany and fallen Italy. With respect to architecture, the prevailing sentiment with us seems to be in favour of miserable brick and plaster abortions, affecting, on a trumpery scale, forms and characteristics, which can only be developed on a great plan. It is unquestionably a fact, however eminent may be not a few of our architects, and numerous our amateurs and connoisseurs, yet that, taking them all as a class, their influence is slight upon the national attainments and taste in the department more immediately under consideration. The science of architecture is most meagrely understood even among the fashionable and wealthy of the land. It is not a subject generally thought of by them with any considerable degree of fitness, continuity, or zeal. How then can there be anything like a general or prevailing correctness of judgment and taste, on the part of the public, so as to stimulate architects to the highest, to imbue them with adequate notions, to prove a directing and sustaining impulse?

Architecture is pre-eminent among the fine arts. It is nobly dignified by an intimate connection with the exact sciences; by her acquaintance with those eternal laws of mathematics and of physics which are obeyed throughout the universe. Sir C. Wren has said that the art is founded on the experience of all ages, promoted by the vast treasures of all the great monarchs, and the skill of the greatest artists and geometricians, every one emulating each other. Indeed the development of the human faculties seems to have been here exhibited under its most favourable aspect. The art has been

termed the epitome of civilization, the first and best fruit of social order and combination, of discovery in science and of every conception of beauty. In the occupation of the architect, it has also been said, man finds the employment of those higher aspirations and idealities for which he feels himself born, as well as of his physical energies. Here order, calculation, and beauty, nay immortality, are opened to his contemplation,—for he seems to become conscious of the power of extending his works and his memory beyond the bounds of nature and of time.

Well has the art been identified with history; for the marked works of the architect have, by the consent of language, been designated *Monuments*. Yea more, architecture affords information where history is silent. It teems with the ocular inscriptions of entombed empires. Within its ruined temples the poetic truth is felt, that there still live the echoes awakened in ages long past. "Since then," to quote Mr. Wightwick, "it is the province of architecture to perpetuate a nation's character, and secure for it the estimate of ages yet to come—if not of nations yet unborn,—it behoves that we ensure its favour by unitedly rendering the homage of honest sympathy, cultivated taste, and matured judgment. The value of its full appreciation is evident, when we observe the strength of 'local love,' and the desire ever felt by the citizen for the improvement and beauty of his native place or established residence. The numerous architectural abortions to be found in many a modern city, however detestable in themselves, are, nevertheless, testimonies to the existence of that spirit, and of those means, which, under the guidance of knowledge, would produce monuments worthy of pretension, instead of gewgaws manifesting pretension only. To the extent, therefore, of our material at least, let us exert ourselves in the task of reformation; bearing in mind, that in every new work we seek to express, not only the limited excellence of what now is, but the anticipated virtue of a day not yet arrived."

It is quite clear that the strength of "local love" is altogether inadequate to meet the demands of architectural science and taste. Yet almost every person believes himself to be competent to pronounce judgment on every edifice, whether ancient or modern, whether for sacred or secular purposes; overlooking the considerations, if not being entirely ignorant of them, that it must require a thorough reading in architectural literature, the training of travel and close observation of the remains of antiquity, as well as a felicitous perception of the beautiful and a ripened intellect, to appreciate what is most agreeable to the abstract laws of taste on the one hand, and the range of serviceableness on the other. In short, he who would talk with confidence of the merits of a building, needs to be a metaphysician and an economist,—a man of science, letters, travel, and exquisitely cultured judgment; whilst he who undertakes the

task of creating an edifice of great pretension, must attend to this comprehensive principle,—that every beautiful and useful element of architectural art fitting for his design is to be accepted and employed, at the same time so engrafting new features and so bending the whole to the march of human improvement, as to be consistent not only with purest taste, but also with the great end of use. Thus new creations shall be obtained in the art, which a servile imitation refuses.

Proceeding now to speak in a more particular strain, we have to state that there is not one living contributor to the study of architecture, excluding of course professional men, who has done so much and with such a generous and enlightened enthusiasm, as Mr. Gally Knight. Nay, even of those who are looked upon as occupying the first rank of our architects, very few can be named whose services in the cause of art will compare with his. The stately and splendid work of which the second and concluding volume is now before us, entitles him to unrivalled eminence as a private and single individual amongst us, when viewed not only as a contribution to the literature, but to the archæology of art. We, besides, look upon his services in these walks, as being of great additional value, coming from one whose name and status in society carry with them honour and dignity to whatever he lends his influence and partiality; so that the encouragement he gives to the particular study in question, will not go unfraught with positive advantages to the department he has so happily chosen. It is possible that professional gentlemen may view with jealousy or an assumed contempt the services of Mr. Knight; but be assured the nation, should it ever attain to a knowledge of the department, and cherish a love of architectural art, will hold the present work in admiration, and its author in reverence; the scoffers being forgotten, or their performances treated with a levelling criticism.

Having spoken some twelve months ago of the nature and merits of the first volume of the "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy," it is not now necessary to express ourselves with renewed rapture concerning its magnitude or magnificence, nor even to introduce its character at any considerable length to our readers. (By the bye, in our former review, certain errors were overlooked which might very much mislead the student. For instance, where mention is made of "the establishment of the *Normans* in Italy;" and again, that "the *Normans* employed architects of Italian growth," the term should have been the *Lombards* in both cases. And again, where it is stated, "that the *pointed* style had been employed by the Normans in *Italy* about two centuries before," it should have been in *Sicily*; for it is a curious fact, that though the Normans at one time possessed both Sicily and Calabria, &c., and though they *did* employ the pointed style in Sicily, they continued to build in the *round* style in Calabria and Apulia.)

The folios are assuredly of imposing features, calculated, as we before said, to command a niche in national galleries, and on the shelves of the most liberal patrons of art. They will, besides, be of great importance in preserving the primitive Christian churches, and in laying before the student the most remarkable specimens of a series of ecclesiastical buildings, in an unbroken chain, for the space of eleven hundred years. A certain change, however, has taken place in the second series of subjects; Mr. Knight, with the view of more completely illustrating the architecture of Italy in the Middle Ages, having admitted a limited number of secular buildings, trusting that such an interference with the original design of the work will be considered an improvement.

The "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy" is a production not merely highly interesting as furnishing a long array of monuments through many historical and social vicissitudes, but of unusual popular value to the student of art, supplying a great variety of information in the most plain and attractive form, and constituting, in fact, quite a rarity in the range of architectural reading and illustration.

It may be true that some of the specimens are of far higher artistic value than others of them, and also that there is not one of them that wholly recommends itself for servile imitation or rigid repetition; but there is something that is suggestive in all; some things to be avoided as well as copied, with modifications; while in several there is a good deal to be borrowed and accommodated. The modern architect is not entitled, much less bound, to adopt all the proportions, forms, and adoptions of the fragments of classic art; on the contrary, it is his duty to digest well what he meets with, and make a careful discriminatory study of examples, deriving hints and taking heed to the spirit, which not only animated the artists, but the masses, during periods of great trouble in Italy, so as perseveringly to erect sacred edifices of great costliness and magnitude. Then, as connecting links in the history of centuries, Mr. Knight's volumes are of uncommon worth.—But we must speak still more specifically of the subjects immediately before us.

This *second series*, besides a beautifully illuminated title page, contains forty-one plates, each accompanied by letter-press descriptions, historical and critical. There are *fifteen* belonging to the 12th century; as many to the 13th; *nine* to the 14th; and *two* to the 15th century. The engravings, as before, are nobly executed from drawings in which the greatest care has been taken to faithfully and distinctly delineate the architectural features of the several subjects, even to the minutest point. The artists were remarkably well qualified for the task, as the names Quaglio and Knapp testify. The pictures are in the tinted style of lithography, with all its grand improvements; and the printed lights upon a tinted ground are among the most successful things of the kind that have

yet appeared. They are all, with one or two exceptions, drawn upon stone by Mr. Moore, the eminent architectural draughtsman, and have been printed with the greatest care. The views carry with them the most manifest tokens of truthfulness. The lithographs have a fine and masterly breadth of style.

Lithography, as a recently discovered branch of art, and especially as applied to the purposes of architectural illustration, merits a particular notice. Certainly, however reluctant or unlikely the material worked upon, or unpromising at first were the efforts of those who experimented with it, the architect's art is by this time under the deepest obligations to the services of such a medium. Mr. Harding was among the first to develope the improvements made in the process and the tools of this method by the printer Hullmandel, so as to produce much of the beautiful effects caused by the graduation of the neutral tint to bright light, and the softening of the black shadows by the use of the stump; and the fine results are, that there has at length been obtained daylight, warmth, and brightness,—a cheering representation of nature and of breathing life. The fact is, that lithography has now, owing to its freedom of touch, delicacy, and precision of outline, and powerful effect, become not only of the utmost service to architects, who have given in to the practice of lithographing views of their own designs and drawings; but it has originated an entirely new class of graphic illustrations, of which the most generally known amongst us, are Nash's several series of "Old English Mansions." The character that lithography has assumed within these few late years, and the remarkable capabilities the art has manifested, cannot well be expected to have the fullest pictorial display, where the main purpose was to exhibit by the most careful attention to detail the architectural features of each specimen and subject. It is quite true that a Roberts or a Stanfield might have lent more artistical feeling and poetry to the illustrations by the sweep of their pencils and the skilful introduction of fanciful adjuncts. But such a method would not have been half so serviceable to the architectural student, nor have fulfilled the ends contemplated by Mr. Knight; the artists employed by him having resisted evey temptation for the display of the painter, or of mere dramatic effect. We proceed to specify some of the more striking features of a few of the subjects, as these have appeared to us.

"The Interior of San Zenone, Verona:"—There is a rich but quiet tone about this interior, which we have never before seen surpassed for effect in this tinted style of art. The picturesque grouping of figures, which are introduced as accessories, yet with that due regard to the principal object of the work—the architectural design,—give not merely the appearance of reality to the subject, but fill up a wide gap which otherwise would occur in the beauty of the

scene. Look at that ecclesiastic in the pulpit to the left. With what enthusiasm he with one hand points upwards, as if

> "To draw the soul from Nature
> Up to Nature's God;"

while with the other, he holds a crucifix clasped to his heart with the ardour of heavenly inspiration. And yet he discourses to an attentive audience, just sufficiently crowded to serve the lifelike purpose, but not to mar the architectural details. These figures, in our opinion, are the best in the whole work. Altogether this is a successful plate, whether we look into the far distant detail on the rich windows, or the elaborately carved wooden roof, down to the quaint Lombard pillars with their very quaint monsters, all which are brought out with force and delicacy.

"The Portal of San Zenone, at Verona:"—Here we have one of the richest specimens of the portals of Italian churches in the twelfth century. The detail of this also, even to the minutest touch, has a remarkable effect, auguring well for the future advancement of lithography, and being a palpable proof of what has already been achieved in that art. In short, we should say there is more exquisite and precise minuteness carefully preserved and compressed into a small space in this subject, than any others throughout the volume. You are the more convinced of this when you look at those ponderous doors of bronze, divided into ninety-eight compartments, telling the history of the world from the creation down to our Saviour's crucifixion, all being wonderfully made out. As one traces the principal events throughout the history, each compartment seems a perfect picture, a study in itself. We pronounce this plate no mean rival to be placed by the side of the best etchings ever produced by the elder Le Keux, so justly celebrated as an architectural engraver. The labour and the pains bestowed upon this door, not to speak of the thousands of other figures around it, must have been altogether extraordinary.

"San Leone" and its site, standing as it does on a spur of the Apennines, present a highly romantic view, having much of that species of wildness which Salvator himself might have chosen for the exercise of his pencil. The bare rocks, the elevated situation, and even the appropriate foliage, independently altogether of the architectural points, are very happily pictured. It will be seen that we continue to notice the proofs of talent and fidelity displayed by the artists whom Mr. Knight selected, fully as much as the character of the buildings themselves. It is of importance to invite the attention of amateurs and architects to a work which has gone so minutely into details.

Passing on to the 13th century, we have to notice that San

Andrea di Vercelli, in Piedmont," and "San Francesco di Assisi," are the occasions of important light being thrown by our author upon the source whence was the adoption of the *pointed* style in Italy. Mr. Knight renders it quite clear, that it travelled into Italy from the north, that is from Germany, where an edifice was erected to receive the mortal remains of the great St. Francis, the year after his canonization, which took place in 1228. It is also observed, "upon the whole the pointed style in Italy has always the appearance of an exotic plant, permitted to live, and pleasing to a certain degree, but deficient in vigour, and never obtaining the height or the development at which it arrives on the northern side of the Alps." We must refer those who are learned and curious in such matters, to the entire description and remarks accompanying the plates, for entire satisfaction.

In the meanwhile it may be stated, with regard to "San Francesco, Assisi," that we have here another beautiful interior worked up to a delicate effect, in order to show off to greater advantage the rich ceiling with its spangled stars of gold. The stalls of exquisite wood-work, inlaid with figures and patterns, and even the walls themselves covered with frescoes, partly by Spinello, are very striking. A monk kneeling at the altar is clearly drawn, and well foreshortened, in the bend between the knee and ancle; the drapery is capital. We mention such things again in testimony of the care and the excellence of the artists employed by Mr. Knight.

"San Francesco Assisi, under Church," surpasses greatly the upper church in point of particular beauty and general effect. Even the ceiling appears to be more elaborately carved; while the frescoes are of greater magnitude and excellence. A portion of them is supposed to be Giotto's.

"The interior of the Cathedral, Sienna," appears to us to be the gem of the volume, whether regard be had to magnificence of design, successful composition, or take it as a specimen of the graphic art. One of the most remarkable facts in this interior, is the walls of marble, with alternate stripes of black and white, which descend even to the base of the pillars, assisting the eye in perspective through a labyrinth of stupendous columns. Speaking of this cathedral, our accomplished author says,—

The chapter and the choir are profusely enriched with the rarest productions of art, by painters and sculptors, all of whom have acquired a name. Amongst these the chief boast of the temple, is the marble pulpit embellished by the chisel of Nicola Pisano. The pulpit is octagonal in form, and supported by nine pillars of oriental granite, four of which repose upon lions. The capitals of the pillars, enriched with figures and foliage, are exquisitely sculptured; but the skill of the artist is most completely exhibited in the

bas-reliefs on the eight sides of the pulpit, representing the Last Judgment, the Crucifixion, the Flight into Egypt, the Massacre of the Innocents, and other analogous subjects. This beautiful work is considered scarcely inferior to the celebrated pulpit in the Baptistry of Pisa, executed by the same artist. The pulpit was put up in 1267, and affords a proof of the early period at which sculpture revived in Italy.

The description and representation of the "Duomo, Orvieto," convey to us a still more exalted idea of Italian enthusiasm during the Middle Ages, when the erection and decoration of a cathedral were to be set about. Altogether, it is stated, nearly four centuries elapsed from the period when this Duomo was begun to its consecration, this having taken place in 1677. Certainly the cathedral of Orvieto must be "one of the richest temples in precious works of art which exist in Christendom;" while the details in the following account afford a fair specimen of our author's full and precise knowledge, and of his concise, graphic, and gracefully delineating talent.

It is striking and agreeable to observe the manner in which the Italians set about a new cathedral in former times; the alacrity, the energy with which they encountered so great an undertaking. Clergy and laity, high and low, the inhabitants of the town and the landed proprietors of the neighbourhood,—the rich with their oblations, the poor with their hands, all working together, regardless of labour and expense, and only desiring that their cathedral should be the handsomest in Italy.

Thus it was at Orvieto in 1290. They decided upon having a new cathedral, and increased the difficulties and expense attendant upon such an undertaking, by resolving to place the new cathedral upon an entirely new site, at the time covered with other buildings, for which compensation had to be made. But they were perfectly in the right, for the old cathedral was in a low situation, and the new cathedral is so placed as to be seen to great advantage.

On the day in which the first stone was laid, the Pope, Nicholas IV, assisted in person, preceded by a numerous train of Cardinals and Bishops; next came the Clergy of Orvieto; after them the Civil Authorities; then the Podesta, the Capitano, and the Council, followed by hundreds of the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood of either sex. The Pope laid the first stone, and blessed the foundations in *secula seculorum*.

From the beginning to the end of the work, the Council of Orvieto appear to have acted in a liberal manner, and to have sought for the best artists wherever they were to be found; so much so as to have incurred (but undeservedly) the charge of not paying sufficient regard to native talent.

Lorenzo Maitani of Sienna was the first architect. Distinct companies of masons, sculptors, painters in fresco, workers in mosaic and in wood, with a director at the head of each, were engaged in the service of the cathedral. The finest materials were insisted upon, and brought from great distances; marbles from Sienna, Carrara, and even from Rome. Rome was, at that time, still used as a great quarry. The heathen temples supplied materials.

for the new churches. Some of the marbles which were used to adorn the cathedral of Orvieto came from the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

The plan of this cathedral is the usual Latin cross. The style is the Italian pointed, but round forms are still introduced, and, in the interior, large pillars, with capitals, support the arches on either side of the nave.

The walls are composed of alternate stripes of black and white marble. Externally, the chief merit of the design is concentrated in the facciata, which greatly resembles that of Sienna; consisting of the same mixture of vertical and horizontal lines—the same division into compartments—the same portals, rose-window, gables and turrets; but the whole is more gracefully conceived and more skilfully executed. The lines are less interrupted. It is cut up into small parts; the turrets are lighter, and partake more of the pointed character. The statues which are introduced, are not merely monuments, but form a prominent feature in the design itself, whilst the addition of the splendid Mosaics, in the upper gables, produce a more brilliant effect than is to be seen anywhere else, and do not appear to be inconsiderately exposed to an Italian sky.

Splendour and beauty are the characteristics of this building. Not so imposing as some of the pointed buildings of the north, it pleases in another way; in that way which is most acceptable to the cheerful inhabitants of the south.

Neither pains nor expense were spared in the decoration of the builiding; and if Cicognara has proved that Nicola Pisano could have no hand in the bas-reliefs, as Vasari and others assume, yet the names of Arnolfo of Florence, Agostino, Agnolo, and Gregorio di Coro, all of Sienna, sufficiently prove that these bas-reliefs were executed by sculptors of the first merit.

The Mosaics were begun in 1321. M. Consiglio of Monte Leone was at that time at the head of these works, assisted by several artists from Spoletto. In 1356 Andrea Cioni of Florence was the capo maestro, under whom worked numerous artists from Sienna and other places. The Mosaics of the facciata were completed before the end of the century in which they were begun.

There is a plate picturing Orvieto itself, which enhances very considerably the interest attached to the sacred edifice just now described,—the landscape having been introduced to afford an idea of the position of the place, the buildings, and especially the Duomo.

It is one of those Etruscan towns which were originally built on heights with a view to security. It stands on a tufo mount in the midst of a basin of hills. The situation of the town and its cathedral is exceedingly striking, and nothing can be more beautiful than the views of it, distant and near, caught as it is approached by a road which winds along the side of the surrounding hills. Woods and vineyards, with tufo rocks breaking out between, enrich the scene, with every here and there a convent on a height, or a cluster of white cottages, giving an air of tranquil prosperity. Through these the traveller advances, first catching sight of Orvieto from a great distance,

losing it again, then beholding it nearer, with the Mosaics of its cathedral glittering in the brightness of an Italian sun. No one should leave Italy without having seen Orvieto.

The last of our author's descriptions that we shall cite, relates to the last subject in his magnificent and remarkable work, viz. "San Francesco di Rimini." When Mr. Knight is allowed space, every other observation or criticism is superseded. We shall only, in conclusion, have a few words to say relative to the gothic or pointed style, —the pointed arch being undoubtedly the most important, if not the primary germ, of Gothic architecture.

This remarkable building was erected by Segismond, the most distinguished of the Maletestas, who governed Rimini for a number of years. Segismond Maletesta was one of the most renowned warriors of the fifteenth century, and, at the same time, a great protector of the arts. Having established his reputation, and enlarged his territory, by his prowess in the field, he made it his object to surround himself with a brilliant and intellectual society, and to attract poets, philosophers, and eminent artists to his court. In this manner passing his latter years, as he grew old, he desired to prepare a place of sepulture not only for himself and his family, but also for the most distinguished of those who had graced his court, and with whom he was accustomed to live on the footing of friendship; a design more romantic than might have been expected in a despot; a design which must be allowed to be indicative of good feeling; and one which, if dreamt of by others, has, perhaps, only been put into practice by the Lord of Rimini. For this purpose Segismond began to build the church of San Francesco, and had nearly completed the body of the fabric, when, not entirely satisfied with what had been done, he sent for G. L. Battista, the celebrated Florentine architect, who, in concert with Brunelleschi, had devoted his talents to the restoration of the classical style. When Battista arrived, he had a task of no ordinary difficulty to accomplish; but he did not hesitate to recommend the course which, in his opinion, would produce the most satisfactory result. He recommended that the inside of San Francesco should be left as it was, but that the whole building should be enclosed in a classical case. In consequence, San Francesco presents the singular anomaly of a building which is in the pointed style within, and in the round style without.

To carry into effect Segismond's principal object, Battista suggested an entirely original and singularly felicitous arrangement. For the Prince and his family he prepared a last resting place within the building, and surrounded the church with a series of arcades, under which he placed the tombs of Segismond's friends. The result is an architectural curiosity, which is at once pleasing to the eye and to the mind.

The whole design of the exterior of Francesco is chaste and grand, and recalls the Roman style and spirit to a degree which is surprising, when we recollect how long that style had been abandoned. In this respect San Francesco di Rimini far excels the buildings which for some time afterwards were erected in Italy; affording a proof how far real genius is able to outstrip the age.

From the construction of San Francesco di Rimini we may date the revival of the classical style. Here, then, this work comes to a natural end its scope being limited to the interval between ancient Rome and modern Italy. The treasures of both had been already given to the world; but, in Italy, enriched more than any other country, as with the choicest gifts of nature, so with the most numerous and splendid productions of art, there appeared to be a third harvest well worth the reaping, to be found in the field of early Christianity, and in that of the middle ages; monuments of the past which, if not the fittest objects of imitation, nevertheless deserved to be recorded, and could not fail to be viewed with interest. It was on the spot that the undertaking was commenced. The prosecution of it has extended itself over several years; but should it be thought that the task has been satisfactorily executed, that a gap in the history of architecture has been filled up, the labours of the author will have been abundantly rewarded.

The change that has taken place in the spirit and taste of our age with regard to ecclesiastical architecture, is, in certain respects, of a double nature. Not only has there recently occurred a marked revival of interest on the subjects as evinced by the restorations in our cathedrals and collegiate buildings, and the numerous churches which are rising up amongst us, but the feeling is general in favour of the Gothic style, which, however, at one distinguished period in our architectural history,—we mean the era of Sir Christopher Wren,—was held as quite barbarous and undeserving the name of architecture. The elegant Evelyn, for instance, thus expressed himself relative to the comparative merits of the Classic and the Gothic styles:—"The ancient Greek and Roman architecture answers all the perfections required in a faultless and accomplished building, such as for so many ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal suffrages of the civilized world, would doubtless have still subsisted and made good their claim, and what is recorded of them, had not the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous nations subverted and demolished them, together with that glorious empire where those stately and pompous monuments stood; introducing in their stead a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called modern, or Gothic, congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty, compared with the truly ancient; so as when we meet with the greatest industry, and expensive carving full of fret and lamentable imagery, sparing neither of pains nor cost, a judicious spectator is rather distracted, or quite confounded, than touched with that admiration which results from the true and just symmetry, regular proportions, union and disposition, and from the great and noble manner in which the august and glorious fabrics of the ancients are executed." Such were the sentiments of a man of taste and high accomplishment in a bygone age; while on the other hand we have many living *judicious spectators*, men

of refined taste and true culture, who perceive great beauty and fitness in the said *congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles;* and who earnestly prefer them to the classical models as ecclesiastical edifices. Principle and consistency are discovered, where all, at a former period, was termed incongruity and barbarism; nay, the elements and the characteristics of the Gothic are now held to be far more congenial to the religious spirit of Christianity than the porticoes, colonnades, and other distinguishing features of the Grecian.

The philosophy of the subject has been ably put forward by several theorists. We shall only glance at one or two points. It is said that throughout all the successive transitions which have taken place in architectural styles,—from the earliest Egyptian to the corrupt Tudor Gothic, a chain of explanable modifications can be traced; every marked change and striking creation in this branch of art, bearing a close analogy to the habits of thought, to the feelings, sentiments, and modes of life of the time. This principle being laid down, the next is, in reference to the Gothic style, that all its infinite variety, its innumerable parts, and, at first sight, its incongruous and grotesque features, are linked together by some secret law, by something holding the whole together, and harmonising all of them by one predominating principle. And this is asserted to be the fact as truly of the Gothic as of the Grecian; at the same time it is argued, that no architect can ever hope by the mere effort of imitating the best model, unless he is thoroughly acquainted with the recondite principle, to create or reproduce a new work that will be in accordance with the strict laws of the adopted style, or of the requisitions of beauty. Now, "a leading principle," to quote the Rev. W. Whewell, "in the formation of the Gothic style, is the introduction of vertical arrangements and lines of references in the place of the *horizontal* members, which predominate in Grecian and Roman architectures. This appears to be the most general and most exact view which we can take of the change; and this view will be found to include several subordinate principles, which have been noticed by various writers."

Having glanced at certain principles which have been explained and illustrated at length by recent writers, we go on to observe that it is further maintained that the vertical principle having been introduced, gradually developed itself, expanding into a perfect style, and being as obedient to the laws of purity and beauty as ever was the Grecian, and perfectly reconciling unity with diversity.

First of all, utility and fitness must be observed, in preference to any arrangements or features which would sacrifice serviceableness to the excitement of feeling or the mere play of the fancy. But usefulness and ornament may most naturally unite and reciprocally aid each other; and nowhere more fitly than in an edifice where the mind is to be appealed to, at the same time that the body is to be

sheltered; and where forms and colours may be made to symbolise great truths, as well as to awaken the most suitable emotions,—all this being positively useful. Secondly, there is a peculiar appropriateness in Gothic architecture in relation to the Christian religion; for a whole congregation is supposed to have met under one roof, instead, as in Pagan Greece, of the gatherings being round the temple, and under the shelter of colonnades; and accordingly the edifice is calculated for an interior spectator. "It is remarkable," observes Dr. Whewell, "how necessarily this will be seen, on a little consideration, to change the whole character of the building. A temple, or a series of temples, intended to be seen from without, and formed on the Grecian model, would have a line of entablature, which would have a natural and congruous reference to the horizontal line on which they stand; and it would not happen, in any common point of view, that this reference would be obscured or interrupted. The temple would be seen as a whole, and the entablature of one or of two sides, supported by well-formed pillars, would be simple or beautiful. But for buildings to be seen from within, the case is different. To extend them by an extension of horizontal architraves resting on columns, would produce a space without grace, dignity, convenience, or of the possibility of being lighted. When such buildings were made spacious and splendid, the height was increased at least in proportion to the other dimensions, probably more; and windows, one range over the other, were inserted in order to light this space. The space was covered with a series of vaults, one to each window or group of windows: hence naturally the necessities of such vaulting led to pointed arches, vertical lines, and other Gothic features."

Much that is attractive and interesting has been said of the fitness, the beauty, the solemnity, and the grandeur of the Gothic style for Christian worship. Even the mystery indicated by its forms and peculiar features, has been elaborately dwelt upon. These forms, for example, are suggestive of elevation. There is a vastness in our cathedrals, and vastness is an element of the sublime, and the sublime again is an element of religion. How much is gained by the effect of uncircumscribed height, the dimension of all others most impressive on the human mind. The classical principles of symmetry and proportion were necessarily superseded where indefinite altitude had been selected as the object of attainment. Externally the tapering tower or heaven-directed spire were natural adjuncts. In short, by great and unlimited elevation, by lavish ornaments seen dimly in artificial gloom, or tinged with coloured light, and their other resources, the Gothic architects not only impressed the ignorant with reverence, but roused in minds most cultivated by literature and exalted by genius, the same imaginings as in him who nobly sung of

" the high embowered roof
And antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light."

ART. IV.—*The Life of the Rev. Andrew Bell, D.D.* The First Volume by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D., Edited by Mrs. SOUTHEY; the Two Last by his Son, the Rev. C. C. SOUTHEY, B. A. 3 vols. Murray.

THE slightest announcement of sundry circumstances will prepare the public for more than ordinary interest to be excited by these volumes. The educational system, and therefore the authentic and carefully collected particulars of the life of Dr. Bell, are subjects of breadth and deep importance. Again, the facts and materials of this biography having exercised the genius and skilful talent of the late Poet-laureate—that master of prose composition, and nowhere more eminently displayed than in dealing with the memoirs of remarkable men,—must draw eager attention to them; the more especially as Dr. Bell himself, it appears, had for a long time had his mind directed to Dr. Southey, not only as the most fitting editor of his works, but the proper writer of his Life. At any rate, the trustees of Dr. Bell fixed upon the laureate for the performance of the weighty office of biographer, evincing their anxiety to afford the author all possible aid and facilities for the due execution of the work; in that they appointed a committee to be at the pains to select from the vast mass of papers left by the philanthropist, such documents and materials as might seem necessary or serviceable for the structure of an adequate publication of the kind. Mr. Davies, who had been Dr. Bell's amanuensis, was found to be of the greatest use in this preparatory process, which, it seems, demanded very great labour and unusual painstaking. In order to ascertain a single fact or date, it sometimes required, owing to the complicated pursuits of Dr. Bell, several hundreds of his letters to be searched; so that the same papers have often had to pass forty or fifty times through Mr. Davies's hands, who had repaired to Keswick to be in the close vicinity of the biographer. Here Southey, says his son in the preface, devoted a small portion of each day to the task in question. " He regularly went down to Mr. Davies's lodgings, remaining from seven until nine o'clock in the summer mornings, and from daylight until that time in winter. His first step was to read through the great body of the letters, and mark such as he wished Mr. Davies to copy. This alone occupied him twelve months; and so many papers were afterwards sent him, that twelve months more were similarly employed.

Meantime, Mr. Davies, with unwearied patience and industry, was collecting all the matter that could possibly be available into a series of connected narratives, from which my father now commenced composing the Life; but many circumstances combined to retard his progress. In the summer of 1838, when he made a short tour on the continent, he had brought the Life down to the point where it has fallen to my office to resume it; and on returning home for some of the winter months, he partly occupied himself in hearing Mr. Davies read over the notes and memoranda he had made during a visit to Swannage. From the spring of 1839 until the following August he was again absent; and from the period of his return until his death, I deeply regret to say, he was totally incapable of resuming his literary labours."

These explanatory particulars have a literary value, inasmuch as they tell us what were the methods adopted to alleviate the labour of a veteran author; but still more, because they disclose what were some of the latest labours of the great writer, the light of whose masculine and most accomplished mind was for a season, and while on this side of the grave, to be totally extinguished.

We proceed at once to the life, and start with a finished portrait of Dr. Bell's not undistinguished father.

Andrew, the son of Alexander and Margaret Bell, was born in the city of St. Andrews, on the 27th of March, 1753. His father was a barber in that city—a personage of more importance in the age of periwigs, and when considered as a surgeon of the lowest class, than in these times. He had been educated for a better station, but was thus reduced by a complication of misfortunes, brought upon him, his son says, in early life by his inexperience and credulity. That his immediate ancestors were persons of some consequence appears from this circumstance, that they are remembered to have been the first persons in the city of St. Andrews who introduced the luxury of tea, and could boast of a china tea-service. He was a man of extraordinary abilities; and having acquired no inconsiderable degree of mechanical and practical science, added to his original trade that of clock and watchmaker; regulated by observations the time-piece in the public library of the university, and assisted Dr. Walker, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, in preparing his experiments. His habits and appearance were singular, yet not so as to lessen the respect in which he was held for his talents, probity, and strength of character. He is described as tall and ungainly, with thick lips and a great mouth, which he commonly kept open, and wearing a large, bushy, well-powdered wig. Persons are still living who remember him hastening through the street, with a professor's wig ready dressed, in each hand, his arms at half-stretch to prevent their collision. After trimming one professor, he would sit down and breakfast with him, and then away to trim and breakfast with another; his appetite, like his mouth, (and his mind also) being of remarkable and well-known capacity. He was at one time bailie of the city; and once by his personal

influence, after all other means had failed, he quelled what is called a "meal mob"—riots upon that score being then so frequent as to obtain this specific denomination. The house in which he lived, and which was his own, stood in South Street, on the east side of the town or parish church, and adjoining it. It consisted of two stories, and with an outer staircase supported by wooden pillars, and a wooden projection into the street. This served for his shop, and there he enjoyed his afternoon lounge. This style of building was formerly common in old Scotch towns; particularly in Edinburgh, Kirkcaldy, and St. Andrews. It has now become rare in Scotland; and the specimens of it which were common in the North of England a generation ago, have almost all been replaced in a manner which, if it be as much more commodious, as it is less picturesque, must be considered a great improvement. Bailie Bell was a proficient at draughts, backgammon, and chess. Such of the students, and of the professors also, as were fond of these games, used to meet at his house, and Andrew, while a mere child, acquired such singular skill in all of them, that the best players were fond of engaging with him. A more remarkable instance of the Bailie's versatile talents is, that he engaged with Mr. Wilson, afterwards Professor of Astronomy at Glasgow, in a scheme for casting types upon some plan of their own. They were employed upon this, his son said, day and night, night and day in a garret; and though they did not succeed, yet after the professor's removal to Glasgow, the well-known printers, Robert and Andrew Foulis, are said to have been beholden to him for the beauty of their typography. Bailie Bell having saved a little property, retired from business a short time before the close of his life.

Andrew was the second son of this ingenious and praiseworthy man. While yet a boy he appears to have exercised that sense, reflection, and feeling so characteristic of him in after life. But the passage we are about to quote is specially deserving of notice, as a record of the experiences and sentiments of one who was to be the appointed means of introducing a system that would speedily find acceptance in many lands, and put to shame the barbarities and the absurdities of the old routine.

He never spoke of the discipline, or rather tyranny, which he witnessed and endured in those years of his life, without indignation. "Oh, it was terrible," he said, "the remains of feudal severity! I never went to school without trembling. I could not tell whether I should be flogged or not." His father, he used to say, had been driven from the grammar-school by cruelties that would now hardly be believed; yet neither his father nor he were wanting in capacity or diligence. Schools were everywhere conducted in those days upon a system of brutal severity, which never ought to have existed except where the master happened to be a man of singular humanity. In proof, however, that the severity of Scotch parents was then little less in degree, Dr. Bell instanced the case of a little boy, who, on his return from school after a merciless flogging, was observed to sit very uneasily: the father examined him, and though he saw that a great wound had been made, he merely observed there was room for more! "But mind," Dr. Bell

added, "he did not forget to remonstrate with the master." Between the fear of punishment and the earnest desire of improvement, his thoughts were so wholly engrossed by his lessons, that the family often said it was a wonder Andrew did not go east instead of west when he went out of the door; and, indeed, though he did not lose the way, yet when he was going to any particular place he generally overpassed it, being lost in thought as he went along. What he knew he knew well, and never forgot; but a want of verbal memory rendered that which, for common capacities is, however unattractive, the easiest of their tasks at school, to him the most difficult. According to his own account, he never could correctly get by heart a single rule in the Latin syntax, though he perfectly understood the meaning, and was at no loss to apply it. My old master, Dr. Vincent, used to say, "Give me a reason, boy! I would always rather you should give me a reason than a rule." But under a more Busbeian system than that of Westminster had become in my days, and a less reasonable master, this natural defect or peculiarity sufficiently accounts for the fear with which Andrew took his way to school. Notwithstanding this, he made good progress in Latin; Greek, in his country, was seldom or never taught at that time in such schools. "I do not suppose," he said, "the master could have taught it; so we began our Greek alphabet when we went to the university." The inclination which led him to scientific studies was manifested at this time in the earnestness with which he applied himself to arithmetic. Dissatisfied with the book of arithmetic which was used in the school, he set about composing one for his own improvement, taking, it is said, Mair's for the foundation.

We are also told that not only his leisure hours were devoted to this arithmetical object, but much nightly labour—which became an injurious habit; and that young as he was then, he completed the task so much to his own satisfaction, that when, about ten years afterwards, most of his papers were lost in a shipwreck, he particularly regretted the loss of his book of arithmetic.

Andrew seems to have had a natural turn for exact studies; for while a student in the mathematical class of the United College, and although the youngest of the number, he obtained the prize in that class; this mark of distinguished merit and proficiency having been by similar public and honourable testimonies repeated in his academical career. He enjoyed a scanty bursary, which however, backed by the earnings of his teaching others, enabled him to pursue his studies with advantages denied to many a Scottish aspirant in the walks of science and literature. Mathematics and natural philosophy were his favourite branches.

When twenty-one, Mr. Bell started for America, there to seek his fortune among our colonists. Little is recorded of him for several years while a transatlantic adventurer; but in 1779 we find him in the situation of private tutor of a merchant of West Point, at an annual salary of £200. With his pupils he at length returned to his native country, but parted with them in 1784, not without

having experienced annoyances and disappointments. By this time he had obtained ordination in the Church of England. The episcopal chapel at Leith, at a small salary, was the place where he first regularly officiated in a clerical capacity; but ere long he proceeded to India with a doctor's degree and with many valuable testimonials. He arrived at Madras in June, 1787; and very shortly afterwards was appointed chaplain to the 4th regiment, stationed at Arcot. Indeed, before many months elapsed, we find him partaking, as Southey has expressed, "largely of the blessings of pluralism. He held, 1st, the as yet unconfirmed chaplainship of the 4th European regiment; 2nd, the deputy-chaplainship of the 19th regiment of cavalry in the King's service; 3rd, that of his Majesty's 36th; 4th, of the 52nd; 5th, of the 74th; 6th, the junior chaplainship at Fort St. George; 7th, the superintendency of the undertaker's office; and 8th, the chaplainship of the army. Kehama, who was in eight places at once, was a type of Dr. Bell at this time." Some of these offices, the biographer remarks, may have been sinecures; "but there is good proof among his papers that none of them were sinesalaries."

We shall now cite a letter, written on receiving the tidings of his worthy father's death, which indicates the considerate and sound head, and the tender, deep-toned heart. It is addressed to the Rev. Dr. J. Adamson, and dated Madras, 1789.

My dear Sir,—I received, July 27th, by the packet the Chesterfield, the afflicting news of the death of as good a father, and as just and upright a man as ever lived. You need not blush to call him friend, as I never shall to call him father. I might have been better prepared, as you think I ought to have been, for this distressful report, had I construed superstitiously the alarming letter from him, with which my heart has been wrung of late. It has pleased God to follow me through life with his merciful chastisements, and to train me up in the school of adversity. I was flattering myself that my letters would remove any distress that my poor father suffered on the score of fortune, and that I had attained the great object of my adventuring to the East, being able to make some provision for the family, when news is brought to me that my ill father, who had a heart that felt too much, and a disposition that elevated him far above his condition in life, had fallen a sacrifice to a complication of misfortunes, entailed upon him in early life, in the experience of an academic education and the credulity of youth—misfortunes which you will pity, which every good man will pity, and thank God that it fell not to his own share to suffer as he did. It is the never-failing effect of a depressed mind in this country to induce bilious complaints. I had not, even in point of health, recovered from the effect of my father's description of what he suffered on this occasion, when I was nominated junior chaplain at this presidency, and thought to soften anew the complaints of European fortune, and hold out to my father the best consolation I could offer under his severe trials—the report of my private good success in life, and the assurance of my resolution, as soon as

my fortune was settled, to make ample provision for him through life. But these hopes were scarcely formed when they are blasted for ever by the melancholy account of his sudden death. After trying in vain to stand this shock, I have left my duty to my friend and colleague, Archdeacon Leslie, and retired to the country, where I am secluded from every European countenance. Here I am at leisure to indulge grief, and thereby prevent its violent effusion; to survey my past life; to correct those errors that may have brought upon me such sufferings; and to lay down rules for my future conduct, from which, if I ever swerve, it must be from depravity of inclination, and not strength of temptation. My poor sisters now claim all my attention—my affections now centre there. The only consolation I can now receive is a favourable report of them. I am much sensible of what they owe to you for your early attention. Your kindness to them cannot add to the opinion the world entertains of your goodness: but it will add greatly to the obligation I feel to that goodness, and it will, somehow or other, provide a benefactor to your own children. I beseech you then, for the sake of your own family, who must one day be deprived of so good a man and so excellent a father, to regard the situation of my sister. I wish to devolve this duty, during my absence from home, upon you and Dr. George Hill. I ask not on account of our past acquaintance—I ask not on account of our future acquaintance—I ask on account of the distress of my unfortunate sisters. I trust that my father has done, what I often told him to do in St. Andrews, and repeated to him at Leith, left the whole of his estate to my sisters, and that there will be no trouble in securing this for them. From what my father wrote to me about a will of my brother's in my favour, and a forged will in favour of others, I am apprehensive there will be much trouble in recovering what he always meant should fall to the family. The money in Mr. Reid's hands, I trust, will not be lost to my sisters, to whom, as to my father, I will give the life-rent of whatever may be recovered and remain, after expenses are paid. I before sent a power of attorney to my father for this purpose; I now send one to you. I presume not to offer any instructions, nor need you refer to me at this distance. Act for them as for yourselves, and your conduct will meet with my support and approbation, and I will be answerable for the consequences. It is unnecessary to remark, that I must insist, as a preliminary article, that every direct and contingent expense which may attend your acting for me, and correspondence with me, be charged to my account. Letters should always be sent by the post. It is the only conveyance to be trusted to. There is no expense but in the postage to and from London, which is a mere trifle. I hope the school thrives. It is not my wish to raise my sisters above their present situation in life. This would not conduce to their happiness. What I wish only is to render them easy in their circumstances, and comfortable in their sphere of life; and I shall be glad of your opinion of what is necessary for this purpose. I wrote to Professor George Hill, that there may be some provision for that mortality which reigns so much in my mind at present. I say nothing of Dean of Guild Ker, I know he will not be wanting in his good offices and services, and I trust I shall be able to repay them

But we must hasten to the great era of Dr. Bell's life, and the beginnings of that system of education which will be the passport of his name to future generations, merely interjecting here, that he delivered in India scientific lectures with great success. A Military Orphan Asylum being about to be established at Madras, Dr. Bell was solicited to undertake the office of superintendent of the institution, the committee considering him a person eminently qualified for the post, placing him in the way of preferment, and enabling him not only to lay the foundation of his fortune, but calling forth those talents in the manner that has created his fame. Dr. Bell offered his services without salary, and very soon did the institution acquire note and influence, mainly, or rather solely, through the activity, vigilance, and unwearied efforts of the superintendent. He had many difficulties, however, and no small opposition to contend with:

Dr. Bell was dissatisfied with the want of discipline, and the imperfect instruction in every part of the school; but more particular with the slow progress of the younger boys, and the unreasonable length of time in teaching them their letters. They were never able to proceed without the constant aid of an usher, and, with that aid, months were wasted before the difficulty of the alphabet could be got over. Dr. Bell's distemper led him to do all things quickly, and his habits of mind to do them thoroughly, and leave nothing incomplete. He tells us that he looked upon instruction as the main duty of the office with which he had charged himself; yet he was foiled for some time in all the attempts that he devised for attaining it. Many attempts he made to correct the evils in its earliest stage, and in all he met with more or less opposition from the master and ushers. Every alteration which he proposed, they considered as implying some reflection on their own capacity or diligence; in proportion as he interfered, they thought themselves disparaged, and were not less displeased than surprised, that instead of holding the office of superintendent as a sinecure, his intention was to devote himself earnestly to the concerns of the Asylum, and more especially to the school department. Things were in this state, when, happening on one of his morning rides to pass by a Malabar school, he observed the children sitting on the ground, and writing with their fingers in the sand, which had for that purpose been strewn before them.

He hastened home, repeating to himself,—"I have discovered it;" giving immediate orders to the usher of the lowest classes to teach the alphabet in the Malabar mode, with this difference only, that the sand was to be strewn upon a board. But these orders were either disregarded, or carelessly executed, as if unworthy of regard; the usher at last declaring that it was impossible to teach the boys in that way. What said and did Dr. Bell?

He was not a man to be turned from his purpose by the obstinacy of others, nor to be baffled in it by their incapacity; baffled, however, he was now sensible that he must be, if he depended for the execution of his plans

on the will and ability of those over whose minds he had no command. He bethought himself of employing a boy, on whose obedience, disposition, and cleverness he could rely, and giving him charge of the alphabet class. The lad's name was John Frisken; he was the son of a private soldier, had learned his letters in the Asylum, and was then about eight years old. Dr. Bell laid the strongest injunctions upon him to follow his instructions; saying, he should look to him for the success of the simple and easy method which was to be pursued, and hold him responsible for it. What the usher had pronounced to be impossible, this lad succeeded in effecting without any difficulty. The alphabet was now as much better taught as till then it had been worse than any other part of the boys' studies; and Frisken, in consequence, was appointed permanent teacher of that class. Though Dr. Bell did not immediately perceive the whole importance of this successful experiment, he proceeded in the course into which he had been, as it were, compelled. What Frisken had accomplished in the alphabet class, might, in like manner, be done with those next in order, by boys selected, as he had been, for their aptitude to learn and to teach. Accordingly, he appointed boys as assistant teachers to some of the lower classes, giving, however, to Frisken the charge of superintending both the assistants and their classes, because of his experience and the readiness with which he apprehended and executed whatever was required from him. That talent, indeed, the lad possessed in such perfection, that Dr. Bell did not hesitate to throw upon him the entire responsibility of this part of the school. The same improvement was now manifested in these classes as had taken place in teaching the alphabet. This he attributed to the diligence and fidelity with which his little friends, as he used to call them, performed his orders. To them a smile of approbation was no mean reward, and a look of displeasure a sufficient punishment. Even in this stage he felt confident that nothing more was wanting to bring the school into such a state as he had always proposed to himself, than to carry through the whole of the plan upon which he was now proceeding. And this, accordingly, was done. The experiment which from necessity had been tried at first with one class, was systematically extended to all the others in progression; and, what is most important with scholastic improvement, moral improvement, not less, in consequence of the system, is said to have kept pace. For the assistant teachers, being vested with authority because of their standing in the school, retained their influence at all times, and it was their business to interpose whenever their interference was necessary; such interference prevented all that tyranny and ill usage from which so much of the evil connected at boarding schools arises: and all that mischief in which some boys are engaged by a mischievous disposition, more by mere wantonness, and a still greater number by the example of their companions. The boys were thus rendered inoffensive towards others, and among themselves; and this gentle preventive discipline made them, in its sure consequences, contented and happy. A boy was appointed over each class, to marshal them when they went to church or walked out, and to see that they duly performed the operations of combing and washing themselves. Ten boys were appointed daily to clean the school rooms, and wait upon the others at their meals. Twice a week during the hot season, they were marched by an usher to the tank, and there they bathed by classes.

As to any purposes of instruction, the masters and ushers were now virtually superseded. They attended the school so as to maintain the observance of the rules; though even this was scarcely necessary under Dr. Bell's vigilant superintendence, who now made the school the great business of his life. Their duty was, not to teach, but to look after the various departments of the institution, to see that the daily tasks were performed, to take care of the boys in and out of school, and to mark any irregularity or neglect either in them or the teachers. The master's principal business regarded now the economy of the institution; he had charge both of the daily disbursements and monthly expenditure under the treasurer. The precise date of that experiment which led to the general introduction of boy teachers cannot be ascertained; but that these teachers had been introduced in 1791, or early in the ensuing year, is certain.

Improvements took place step by step, to the gradual enlargement of the system and the ever growing satisfaction and delight of Dr. Bell, who has related all with a fond and repeated minuteness. His ardour gathered warmth, his persevering character derived congenial nutriment, and he proceeded in his strength, overcoming every opposition and all difficulty. But our readers must have recourse to the Life for particulars. At length the state of the philanthropist's health admonished him to tear himself away from the scene where his system of education first developed its principles and gave out its beautiful promises. He returned to England; and here closes Dr. Southey's part of the biography.

Before leaving India, Dr. Bell drew up an account of his new system, of his experiments and their results. He afterwards published his report with additions, under the title of "An Experiment in Education, made at the Male Asylum at Madras, suggesting a system by which a School or Family may teach itself under the superintendence of a Master or Parent." It is contended by Mr. C. C. Southey, that the assertion is without foundation, of Mr. Lancaster having taken up the subject, and brought it into general notice, perfecting its parts and principles, after Dr. Bell had given it up as hopeless. Quite the contrary, it is argued in the Life, was the case; for that no man was ever more sensible of the value of his own discovery than Bell was; his only hesitation with regard to publishing in England the nature and merits of the system, arising chiefly from his doubting whether the period had arrived when it would meet with due attention. The system, it is also maintained, consisted not mainly of writing in sand, nor in syllabic reading, but of conducting a school by the medium of the scholars themselves. A great deal of angry controversy, however, was wasted on the matter, party and the most uncharitable spirit ranging itself either under the banner of Dr. Bell or that of Mr. Lancaster, to the promotion of an unseemly warfare; not less unseemly indeed than the rancour which it spread between the Establishment and Dissent, and which has grown keener

and keener ever since, especially whenever the question of national education has been moved, and the inquiry instituted,—to whom is the great charge to be entrusted? The controversy, however, is a subject which we at present are loath to interfere with, further than to allow Mr. C. C. Southey to quote from Lancaster's pamphlet, published in 1803, some explanation of his views; views which the Rev. biographer regards as having the most pernicious tendency.

After making some remarks on the necessity of gentle measures in all matters relating to a reform in society, and more especially in education, Lancaster proposes that a society should be formed for the purpose of education. "This," he says, "should be established on general Christian principles, and on them only. Mankind are divided into sects, and individuals think very differently on religious subjects, from the purest motives; and that common gracious Parent, who loves all his children alike, beholds with approbation every one who worships him in sincerity. Yet it cannot be reasonably supposed that conscientious men should promote a religious opinion directly contrary to their own: a Presbyterian, Baptist, Quaker, or any other, cannot, with sincerity, sacrifice their opinions to those of their amiable and Christian brethren in the Establishment; neither can the last conscientiously unite entirely in opinion with those of any other denominations; but the grand basis of Christianity alone is broad enough for the whole bulk of mankind to stand on, and join hands as children of one family. . . . Ah! then, let all friends of youth, among every denomination of Christians, exalt the standard of education, and rally round it for their preservation, laying aside all religious differences in opinion, and pursue two grand objects—the promotion of good morals, and the instruction of youth in useful learning, adapted to their respective situations. . . . Indeed, he goes on to say, "it is not to be wondered at that no general plan of this kind has been adopted; there are few things in which it would appear, at first sight, that the different religious interests of sectarians would clash more; and they must, if a plan of this kind is eagerly pursued by one or more parties with a view to increase proselytes, or make it a vehicle to convey their favourite tenets. It has been generally conceived that if any particular sect obtained the principal care in a national system of education, that party would soon be likely to possess the greatest power and influence in the state. Fear that the clergy should aggrandize themselves too much, has produced opposition from dissenters to any proposal of the kind; on the other hand, the clergy have opposed anything of this nature which might originate with dissenters. . . . However, there is yet hope left; the common ground of humanity is adapted to all—none can conscientiously scruple to meet there. All are agreed that the increase of learning and good morals are great blessings to society. If they cannot unite to do good in every particular instance, yet let them be fellow-helpers as far as they can, and cordially assist to do it with one mind, that society at large may no longer suffer loss by a set of the most valuable and useful men our nation can boast, employing themselves to little better purpose than to declaim against, or make wry faces at each other." "I conceive any person," says Lancaster, a little further on in this pamphlet,

"whose moral character and abilities were likely to make him serviceable to the rising generation, should be an object of the society's protection, let his denomination of religion be what it may, and let him pursue whatever method of religious or other instruction his sincere and best intentions may dictate."

Even the circumspect Dr. Bell himself uttered most indiscreet language in the course of the controversy with the Quaker, occasioning no small difficulty and confusion to his stoutest partizans, as may be seen in the following, by his most valiant champion.

Robert Southey, Esq., to Dr. Bell.

Keswick, Oct. 11, 1811.

My dear sir,—This evening I have sent off the conclusion of a long, and, I trust conclusive, article to the Quarterly. Had there been time, it should have passed under your eye; but it has occupied me much longer than I expected, because I have been very solicitous to strike as hard a blow as possible; it is so hard, that you will see your desire upon your enemies. I have managed better about the passage which has been the occasion of so much false accusation, than the British reviewer did; for I have admitted its inconsistency, shown in what manner your very zeal for the furtherance of your great object betrayed you into it, and then made a thundering charge of malice and calumny against those who argue, from this single passage, in direct contradiction to the whole tenour of the book.

But let us quit this disagreeable part of the Life, coming back to one or two particulars and events which have been passed over.

Dr. Bell was one of the most lucky adventurers that have ever left England for India, considering not merely his success as the discoverer and promoter of an educational system, but in rapidly realizing a fortune. On his return to his native country in 1800, his property amounted to more than *twenty-five thousand pounds sterling*. The Court of Directors also granted him a pension of 200*l.* per annum. Nor was it very long ere he became rector of Swanage in Dorsetshire, with an income of nearly 800*l.* a year; having previously taken to himself a helpmate. The marriage, however, was an unhappy one, a separation taking place in 1806; nor were they again united. The lady was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Middleton. We shall now cite some account of an extraordinary character, an inhabitant of Swanage, with whom Dr. Bell formed an early acquaintance on being appointed rector of the village.

Among those whom Dr. Bell first visited was Mr. Thomas Manwell, who lived close to the rectory, and who was one of the most extraordinary men in Swanage, having originally been a quarryman. On first entering his house, Dr. Bell was surprised at seeing a great number of books in the room, and on expressing his astonishment to Mrs. Manwell, was informed by her that "there were ten times the number up stairs," and that her husband had

long been in the habit of spending all his spare money in the purchase of books, and all his leisure time in their perusal. This person was the son of George Manwell, quarryman, whose history, and that of some of his ancestors, is sufficiently interesting to claim notice here. The following account is taken from a letter of George Manwell, Jun., to his son Henry, March 2, 1814—"I can trace the family no further back," he says, "than to my grandfather on that side, and but little on my grandmother's. After London was burnt some years, and the city began to be rebuilt and flourishing, there was an uncommon call for Purbeck stone, and paving was sold at so high a price as 30s. per cwt. This, of course, attracted the notice of the neighbourhood round; and numbers of boys from different parishes, at the distance of twenty miles, were apprenticed here to the stone trade, and premiums given. This increased the inhabitants greatly, and other tradesmen were wanting. Our grandfather, Joseph Manwell, was then a young man, a carpenter by trade, and came to Swanage, from the parish of Strickland, near Abbey Melton, and as there was no carpenter in Swanage, thought it a good opening for business. He then married our grandmother, Elizabeth Abbot, youngest daughter of farmer Abbot of Worth. Our great-grandfather Abbot was very wealthy for that time. He gave all his children livings except grandmother, to whom, being about to marry a man intended for trade, he gave 100*l.* for her fortune. This was a capital sum in those times, for her father had then carried twenty-one bushels of wheat, great measure, from Worth to Pool, and sold it for 40*s*...Father was not one year old when his father Joseph died. The carpentering business dropped, and his widow was left with three young children. However, with the little property she had, and her own industry, she bred them without any assistance. Father, of course, under these circumstances, had scarcely any education, and at the age of eleven was put an apprentice to a quarryman, with a premium, by the Rev. Mr. Lewis, rector of Margate, who was, by the best information I can obtain, either uncle to grandmother, or cousin.... Father was a man of uncommon strong memory, could easily have learned anything, but no chance for improvement, and scarcely, or never, wrote his name, till after he was a man, when working in Portland about Westminster bridge." The individual here mentioned, George Manwell, was the first means of introducing music into Swanage, as a science, little or no attempt having been previously paid to it. He first learned the art of singing by notes from a person who had come there for the purpose of giving lessons in music; and who, perceiving that Manwell was possessed of an excellent ear, gave him some gratuitous instruction. The knowledge he had thus acquired he was anxious to disseminate, and under his tuition his three sons soon made great progress; he also gave similar instruction to numbers of young men of the place, and a foundation was thus laid for that musical knowledge which has since been much cultivated in Swanage. Of Thomas Manwell, the eldest son, often called the Swanage philosopher, it is said that he never attended any school after he was eight years old, at which time he was taken by his father to the quarries, to learn the stone-cutting trade. He was of a delicate constitution, and his father perceiving this, and his great love for reading, kindly supplied him with a few books, and avoided putting

him to the severer labours of the quarries. By the time he was fourteen years of age, he had instructed himself fully in the theory of navigation, and before he was seventeen he had constructed a sun-dial on one side of his father's house, and he afterwards made another for the church, which still remains. He continued to follow his trade as a stone-cutter, devoting all his leisure moments to study, until after the French Revolution, when from the excellent character he bore, and from his scientific knowledge, he was appointed to the situation of midshipman under the lieutenant of the signal-post of Swanage, called Round Down, which appointment he held, except during the ten months' peace of Amiens, until after the battle of Waterloo, when the signal-posts were discontinued. The solitude of this place was well suited to his habits and feelings, and the leisure which the situation often afforded, gave him an opportunity of following his favourite studies, which were now botany and astronomy, although he also paid much attention to mathematics, history, chemistry, and philosophy. On these subjects he not only studied but wrote, having compiled upwards of twenty volumes of different sizes, all closely written in imitation of printing. These chiefly consist of extracts from books on philosophy, history, science, and mathematics, interspersed with his own observations.

Manwell's habits were retiring, and he was for the most part sparing of conversation.

This reserve and taciturnity, however, entirely disappeared when he met with men of congenial tastes and habits, and this was the case in a remarkable degree in his intercourse with his two brothers, who were also men of no ordinary powers of mind. They were in the habit of meeting occasionally at the house of one of the brothers, and here they used to spend hours in conversing on philosophy, history, the arts and sciences, &c. &c. "Thomas," said an old lady, who was well acquainted with him, "was always talking about thunder and lightning, earthquakes, mountains, eclipses, (which he calculated with great exactness,) and numbers of other matters which we could not understand." Had Manwell received a liberal education, and had better opportunities of pursuing his studies, he would doubtless have distinguished himself in scientific pursuits; he does not, however, seem to have possessed much ambition, or indeed ever to have wished to quit his native place. Dr. Bell having been struck with the number and subjects of the books in Manwell's house, became desirous of seeing the owner, and subsequently had much intercourse with him; never failing to pay him a visit, or ask him to the rectory, whenever he came from his duties at the signal-post. On those occasions, they used to spend many hours in conversation on philosophical and scientific subjects; and Dr. Bell used often to say that Manwell possessed more actual knowledge on the theoretical, and, in many instances, on the practical parts of philosophy, than almost any man he ever knew.

Dr. Bell undertook a continental tour; was afterwards honoured by the notice of royalty; and in course of time was presented to a stall in Westminster. His activity was all along great, the prime

object of his life being the propagation of his educational system: He died in 1832, aged 79. He showed much solicitude about the posthumous publication of his works. He was desirous that Mr. Wordsworth as well as Southey should be engaged in superintending a complete edition of them; and Mrs. Wordsworth paid him a visit at Cheltenham, with the view of coming to some understanding about the matter. But no satisfactory arrangement took place. The doctor's temper began to evince peculiarities, as may be gathered from the following passages:

Dr. Bell's views were in a very unsettled state, both respecting the disposal of his property and the publication of his works: and owing to this and the irritability of his temper, Mrs. Wordsworth's visit was anything but one of pleasure. He seems now to have thought that his present illness would be fatal to him; and on Mr. Marriott's leaving Cheltenham, (whose visit we shall presently have occasion to notice,) he gave his gold repeater into his charge, as a memorial, to be presented to Lord Kenyon; and he directed that some boxes, containing part of the perquisites which fell to his share at the coronation of George the Fourth, should be sent off at once to Miss Marianne Kenyon. He also wrote at this time to Lord Kenyon, requesting that he would destroy all his Apology, and other papers which had the least of controversy concerning Sherburn hospital in them, that were in his possession. "My work," he said, "may be said to be done, as far as my earthly existence extends; and it is most fitting and right that every thing which savours of disputation or controversy be buried in the grave with me." To this Lord Kenyon replied, that his commands to him with respect to any publication or correspondence ever entrusted to him, he might rely on it, should be faithfully observed: but he added—"As, however, no one can tell what time may produce, I should not think it expedient to destroy any documents, but to preserve such, solely for the purpose of irresistibty refuting falsehoods, should falsehoods be uttered, when the means for their refutation may be thought to be lost." In this opinion Dr. Bell appears to have acquiesced, since he neither repeated this request, nor did he himself destroy all those papers on this subject which were in his own possession. During his illness, however, he committed many of his papers to the flames, which, on the whole, was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for his biographer; for having, throughout his life till now, preserved every letter and even note he received, had he not destroyed some of them, the composition of his Life would have been still more difficult and laborious than it has been—while it is highly improbable, that any new information of importance could have been derived from them."

Again,—

Meantime Miss Bell had manifested a great wish to visit her brother at Cheltenham, and with some reluctance he consented that she should do so; but no sooner had he given his consent than he again recalled it, and wrote to her to that effect. She had, however, set off before the letter reached St.

Andrews, and on her arrival at Cheltenham was affectionately received by her brother. For some weeks they lived very happy together; and by a deed of conveyance, dated the 17th of May, he made over to her Lindsay cottage and grounds, whereby she was admitted tenant and proprietor of it; though he retained possession of it until his death. On the day following the date of this deed, Dr. Bell also delivered to her the following letter:— "Yesterday I surrendered to you the cottage and grounds, and all the appurtenances and premises belonging to them: and accordingly I now proceed to deliver up, give and present to you all my furniture, goods and chattels, books and letters, and MSS., here and at Sherburn house, the carpet and the covering of the coronation chair which fell to me at the coronation of King George the Fourth; and elsewhere, my silver plate, gold coins, rings, chains and trinkets, money, and cash here and at Messrs. Pitt and Co's., bankers, Cheltenham. The tea service presented to me by the vestry of the Cowgate Episcopal chapel, at Edinburgh, and the sacramental plate presented to me by my Indian pupils, of which a duplicate was presented to the chapel of the National School, Ely-place, London, you have to deliver to the minister and vestry for the time being, of the Episcopal chapel of St. Andrews." At present Dr. Bell was on good terms with his sister; but unhappily circumstances soon after occurred which caused an entire breach between them, and which, however painful it may be to do so, I must here briefly mention, as silence on this point would probably lead to erroneous impressions of Dr. Bell's conduct, and lay him open to the charge of unjust and capricious treatment of his sister. Miss Bell had unfortunately taken up the opinion that her brother was not in a fit state to make a will, and she accordingly expressed her conviction to others that "he was not in his right mind." This was more to be regretted than wondered at, when we consider the immense property which Dr. Bell possessed, and the natural expectation which she must have entertained of sharing largely, in common with his other relations, in his accumulated wealth. Be this, however, as it may, by some means or other Dr. Bell began to suspect his sister's intentions; and having ascertained, beyond a doubt, how matters stood, he put a paper into her hands, stating that it was necessary for his health and peace, that she should immediately leave his house, and giving her the choice of St. Andrews, London, or Malvern. She accordingly chose the latter place, and at once proceeded there.

Dr. Bell certainly furnished one of the best examples of Scottish characters. A large stock of common sense, great worldly prudence, untiring perseverance, and remarkable success marked his career. He was a man likewise of integrity, and gifted with a healthiness of sentiment that lent breadth and beauty to his nature.

ART. V.

1. *Standard French Novels.*

2. *Standard German Novels.*

3. *Standard English Novels.* Dulau & Co., London, 1844.

IT may not be uninteresting to attempt an exploration of the wilderness of our polite literature, and more especially as regards the field of romance and novel. The latter, it is true, are but ephemeral, like all articles of fashion. They usually proceed from the pens of lesser poets, and are also commonly written for the mere amusement of young people and the weaker sex. But even in this limited sphere, they exercise now-a-days, a powerful influence on the reading public, by their vast circulation and enormous multiplication, and claim, therefore, our particular notice and investigation as to the real cause of such a phenomenon in modern literature.

The character of the romance or novel, in its wider sense, will be better understood when we bring it in comparison with its opposite branch, metrical poetry.

Though we may be inclined to admit that prosaic narrations are not less necessary for national education than poetical, and that instead of subordinating the former to the latter, we ought rather to place it at its side and on an equal footing; it is, nevertheless, certain that prosaic stories, or even fictions, had not been developed and formed to a peculiar branch of literature, before poetry had degenerated and sunk to a very low ebb. It was only the disorganization of poetry that led to the emancipation of prose.

This fact becomes evident in pursuing the march of ancient Greek literature. Only the deepest decay of their poetry called forth the romances of Apuleius, Lucian, Longus, &c., which are in themselves meritorious prosaic efforts to purify language from the pompous prolixity of the poetasters of the age. Let no one say that poetry had then sunk to a level with prose. Poetry was already so corrupted, that it became helpless even in its over-refined and over-polished metrical forms. The human mind necessarily sought for a different form, and naturally fell upon the opposite extreme, the simple metre of nature, *prose*. The reproach, that man had then gradually become too callous, his feelings too blunted, and his nature too indolent to busy himself any longer with the difficult, lively, and metrical form of verse, can justly be applied only to the compilers, collectors of mythological traditions, or writers of stories and anecdotes; but by no means to the ingenious Lucian, who used prose merely as a natural weapon against the unnatural forms of poetry, and in which he displayed a power and vigour which had long since already been lost to the former. The subject of nearly all his writings, was a protestation

against the practical illusions of heathen antiquity, a witty derision of pagan lore and poetry.

There can be no doubt that Lucian would have founded, on a very large scale, a new Greco-Roman school of polite literature, if the attention of the world had not at that time been engrossed by the golden dreams of the emigration of nations. The great influence which he exercised at a much later period on the Spanish, Italian, German, French, and English prose, assures us of the fact. But ancient literature could not proceed on the plan he had sketched out for it, christianity and the influence of the Germanic spirit having changed the whole aspect of the literary world; and the thread which was broken with Lucian, could only be re-fastened after the lapse of a thousand years.

This happened in the Reformation. The middle ages had outlived their spirit. The original sacred enthusiasm had lost itself into a sophistical, scholastic, and religious hypocrisy. While the fine illusions of the middle ages on the one hand, were destroyed chiefly by the egotistical politics of the European cabinets, the pious old belief and bigotry of the people received, on the other, a serious check by the sober and practical worldly view which began to gain ground among the masses at large. The phantastical views which held the middle ages bound, as if by a magic spell, were gone. The Reformation, the revival of ancient literature, the rise of commerce and of the natural sciences, procured for cold and dry reason a decided preponderance. The *thought* set free in the Reformation, found in the newly invented art of printing the most efficacious means for circulation, and that *thought* was prose. The once so flourishing poetry of the middle ages, had at that time, also, degenerated into the most wretched master-songs. No wonder that the vigorous new prose had, under such circumstances, obtained the superiority throughout the civilized world of Christendom!

In the same way as Lucian had previously risen against the spiritless poetry of the ancient world, in like manner rose Boccacio, in Italy, with his keen satire, against the degenerated clergy; as Cervantes did in Spain, against the decayed chivalry; and Rabelais, in France, against scholastics. All these gifted poets wrote in prose, and laid thus the first stone of our modern polite literature—*novels*.

From that moment, poetry no longer consisted in verse alone. Poetical prose stood at her side, and was even to a certain extent favourable to metrical poetry, by the new and fresh vigor it inspired the literary world at large with, though it cannot be denied on the other hand, that prose has frequently, and more especially in our more recent times, done great injury to poetry. The reading public had become weaned from the enjoyment of poetical works, by the inundation of prosaic works for their amusement, in all possible shapes and forms. Neither has prose scrupled to administer that spiritual relish in the

treatment of subjects, and in a way which poetry would certainly have found much too mean to deal with.

All the metrical efforts ever since the Reformation, were more or less attempts to bring back our views of the world to the old standing point of the marvellous and miraculous; more or less reminiscences of the old belief, with all its points, both strong and weak, in the short recollections as it were, of a lost Paradise. Poetry attempted upon the whole, to raise man to a higher, more ideal sphere, than the common and every-day one, while prose on the contrary tried to remind him of the real world and real events of practical life, and thus to destroy the illusions called forth by poetry, and even to plant in his breast more sober views of the fabulous past, trying to discern and separate in it the historical from the fictitious. The prosaic romance has therefore always adapted itself more easily to the political and moral condition of the times, than metrical poetry; the former has usually ever followed the spirit of the age, to reflect the prevailing notions of the crowd and flatter their interests.

The fine ingenious satires of Boccacio, Cervantes, Rabelais, and their imitators, indicate the great revolution of ideas that had taken place shortly before, during, and after the Reformation. But in adding to them the wild passion of theological polemics, they degenerated into libels and gross farce; and the consequence was, that this whole branch of literature perished in its own impure element.

After, however, worldly politics had put into the back ground religious controversies, the Romance received a new form, when after the great wars of the Reformation, the courts alone, with their despotism and free manners, gave the tone to society at large. In perfect agreement with that new spirit, were the heroic and love-stories, in which were reflected at once the stiff formality of the Spanish Grandezza, the depravity of the French nobility, and more especially after the alliance of the Italian and French courts, when the pastoral poetry—then in vogue in Italy—was applied to the members of the court, to represent them, as enamoured shepherds. But the pastoral poetry was merely borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, and its application to the modern events consequently a sheer affectation and absurdity. It is worthy of remark that the scenes of these heroic and pastoral romances were usually laid in the eastern courts, and more especially in Turkey or Persia. The despotic form of those courts perfectly suited the despotic views of the fourteenth Louis.

At the side of the haughty heroism and affected sentimentality in these novels, prevailed, likewise, the light and easy style of Boccacio, which so greatly suited the frivolous character of court-life. This we see in the famous novels of Queen Margareth of Navarra, and in some French and German Memoirs of that period.

Of a peculiar character were two German novels, "*The Simplicissim*," a true picture of the manners during the thirty years' war; the

first *historical* novel that really deserved that title, so variously abused now-a-day; and the "*Island of Felsenburg*," in which is sketched the emigration of some noble Germans from corrupted Europe, to found a virtuous republic in some distant island. These two specimens plainly show the correct direction pursued by the novelists of that period, if the Gallo-mania had not meddled to introduce the French taste among the reading public of Germany.

Ever since Louis XIV., the political and literary preponderance of France became decisive. Spain and Italy had sunk into lethargy, while Germany was still bleeding of the wounds of the thirty years' war, and had not as yet collected new strength. As for England, her influence was not yet felt on the continent; neither had she then quite recovered from the calamitous consequences of the Reformation. It was France that gave the tone in everything, in politics, military art, manners, customs, and fashions, and even literature. Her language supplanted the Latin, in diplomacy, and even the mother-tongue in the higher circles among several nations. The courts, the nobility, spoke French, and even authors intermixed French phrases or terms in the expressions of their mother-tongue.

Whenever a nation is so happy as to find themselves in a superior position opposite the other nations, there is usually no lack in great men in whom to concentrate the national deeds or writings; in other words, to represent by them the national spirit and character. In a literary point of view, *Voltaire* was that representative.

So much has already been said and written about this celebrated man, that the reader must not expect here a repetition of all those numerous stories and anecdotes about his personal character, merits and demerits. All we mean to develop here, is the influence he has exercised, and is still exercising to a certain extent, on the novelists at large. Voltaire was the first writer who sacrificed *all and everything* to wit. Until his time, the satirists used to wield their weapons of derision and mockery only in the cause of all that is noble and sacred, and solely against the abuses that had crept into them. Even *Rabelais*, that most merciless wit of France's satirists, never denied the respect he owed to religion and morality. The various sects, though they were not sparing in their attacks and personalities against each other, never dreamt, however, of attacking christianity itself. Laughing wisdom chastised all the folies and vices of the world, but it occurred to no one to laugh at virtue herself. Wit was until then only the means for a serious and worthy end; but Voltaire raised it to the end itself, and wielded it no longer against the abuses of sacredness, but against sacredness itself, by which he naturally procured for that wit a new and surprising charm. How he came to it, is easily explained. He found a French public ready to listen. For him as for all Frenchmen, there was then only *one* authority, the royal despotism; every thing besides had become indifferent. Even

the church was no more but an instrument of the French cabinet, while cardinals and bishops taken from the midst of the depraved nobility, vied with each other in loose manners and morals. The cloister life had already before Voltaire—as is evident from the notorious law-suit of Father Girard—most disgracefully degenerated into lewdness. A religious authority was only acknowledged as a matter of form, and its contempt became a *public secret.* Under such circumstances, no moral authority could be expected. The French court had established a sort of Turkish harem; public interest turned in Paris only about the *chronique scandaleuse,* while public officers, the nobility and clergy, did their best to promulgate that frivolity also among the lower classes. Voltaire was thus not too bold or too daring in his notorious way of writing. He found before him nothing more claiming respect than the despotism of the court, and national vanity; both of which authorities he flattered on every occasion. Every thing else was left to his discretion, and attacking as he did with the most licentious freedom of wit, everything that came in his way, he pleased more than shocked the ears of his hearers or readers.

The court and the aristocracy that favoured him, considered not that the merciless wit with which he undermined all moral and religious authorities, would soon turn towards the political; neither did they think that they would themselves fall a victim to it, even before the end of the century.

Voltaire formed a great school, by which France was inundated with immoral and atheistical writings. He proved by his own example, how dangerous it was to abuse the prerogative of genius, since the least weakness and frivolous inclination in which a great mind indulges, are sure to serve as a model for imitation to the minor spirits, and even to serve as an authority for similar and even worse indulgences. The worst of his disciples thought himself equal with him, because he imitated his foibles. All, however, Voltaire effected with his great mind, was the mere emancipation of brutality in man. The general character of French novels in the last century was very detestable. Even the most talented writers, such as Diderot, the younger Crebillon, Cazotte, &c., were possessed of a very unclean spirit, not to speak of the several hundred novels, the shameless and abominable contents of which were not even embellished by some talent of any sort. Voltaire's example had authorised them all. Why indeed not write anything and everything, after a *Pucelle* or a *Candide!!* The *gallant* arristocracy read eagerly such sorts of writings, calculated not only to tickle the blunted senses, but also to call forth a political revolution in the country. In these works were disclosed to the public all the faults of the court, and the utter depravity of the aristocracy, a circumstance that deprived them of the last shadow of respect, previously claimed and commanded by their class. The notorious freedom and equality of the French revolution took

their origin in the miserable representation of a vice, which mixed together all classes of society. It is even said of the Duke of Orleans, that he had manufactured such sorts of writings in the Palais-royal, and brought them into circulation to promulgate anarchy,—but which, by the bye, did not bring him the crown.

Though care had been taken to save from oblivion at least the most ingenious and most obscene works of that period, there are nevertheless, now-a-days, but few readers who are acquainted with the full extent of the literature, *à la Hays*, and similar *etiquettes*. He, however, who happens to know it, will acknowledge that we do not exaggerate, when we say that that literature surpasses in immorality all that even the later Roman literature ever tried to indulge in, in gross sensuality, and more especially when we consider that the former was not content with merely pourtraying gross sensual scenes, but even tried to laugh at and deride even the most sacred subjects and sentiments.

The diabolical element in that predominant species of novels naturally called forth an opposition. The league of wit with the most corrupted imagination, had at last too much oppressed human nature not to awaken in the human breast a longing for some remedy or other to save it from utter destruction. This explains *Rousseau's* success. Rousseau protected at least the rights of the *heart* against the attacks of wit and satire, and created thus a new species of *sentimental* novels, beginning with the Heloise. But Rousseau was not less immoral than Voltaire; he only gave a new specious name to immorality, and the same sin which Voltaire would have committed laughingly, Rousseau had it committed, accompanied with lamentations, sighs, and groans. The muse of the one was gay and playful, that of the other a whining pimp. This alone is, upon the whole, the only difference between them. There is, perhaps, in Rousseau's errors, covered as they are with sweet tears, a far more dangerous poison than in the at least franc-cynism of Voltaire and his school.

In Germany, the courts and the nobility had long since imitated the French example. The learned were for the most part pedants, and the people had sunk into apathy. The Germans thus contracted with the Gallo-mania, also Voltaire's atheism and Rousseau's sensitive debauchery. Happily, however, an influence from another quarter soon counteracted that pestilential malady of corrupted taste,—we allude to the English school of Romance.

As demoralisation is usually the companion of despotism, it is but natural that in this island there should then have prevailed more morality, religion, and piety, than abroad. Already in *Swift's* Satires, as in Hogarth's caricatures, we observe a grave sentiment unknown to Voltare. The heavy volumes of Richardson were direct *apologies* of morals against the French immoralities which had already made their way into this island. But it was justly observed

that descriptions of morals are in themselves not yet poetry, and no wonder that these voluminous and tedious works (Clarissa, Grandison) were soon eclipsed by the spirited novels of Goldsmith and Fielding, who neither indulged in moral sermons, nor, on the contrary, in immoral scenes and language, but described with Homeric fidelity true English life, where principle and good sense get, after many trials and temptations, the best over wrong wit and passion, as also over false sentimentality. Smollet, it is true, rather inclined to the frivolity of Voltaire's school, as Sterne did to Rousseau's sentimentality; but these writings were, after all, but mere weak reflections and copies of those schools, never denying in the run the moral and religious character so peculiar to the English. To these descriptions of national manners and customs, were still added fine sketches of nature, landscapes and rural scenes, for which the French evinced no sense whatever. Thomson's Seasons were indeed masterly paintings so very different from the insipid pastoral poetry of the French writers.

These English works did not fail to gain ground in Germany, where they soon put in the back-ground the French works. Gallomania gave way there to Anglo-mania, and but few writers showed then in Germany any original methods of their own. Even the talented *Wieland* only imitated French mannerism, as *Hippel* did the English. Also *Goethe's* Werther was—bating some original points peculiar to his own genius—but an emanation of Rousseau's spirit. Indeed, the imitations are so palpable, that we can easily draw parallels between most of the German poets of that period of transition, and their French or English prototypes. Wieland was the German Voltaire, Thümnel the German Diderot, Hippel the German Sterne, Itzehoe the German Smollet, Kleist the German Thomson, Zachariæ the German Pope, Rabner the German Swift, &c.

Whilst the German *novel* was still labouring between the French and English spirit, a new and quite original era was founded in Germany in the other branches of poetry, and more especially in the drama, which gradually also called forth a reform in the novel department. It took its rise with Lessing, and found its culminating point with Schiller and Goethe. We must, however, speak here more chiefly of *novels* in particular.

Though we cannot attach much importance to the intrinsic value of the German ghost-robber, and chivalric novels, yet are they in so far valuable, as they display incipient seeds of German originality in the field of romance. In them are reflected in a very rough manner as yet, the re-awakened sense for the institutions of the middle ages; they were mostly all but crude productions in the art, yet had they at least the merit of being both German and original. They tended to two different directions; to the wild powers of nature in opposition to the tame civilization of the present, and next to the mar-

vellous, strange, mysterious, and ghostly, in opposition to the more noble and enlightened views. Hence, the predilection for the old knights and their combats; hence, the strange admiration of bold highway-men, first broached by Goethe, in his "Götz of Berlichingen," and by Schiller, in his "Robbers." Hence, also, on the other hand, the re-introduction of ghost-scenes, of spirits conjured up from the tomb, as also of the communion with secret societies and other mysterious brotherhoods, to which again Goethe and Schiller gave the lead; the former in his "William Meister" and "Grand Cophta," and the latter in his "Ghost-Seer."

These strange sorts of poetry are replete with deep feeling and sentiments peculiar to the German character, with certain longings of the mind after objects which the then prevalent dominion of reason, and the so-called illumination of the human intellect, were far from satisfying. It is true that the means of satisfying that in itself noble longing, were but ill chosen, emerging as they did into the affectations of the chivalrous times, and the childish plays of empty mystery; yet do they not hinder us from seeing in them the indelible feature of the national character. Nations, like individuals, have certain feelings, sentiments, and capacities peculiar to themselves, which may be suppressed, or under adverse circumstances wrongly applied, but never annihilated. The German spirit, which in the middle ages, when checked by no guardianship of any predominant faculty of mind, had developed itself to independent and grand achievements, showed symptoms of an unhealthy constitution, as soon (as was the case in the last century) as it fell under the discipline of modern philosophy, and would-be enlightened views of the moral and practical world. Thus it happened, that groaning under the shackles of unnatural restraint, the natural feelings vented themselves into wild cries of rough knights and warriors, or stifled their outbreak into the visionary musings of ghosts and spirits, in connection with secret societies, such as we read in "William Meister," &c.

These two species of German romance, did not, however, supplant the French and English styles of novels.

The school of Voltaire, not only maintained itself in Germany, but made even head against the new school. In the same way as even before Goethe and Schiller, Wieland had introduced that French school among the Germans (though he only copied Voltaire's *good* points), in like manner were there many adherents of that school, who did so after them, and more especially in Prussia, where, ever since the times of Frederic the Great, free-thinking and very lax morals had infected the minds of the people. Such new masters of frivolity usually copied more Voltaire's bad than good parts. *Langbein's* merry sketches were, indeed, rather of an innocent character, but Kotzebue, and Julius Voss, were actually weltering in

the mire of immorality, and made it even a merit to bespatter with it the older and more pious novelists.

Also Rousseau's school maintained itself. Miller's Siegwart, and Goethe's Werther, introduced it into Germany. Though the original element of that school is egotism of cowardly sensuality, there was, notwithstanding, something too seductive in the voluptuous tears of Rousseau's sentimentality, for the credulous and compassionate nature of the German to resist. The sentimental novels became thus fashionable, and though true to their original element or principle, they advocated, or at least tried to gloss over, the acts of illicit passions, yet were they gradually more ennobled on German ground, and frequently even assumed a positive moral tendency. August Lafontaine distinguished himself mostly in that character, by his numerous novels, and exercised not a little influence on the reading public. Many of his works inclined to Rousseau's style of excusing weak hearts, and still more weak flesh; while others are family sketches, in Goldsmith's style; and of the torrents of love-tears he has caused to flow, most of them are, nevertheless, from innocent eyes.

The humoristic school of the English, in the style of Sterne, which was first introduced by Hippel, was renewed by Jean Paul; who, though original beyond all doubt, received notwithstanding, the first impulse from Hippel, as this latter received it in his turn from Sterne.

Jean Paul is so peculiar in his way, that successful attempts to imitate him were but seldom and partial. He has founded a peculiar species of novels, or rather he was the only specimen of his kind. His numerous novels not only met with an enthusiastic applause, but they bear also such a true stamp of the German noble character at a certain period, that we must consider him, not only as a precious exception of the general rule, but, on the contrary, as an important link in the great chain of German novelists. The sentimental or romantic feelings, which had become predominant already before him, and more especially the bliss of family circles, was in some measure a consolation, and even compensation for so many goods, and even rights, the Germans missed in their public life. The Germans of the last century had nearly ceased to be a nation, and their activity was confined to private and domestic life. Too much agitation had taken place in the previous centuries in Germany about religion, to renew its interesting the masses after the parties had cooled themselves down into sober philosophy and almost religious indifference. Domestic love was consequently the only resource left to indulge in freely and at heart's pleasure. If many poets, such as Voss, in his celebrated *Louise*, and many more of his style, had paid rather too much homage to the dressing-gown and the nightcap of domestic life, Jean Paul had sense enough to ridicule, on the one

hand, the extravagant notions of his age on the point of sentimental love, while he, more than any other, knew how to elevate himself on the other, soul and body, to its genuine inspirations. He was not ignorant, that German individuals, as members of one of the greatest nations that ever lived in, aye, and even formed the pages of, modern history, ought to concern themselves in far greater things than mere family and domestic affairs; still, he could not disentangle himself entirely from the philistrous illusions of his age; and he belongs therefore partly to the sentimental and partly to the opposite ironical schools, partly to the lovers of narrow, quiet, and domestic life, and partly to the turbulent spirits of political movements.

The good humour, patience, and devotion of the German character, in the most modest and even humble situation, endowed, at the same time, with much information and still more imagination—is found in no poet more so than in Jean Paul. The external modesty bordering even on bashfulness, of his well-informed young heroes, is a true copy from life. The conflict of originally energetic and noble natures, with the thousand oppressing relations and circumstances of practical life, is so truly and impartially sketched, that his novels will probably serve to late posterity as a clue to the strange phenomenon of seeing a nation on so low and even degrading stage of political independence, yet vie with the freest and most civilised nations on earth—ay, and even bear away the palm—in nearly all the departments of the arts and sciences. Also his original style, that rather tasteless mixture of natural feeling with learned and frequently far-fetched wit, indicates, likewise, the characteristic contrasts of the German spirit at the close of the last century.

Meanwhile, also, the German romantic school developed itself more and more apart and independent of the French and English.

The chivalrous novels ennobled and developed themselves about the beginning of this century, to full and dignified sketches of Germany's ancient times. This point of transition was formed by Tieck, Novalis, the Schlegels, Fouqué, &c. In the same time fell likewise the revival of old German and old Northern literature, as also the beginning of the great German reaction in morals and religion in opposition to French frivolity. All these circumstances together, greatly contributed to open the German mind to those sketches of the middle ages, with which the new novels then abounded. The present disgrace of bearing a foreign yoke, only created a better relish for the perusal of events in better by-gone days, while the melancholy aspect of the present state of things, only painted in more glowing colours the excellencies, happiness, and independence of the forefathers of olden times.

The mysterious and ghost stories or novels were less successful. They were not suited to the age of enlightened views, and still less to the period of universal war and public revolutions. This species

of novels, therefore, never became quite popular; the *circulation* was limited to the circles of a few poets who indulged in abstract reveries in opposition to flat reality.

This is most strikingly seen in Callot-Hoffmann, whose odd tales betray in every page how much he felt the unnatural state of his own position.

The great patriotic period in which Napoleon fell, had begun with a glowing, and in every respect manly enthusiasm, but it ended in the next period of the Restoration, into a sober and peevish spirit, a mixture of effeminate love of trifles and powerless moroseness. This spirit is also reflected in the fancy literature of that time. Such an host of female writers entered on the stage of publicity in Germany, that the register of their names alone filled three volumes 8vo. All these ladies, however, were far from sketching the rosy time of young love, the first bliss of the heart, or the peace of patriarchal married life; they were all, on the contrary, seized with the prevailing spirit of dissatisfaction and bad humour, which characterized the period of the Restoration throughout the continent, even among the lively circles of the boudoir. Thus we find, that the novels written by ladies were more or less sketches of adultery, or at least an unhappy state of marriage life. The abler works of Lafontaine, Schmidtchen, Ewald, &c., usually ended in a joyous way, with marriage and christenings, and were all of such a cheerful character, that even the many tears that were shed at the beginning were sweet and voluptuous, but which were at the end changed into those of merry smiles, and even laughter. They portrayed love before marriage, with all its joys, petty annoyances, obstacles, separations, and re-unions; in short, love in its juvenile garb. But the more recent novelists of the above cast, sketched love of a rather certain age. They only described the emotions of the heart of old bachelors, spinsters, aunts, holy fathers, of all those who have from some motive or other renounced the holy ties of matrimony; some lady-writers even attacked connubial life from principle, in the true spirit of the Amazons, maintaining that female excellency can only be developed apart from man's society, protection, and influence. Several other novels detailed domestic strife and squabbles, the foibles and transgressions of married people, adulteries of all kinds, both platonic and criminal, as first suggested by Goethe in his *Wahlverwandtschaft*. That such novels give good opportunities for the discussion of many psychological truths, and the principles of practical and moral life, no one can deny —yet much harm was inflicted by that process on the poetical muse, who is naturally adverse to unyouthful love.

The influence of the Restoration manifested itself likewise in the aristocratic colouring of these novels. The scenes of the events were usually placed in the small capitals of the petty princes, in the castle

of some high nobleman, while the chief actors in them were usually modern dukes, counts, court ladies, barons, and other high personages of either sex. Even in the less numerous novels of a purely popular or civilian stamp, the parts of the heroes were always allotted to the public officers, councillors of justice, chamberlains, town recorders, and all those who by their title or function at least, if not by birth, approach more or less the aristocracy.

These grim elderly sentiments displayed in the lady-novels above specified, quite corresponded with the new species of philosophical, or reasoning novels, which owe their origin to great and very ingenious men. *Tieck*, in the second period of his life, when he was, as it were, sobered down from the romantic intoxication of his earlier life, began to discuss in his new novels questions about life, art, and literature, in a very ironical style. These novels, it is true, are distinguished by their pleasant style of serene and jovial humour, but it is the cheerfulness of an old man, who looks down with resignation on the follies of men, when he is no longer deluded by the youthful hope of bettering them. His irony has found many unfit imitators, while several litterati have, on the other hand, attempted to render popular, systems in philosophy, theology, education, and politics, by dressing them in the pleasant garb of romance. All this, however, bore the character of sober age, past the spring of life. However much such literary novels contributed to disseminate information and knowledge among the reading public, yet fell the philosophical novels far from their mark, never answering the end that was anticipated from them. The failure was not owing to the want of talent and skill on the part of the writers, but chiefly to the distaste of the public, who are usually less susceptible of romantic exhortations in times of need and sober reflection, than in those of youthful vigor and success. The great poets thus found it more expedient to withdraw altogether from the questions of public life, and confine their labours solely to subjects purely literary or artistical.

The first impulse to those sorts of novels, was given by Heinse's Ardinghello, Goethe's William Meister, and Tieck's Sternbald. The life of the artist was therein treated in a frivolous or sentimental style. The artist was either made a happy, successful knight of love, who conquers hearts wherever he turns; or a pure ideal, the bearer of the most sublime and sacred ideas of art, or even a mixture of both together, such as we see in Sternbald. Vast is the number of such artistical novels in Germany; they embrace all the arts, respectively, both abstract and useful: painting, architecture, poetry, music, and the drama. In the sentiments of all those artistical heroes, the poets usually transferred more or less their own subjective feelings, virtues, and foibles. Who can deny that they frequently give us an insight into the heart of that class of men who live exclusively by and in the art? But it was, upon the whole, a step rather back-

ward than forward in the development of poetry, to see poets, probably from want of better heroes, bring themselves out as the heroes of their own romance. In times of political vigour, freshness, and youth, the poets have nothing to do with themselves, but with God, nature, history, and such heroes as really deserve that name. It is only the superannuated muse, that places herself, from sheer *ennui*, before the mirror, and sketches her own features.

From Germany, therefore, no regeneration of the romance was to be expected, after the patriotic element had been suppressed, prohibited, and ridiculed in poetry, as in practical life. The poisoning of the deepest feelings of man's existence, could naturally only be followed by bitter resignation, frivolous consolation, cold irony, or despairing melancholy. From sound and proud England alone, the revival of the romance could proceed,—and so it did in reality.

Walter Scott, however, only planted a German seed on English soil. The historical novel, as well as the taste for the events of the middle ages, are of German origin. Scott only adopted the leading notions of the German romance, in undertaking his sketches of English and Scotch early history. He was the means of inspiring all nations with a taste for the same,—not, however, without making some sober concessions to the spirit of the age; and these were of such a nature, that we may fairly say that he *reversed* the German romance. The German poets had lost themselves so thoroughly in the spirit of the middle ages, the romantic points of which they were describing, that they transferred the greatness and glory of those times even to the present, regardless of the changed spirit and circumstances of the age; while Walter Scott, on the contrary, transferred the sober views and matter-of-fact sentiments of our prosaic age, to the past ages, the poetical points of which he so admirably delineated. He brings the past, which we were used to view in the veil of the marvellous, so suddenly and so closely before our eyes, that everything appears to us natural, as in still-life paintings of the Dutch school. To those who never turn their looks beyond the modern times, Walter Scott appears with his descriptions of ancient customs and costumes, certainly very romantic, while to the initiated and adepts in the romantic lore, his sketches fall far short from the true mark. He has taught his innumerable imitators the rather questionable and critical art of portraying the most ancient and strangest scenes and incidents, with a boldness, as if the author was an eye-witness of them; though it is evident that they never deny for a moment in those sketches, modern notions and sceneries, in the same way as they lend to the barbarians of the barbarous ages, as to the priests, knights, citizens, queens, and nuns of the middle ages, opinions, feelings, sentiments, and even expressions altogether at variance with the spirit of those times, and more in accordance with our modern way of thinking, speaking, acting, and sketching. Thus,

far from enriching the present with some new notions gathered from the mines of the middle ages, the historical novelists are, on the contrary, bold enough to transfer our modern views and conventialities to those past ages; far from unveiling the romantic secret of the history of the world, the novelists only show us how to look at ancient times and events through the spectacles of the modern spirit.

The greatest merit of W. Scott, is of a political nature. In accustoming his readers, *i. e.* the educated classes, to extend their looks beyond the narrow sphere of mere love and family affairs, into the immense panorama of universal history, he greatly contributed to the extension of the political horizon, and to lead as it were the popular taste from their dwellings to the forum, from the private affairs of the heart to public and national concerns. The European public became thus, for the first time, busy with the vicissitudes of whole nations and celebrated historical personages, by this sort of fancy literature. The result was great.

From the school of Sir Walter Scott, two other schools have branched out; one limiting their sketches to sceneries and scenes of nature (Cooper, Washington Irving, Wilson); and the other, extending their descriptions to psychological and philosophical problems and the political questions of the day (Bulwer, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Trollop, etc.) The latter school returned in some measure to the older English school, of describing family circles and national manners; and many novels, as ex. gr., the earlier novels of Bulwer, greatly remind us of Fielding and Smollet. In Germany, it was Steffens in particular who combined the historical with the philosophical contents in the novel. We shall not specify here the immense number of more or less happy imitators of Sir Walter Scott in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Holland, but we will dwell more upon their characteristic species.

The great love with which the historical novel has been received in all countries of the civilized world, greatly speaks in its favour generally, though the superabundant number of writers who, as it were, get up novels as if by steam and machinery, could not fail to inflict great injury on their form, of which the following are among the principal defects.

Even Scott himself was too fond of minute portraiture of little subjects, more indeed than is compatible with the spirit of poetry, while his imitators have carried the partiality to an extravagant excess. It is an old-established doctrine, that poetry cannot compete with the art of painting, simply because the poet has to introduce to the imagination of the reader, scenes or sceneries in a successive order, what the painter does *en groupe* and *en coup d'œil.* If the poet is, therefore, too minute in his descriptions, the reader necessarily forgets the previous by the latter, so much so, that the sketch, instead of being clear and lucid, becomes rather obscure and confused.

The masters of taste have therefore declared—and the best poets have proved it—that to produce a perfect poetical effect, it is but necessary to indicate the outlines of the intended sketch, and thus force the reader to fill up the blank by the activity of his own imagination. But if the poet takes it into his head to become a professional tailor in his sketches of costumes, he certainly degrades his poetical character. We no doubt wish to admire the hero, we even wish to see him, but we have no great mind to count the buttons of his coat. Nor is it otherwise with the sketches of landscapes. They only delight in surprising us. But when we have to go through a whole volume filled with minute descriptions (such as in Cooper's "Prairies") of wandering hunters stretched on grass, and consuming their evening meal to the very last bone of the buffalo which they had slain, it certainly requires more than great patience not to feel dull and fatigued. Wilson has in that respect the advantage over Cooper, his sketches being more brief, at the same time that they are also more lively and pleasing.

Another defect in the historical novels is the false pathos, the want of variety. The fatal passion of rendering important every trifling thing, has led to a certain romantic pedantism, which we perceive in the historical paintings of the day. Suppose a hero of the good olden time is to be painted; no one, familiar with the spirit of those times, will be surprised to see him look sombre, melancholy, proud, or passionate, though his chin be covered with a long venerable beard. But when the painter thinks it his duty to endue with the same pretending look, the same proud expression of anger and indignation, even his squire in the background, his groom who holds his horse, ay, and even the horse itself—we call this a false pathos; mannerism, but not nature. The same fault which we constantly see in the paintings and engravings of the day, is also manifest in our historical novels. Not only the heroes are here full of wisdom and noble sentiments, but even the peasants, servants, and other domestics, in whom we would seek rather more simplicity. There is in the historical novels a whole array of noble country-people, noble spies, noble pilots, sailors, &c., who ever re-occur as a sort of standing army, and whose rough virtue is not modest and naïve, but full of pretension, tutoring, imperious, and pedantic.

There is also much boasting or bragging in the introductions of these novels. The curiosity of the reader is continually strained to the utmost, the poet plays with him a sort of *hide-and-seek*, makes him wait unsatisfied to the very last, and then solves the mystery in a most common, ordinary, or rather extraordinary way.

The unknown, whom we meet at the outset, as an important personage and bearer of heavy events, turns ultimately out to be nothing but a very common, if not very vulgar person, who plays, after all, but a most insignificant part in the tale. Many novels begin with a

persons are collected, and relate the history of those twenty persons in all its details, without being obliged to veil a great part of it? Now, instead of the saloon of the twenty persons, let us say a certain quarter of the town, nay, a certain class of men, a certain company consisting of a certain class,—and do you not believe that there are more vices, more abominations among these people, of whatever rank and condition they be, than in the most immoral novel? The critic admitted it as a fact, and had nothing to answer."

Now, when a novelist tries to excuse the immorality of his novel by the corrupted state of society generally, he only means to say, that the actual moral life of society is already so deeply sunk, that there is but little to apprehend for that society from the immoral book, and that the latter gives but a faint sketch of the actual low morals of that society.

Should we be disposed to enumerate all the principal situations in the French novels (or those imitated after them), we ought to have a complete *catalogue raisonné* of all the unnatural vices and passions, or other revolting sensualities. The school of Voltaire, Crebillon, &c., was content with simple cases of adulteries, while the recent French romance must needs add to it *incest*, and the most complicated transgressions against public morals. The victims of such crimes must be not only the wife, but also the daughter or sister, and the crime must, moreover, be committed under the most extraordinary and shocking circumstances, and accompanied by the greatest horrors of death, raving fits of madness, &c. Even the common crime of theft has been introduced in the novels, to complete, as it were, the disgust of the reader. The heroes of the novels are no longer a Don Juan, Lovelace, or Clavigo, but individuals of the very refuse of society, or old *roués*, impotent *debauchés*, mean fortune-hunters, &c. If amidst all those excesses of the most corrupted fancy, some feeble scene of warning conscience is to be represented, it is usually done by despair and suicide, which only tend to put an end to the crime, but not to atone it. Nearly all these novels, also, finish with a most revolting—almost hideous catastrophe, which leaves behind a very painful feeling to the reader.

We need no farther definition of the subject, to know that such novels are an *extreme;* and as extremes in literature are usually but of short duration, we may safely look forward to the speedy termination of this species of exalted poetry.

If we err not, France will soon of her own accord, reform that monstrous part of her literature, for this excess and fatal turn of the French character threaten the total destruction of the amiable side of the French people, but which is a thing impossible. Nature usually takes, in such cases, the means of remedy into her own hands, by

dint of a reaction. The French character may certainly, on the one hand, show a marked turn towards an impetuosity threatening to break through all boundaries; towards a cruelty threatening to defy all feelings of humanity; and towards a barbarism threatening to dash wildly through the most refined civilization, such, indeed, as we have seen and were manifest during the first French Revolution, —yet has that same French character, on the other hand, so many noble and friendly points, such a delicate tact for true humanity, and, more than any other nation, that refined sense of raising the usual occurrences of life to holyday and poetical ones, and of embellishing gloomy accidents by the cheerfulness of their naturally serene humour,—that we cannot in the least doubt of the speedy preponderance of those amiable qualities, and the disappearance of the monstrous aberrations of that new school. When *Young France* will grow a little older, we may see in her, repeated the phenomenon of her individuals, who usually shine with the graces of social virtues only at a later period of life, after the violent passions of youth have taken leave.

Having thus far attempted to give a weak outline of the several species of romance, such as they have appeared in order throughout Europe; we will now enter a little more fully into the *form* of romance generally.

The customary and usual form of the novel, is that of a love story. And this must always form, as it were, at least the *frame* of the romantic picture, though there may be introduced into the latter, fragments of political history, sketches of manners and customs, descriptions from natural history, or philosophical and critical observations. Now, in looking at our modern, and more especially our recent novels, we cannot help thinking that the youth of romance, the charm of first love, is gone by. Our apprehensions are founded on the one hand, on the monotony of the continually repeated, and ever one and the same species of situations, characters, and phrases. The heroes and heroines meet, in hundreds of those immoral novels, with nearly the same adventures, and they all also, end in nearly one and the same way. A sort of romantic *conventionality* has been formed as trivial as the social life in reality. Novels are, therefore, no longer read with any poetical interest, feeling, and kindred emotions, but merely to while away a dull hour, or as a specific for sleep. This degrading condition of the romance to a mere digestive opiate; the profanation of all that formerly used to move the inward soul, into a mere means for killing time; the outward smooth gloss of the inanimate romantic figures, where the warmest life ought to manifest itself,—all this, we repeat it, is an unpleasant symptom of the paralisation of the human heart, of the exhaustion of man's noblest feelings, and of the profanation of love, which is the fountain of all our great and best actions in life; and, on the other hand, are

our apprehensions founded on the increasing system of fortune-hunting in matches, to procure a new interest to unfashionable love, by the external means of the depraved and the cruel. It must, indeed, have come far to see poets, of a noble nation, have recourse *en masse* to such forcible means, by which they tacitly admit that simple natural love is no longer able to excite any interest.

The very phenomen of the *historical* novel, is in itself a proof that the reading public is no longer content with the history of two hearts, that it demands something else than mere love. We have become indifferent to the fate of individuals, we are only now interested in that of the whole species. In the historical novel, love is usually only treated as a secondary matter, while political and national interests form therein the leading points. Even in the French novels, which are more favourable to love, the sacred devotion to the object of love is transformated into a brutal passion and interest. We see in the heroines only specimens of the various virtues or defects of the whole sex. The charm of personality has vanished, and in its stead has come that sickly taste of change and novelty with regard to the whole race. Alfred de Musset writes of Paris: "The habits and manners of the students and artists, those so free, so fine, and so solid manners, have shared in the universal change. Those men now whisper to women, words that hurt their hearing and feelings, because they sacrifice now to the shrine of Bacchus and Venus, to wine and strumpets. Love is treated like glory and religion, which are considered as an old illusion. The *Grisettes*, that formerly so romantic and sensible class, are now banished to shops and the counter, because they are poor, and no one loves any more a poor maiden. They wanted fine dresses and bonnets, —and they sold *themselves*. The same youth who pledged to the Grisette, his love, to whom she had in return given her whole heart, and devoted her leisure hours to his sole company,—the same youth having abandoned her to starvation and shame, meets with her again at an orgie, in a *bordel !*" &c.

Nothing else could be expected from men who have lost all the delicate sense for the individual, and retained only the gross sense for the sex or species. In the same way as social life lost thereby the natural charms, so did the romance all natural beauties.

In looking a little more profoundly into the subject, it appears as an imperceptible reaction of the Latin principle in Europe, against the Germanic. The sacredness of the *person* was the foundation of Germanic life, in the state and in the house; hence, also, the characteristic personality of the whole of Germanic poetry, while in the antique world, the individual was lost in the sex, in the nation, and in the state. The more, national intercourse had increased, the more the individual man was carried from the narrow circle of his home, the more did he also, appear to polish off his individuality,

and lose, thereby, the esteem of foreigners. Man himself then approaches gradually more to the type of his species, such as time and fashion prescribe. That strange old romantic feeling, that home-woe that chains the individual with irresistible love to his native place, to one single spot in the whole world, and the affection he bears towards one single individual, are about now to vanish altogether from the human breast, and tune it again to that social key so current among the ancients, and traces of which are now only found in China, where the individual is reduced to a mere zero, and where constant monotony of the species deludes itself only through unnatural passion with variations.

From this change, the result of a peculiar poetical view of the condition of woman generally, may eventually arise an advantage for poetry herself. Love so preponderate over taste, that the poets in their prepossession for the beloved object, frequently forgot to give us a clear *objective* definition of it. They mostly sang and sketched their own love instead of the beloved object, which was indeed not always worthy of love and such a profusion of poetical eloquence. When, therefore, the devotion to *one* person diminishes, and a poetical contemplation of the whole sex comes in its place, which results in a more refined and ideal choice among the female beauties, the taste may eventually be abstracted and reduced to that of the classical age, such as we observe among the ancient Greeks, at least with regard to physical beauty. It requires, indeed, a certain disregard of the charms and virtues of the *one* beloved object, to appreciate those of other objects; it requires a certain indifference to the *one* individual, to discover from all the individuals composing the sex, the original type of beauty, or to find out the pure object from their midst, unbiassed by any subjective prepossession.

But, remarkably enough, we find that all the younger poets, and more especially those of France, who first broached contempt of poetical as well as civil marriage, who first denied the necessity of exclusive love, and who first advocated illicit love, variety in enjoyment, have not manifested the least classical tendency towards the discovery and analysis of the objective ideal. They are, on the contrary, partial to the wildest subjectivity, relish the most fantastic taste, and follow the most arbitrary fancies both in physical and psychological depravity. Instead of seeking for that beautiful, clear, quiet, and satisfying ideal of female beauty, both in a moral and physical point of view, such as the ancients knew how to abstract from the whole sex, or to concentrate from many individuals, these new poets carry, on the contrary, their own ugliness, confusion, and restlessness into their female heroines which they sketch in their novels, and make thus monstrous caricatures of the female ideal, to whom they lend masculine impudence, masculine scepticism, and all the wild passions and aberrations of the mind, all the vicious appetites

and sophistries, with which their own hot brain and cold heart are filled.

Injured love perhaps revenges itself in this manner. She casts into the hearts of these who despise and deny her holiness, an unquenchable thirst, a consuming flame, despair, and disgust with all; and finally, sickness of themselves.

In proportion as they have on the one hand strayed from the most simple and natural conception and representation of love, have they on the other, tried to develop, and as it were, to dissect with the anatomical knife, and in the most cruel manner, her aberrations and sickly conditions. We would certainly not object to it, if they had not attempted on the one hand to append to it at the same time a most questionable system of morals, and on the other, to exaggerate nature, even in her diseased state. But in all these psychological experiments, they have not even celebrated always the triumph of the truth and depth of human knowledge at the expense of poetry, but have frequently attempted to revel in wanton freaks of an overstrained imagination, at the expense of natural truth. In the same way as in former times, the heroines were endowed with all imaginable virtues, in order to raise them far above the level of their equals, in like manner tried the modern *romanciers* of France, to overload the heroes even with exaggerated vices, to give them a superhuman (diabolic!) superiority over their fellow creatures. It is true that poetry has some licence to paint a little beyond human greatness, but not even the most exalted poet is at liberty to stretch either virtue or vice to such colossal improbability, as to deprive us of all belief in their existence. The greatest exaggeration in the modern novels, is in the description of situations of the most cruel sufferings, in which our poets seem particularly to delight. In such torturing situations, the hero is either endowed with an almost angelic patience, and endures them with a quietness even super-stoical, or—as is the case in the French novels—he passes through all the painful stages of systematic despair, to the awful delight of the readers. Callot-Hoffmann first brought that new poetry into fashion, and the Frenchmen have carried it through innumerable situations. There is not a single torture of the mind, which the French novelists have not painted in its minutest detail. Victor Hugo's "*Last days of the condemned,*" may serve as a specimen, in which he, however, remained true to nature, while many of his successors have even tried to surpass him in that cruel pleasure, by the unnatural scenes of despair, anxiety, and madness; such as the murder committed by the bridegroom in the wedding night, from *idiosyncracy*, on the bride! or the dream of the hanged culprit, who believes that his mistress entangles him coquettishly with her hair, while the hangman ties the fatal rope around his neck; and a hundred similar descriptions, with which new French novels are filled.

The poets have in all earnest begun to make chase after the great-

est untruths. It is but natural that a well-informed, spirited, noble, and pretty young woman, should not only love, but love one worthy of her hand and heart. This was the creed of the *old* poets, and therefore our modern poets make her love a rascal and criminal. Even to this we might not object, if that criminal possessed some redeeming qualities that might render him amiable, at least in *her* eyes. But this motive is already hackneyed and *used* by the other poets; one French poet has recently gone a step farther, and made her love that criminal solely because he was not only a criminal, but also one of the worst kind. This is, indeed, the sort of gradation which romance was obliged to pass through, to satisfy the increasing demand of the public for change and novelty.

In a different direction has also one of the German novels gone through that gradation. A young lovely girl wanting a husband, was a theme of the old bards. She gets none; consoles herself with Heaven and goes into a convent, where she becomes a benevolent aunt, and the guardian angel of her family. This was the second study. But when this motive of resignation was used up, the poets fell upon the notion to have the girls renounce marriage for no cause whatever,—merely, as it appears, to play the Amazons,—in short, to exhibit something new.

We might easily quote numerous instances of this progressive transition from the natural to the unnatural, in the representation of love, as we have stored up a pretty rich repertorium of novels in our memory. But we will pass over from the internal motives to the external; and also show the great progress that has taken place in the new novels with regard to their improbabilities.

A most shameful abuse is made of poor CHANCE. In most of the novels, the lovers find themselves again in a most improbable manner; as in cases of adultery, when the troublesome husband HAPPENS to die just in proper time for the lover, by mere *chance*, but not from any malady whatever; or when a deliverer comes forth all of a sudden, as if fallen down from the clouds, as *deus ex machina;* evidently showing the inability of the author to solve in a natural way the long romantic confusion and complicated points; and when he cuts the knot, therefore, quite in Alexander's style, by the sword of blind chance. Incomparing all these improbabilities, we may, perhaps, rather thank the authors for breaking up so abruptly their immoral novels, as no end is always better than a bad one.

There is also a passion for crowding together many events at one spot and in a little time, possibly to enhance the effect. One adventure is expected, but in the interval we have two or three incidents *en attendant*, as in a comedy, although the story is highly tragical, even desperate. Independent that the coincidence of important conflicts is always improbable, it causes such a confusion in the connection of the tale, as to tax the reader's memory with the

and change we can wish for, may be found in the very circumstance of our finding ourselves transported to times, and men, whose feelings and way of thinking are so at variance with their own, and which no historian can so well illustrate as the poet.

The philosophical novel, in the more extended acceptation of the term, is to the novel generally, what the didactic poetry is to poetry at large. It is to instruct in a pleasant garb. Its principal object is to teach truths by poetical means. Also the historical form of the novel might serve to that end, though it appears to us that it is better that the historical interest should predominate, rather than be subordinate. Time is to be represented with its notions and opinions, but no arbitrary opinion is first to look out for an historical garb, and as it were to model history after that opinion. The best philosophical novels are, therefore, usually those which treat either of the present time and the existing events, as the nearest and most natural home of opinions, or of a world quite of the poet's own creation, where he can form and model everything to his heart's desire.

ART. VI.—*The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England.* By the Author of "The Clockmaker." Second Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

THIS *Second* professes to be the *Last* of the matchless *diplomatist's* observations in England. The author, however, holds out the gratifying promise of hereafter presenting to the world sketches and *reminiscences* of life and manners in the colonies; and we cannot doubt that he will continue to uphold the character of "The Clockmaker" and "The Attaché," for originality, shrewd impudence, and *soft sawder* of his own most peculiar sort. It would be acceptable, of course, that he varied his main character, affording relief from the rather tiresome uniformity of coarseness, affected vulgarity, and at times not very happily concealed efforts in chase of an unwilling wit. The slang is generally exceedingly verbose and needlessly reiterated; so that the impression left on our minds, for the most part, has been that of a certain degree of disappointment, and a persuasion that the thing might have been made keener by a writer of such general knowledge, acuteness, and satirical humour, in a style that is quite new, and of an order which seems susceptible of such compass of subject and tone of sentiment; affording ample scope not only for the funny and mirthful, but the tender and pathetic,—the serious as well as the droll—and for the inculcation of sober wisdom and massive truths, equally with the light, the playful, and the imaginative. Our readers, however, will be desirous of listening to the immortal Sam himself, especially when informed that our national manners

and institutions, our conventionalities, superficial disguises, and most prideful points, are the objects of the *Attachés* most sagacious criticism and merciless causticity. The displays of our pretended high civilization and unexampled fine breeding, very early after Sam has set foot upon our shores, becomes the theme of his description and critical handling. The Liner's Hotel of Liverpool obtains a considerable share of the diplomatist's custom, there being attractions in the bar-maid whose position it was to sit or stand at a corner, and whose duties were those of receiving and communicating orders.

"Look at that gall," said Mr. Slick, "ain't she a smasher? What a tall, well-made, handsome piece of furniture she is, ain't she? Look at her hair, ain't it neat? and her clothes fit so well, and are so nice, and her cap so white, and her complexion so clear, and she looks so good-natured, and smiles so sweet, it does one good to look at her. She is a whole team and a horse to spare, that gall,—that's a fact. I go and call for two or three glasses of brandy-cocktail more than I want every day, just for the sake of talking to her. She always says, 'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' "Somethin'," says I, "that I can't have," lookin' at her pretty mouth about the wickedest; well, she laughs, for she knows what I mean; and says, "P'r'aps you will have a glass of bitters, sir?" and she goes and gets it. Well, this goes on three or four times a day, every time the identical same tune, only with variations. About an hour afore you come in I was there agin. "What will you be pleased to have, sir?" says she agin, laughin'. 'Somethin' I can't get," says I, a laughin' too, and a smackin' of my lips and a lettin' off sparks from my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney. 'You can't tell that till you try," says she; 'but you can have your bitters at any rate,' and she drawed a glass and gave it to me. It tainter so bad that, is it? Well, now she has seed you before, and knows you very well; go to her and see how nicely she will courtshy, how pretty she will smile, and how lady like she will say, "How do you do, sir? I hope you are quite well, sir; have you just arrived?—Here chambermaid, show this gentleman to No. 200.—Sorry, sir, we are so full, but to-morrow we will move you into a better room.—Thomas, take up this gentleman's luggage;" and then she'd courtshy agin, and smile handsome. Don't that look well now? do you want anything better than that, eh? if you do you are hard to please, that's all. But stop a bit, don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry; think afore you speak; go there agin—set her a smilin' once more, and look close. It's only skin deep—just on the surface, like a cat's paw on the water, its nothin' but a rimple like, and no more; then look closer still and you disearn the colour of it. I see you laugh at the colour of a smile, but still watch and you'll see it. Look now, don't you see the colour of the shilling there, its white, and cold, and silvery,—*it's a bought smile*, and a bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it. There is no natur—it's a cheat—it's a cheat—it don't ryle you none, but still it's a cheat. It's like whipt cream: open your mouth wide, take it all in, and shut your lips down on it tight, and it's nothin'—it's only a mouthful of sunshine; yes

it's a pretty cheat, that's a fact. This ain't confined to the women nother. Petticoats have smiles and courtshys, and the trousers bows and scrapes and my-lords for you, there ain't no great difference that way; so send for the landlord. "Lardner," says you' "Sir," says he, and he makes you a cold, low, deep, formal bow, as much as to say, "speak, lord, for thy servant is a dog." "I want to go to church to-morrow," says you; "what church do you recommend?" Well, he eyes you all over, careful, afore he answers, so as not to back up a wrong tree. He sees you are from t'other side of the water; he guesses that you can't be a churchman, and must be a radical; and them that calculate that way miss a figure as often as not, I can tell you. So he takes his cue to please you. "St. Luke's, sir, is a fine church, and plenty of room; for there ain't no congregation! M'Niel's church has no congregation, nother, in a manner you can only call it a well-dressed mob,—but it has no room; for folks go there to hear politics." "Why what is he?" says you. "Oh, a churchman," says he, with a long face as if he was the devil. "No," says you, "I don't mean that; but what is his politics?" "Oh, sir, I am sorry to say, violent—" "Yes; but what are they?" Oh, says he, lookin' awful shocked, "tory, sir." "Oh, then," says you, "he's just the boy that will suit me, for I am tory too, to the back-bone." Lardner seems whamble-cropt, scratches his head, looks as if he was delivered of a mistake, bows, and walks off, sayin' to himself—"Well, if that don't pass, I swear; who'd a thought that cursed long-backed, long-necked, pumpkin-headed colonist was a churchman and a tory?"

Sam's method of acquiring gentility and polish of the highest shine, as it obtains amongst us, was marvellously expeditious; and his *recipé* for the same is of the simplest. In short, it amounts to this —*mind your eye.*

"A man of fashion must mind his *eye* always." "Black stocks ain't the go no longer for full dress, and white ones ain't quite up to the notch nother." Then, "perhaps nothin' in natur' is so difficult as to tie a white cravat so as not to rumfoozle it or sile it." He used to get the little beautiful chamber-help to do it when he first arrived, "for women's fingers ain't all thumbs like men's; but the angeliferous dear was too short to reach up easy, so I had to stand her on the foot-stool, and that was so tottlish I had to put one hand on one side of her waist, and one on t'other, to steady her like, and that used to set her little heart a beatin' like a drum, and kinder agitated her, and made me feel sort of all overish too, so we had to ginn it up, it took too long." "It is in little things a man of fashion is seen in;" and "if a feller *minds his eye* he will soon catch the knack, for the eye must never be let go asleep, except in bed." The rule is next applied to "the many ways of eatin' an orange."

The *Attaché* then branches out in the following style:—

All this is larnt by *mindin' your eye.* And now Squire, let me tell you, for nothin' 'scapes me a'most, tho' I say it, that shouldn't say it, but still it taint no vanity in me to say that nothin' never escapes me. *I mind my eye.*

And now let me tell you there aint no maxim in natur' hardly equal to that one. Folks may go crackin' and braggin' of their knowledge of Phisionomy, or their skill in Phrenology, but its all moonshine. A feller can put on any phiz he likes and deceive the devil himself; and as for a knowledge of bumps, why natur' never intended them for signs, or she wouldn't have covered 'em all over with hair, and put them out of sight. Who the plague will let you be puttin' your fingers under their hair, and be a foozlin' of their heads? If it's a man, why he'll knock you down, and if it's a gal, she will look to her brother, as much as to say, if this sassy feller goes a feelin' of my bumps, I wish you would let your foot feel a bump of his'n, that will teach him better manners, that's all. No, it's "all in my eye." You must look there for it. Well, then, some fellers, and especially painters, go a ravin' and a pratin' about the mouth, the expression of the mouth, the seat of all the emotions, the speakin' mouth, the large print of the mouth, and such stuff; and others are for everlastingly a lecturin' about the nose, the expression of the nose, the character of the nose, and so on, jist as if the nose was anything else but a speakin' trumpet that a sneeze blows thro', and the snuffles give the rattles to, or that cant uses as a flute; I wouldn't give a piece of tobacky for the nose, except to tell me when my food was good; nor a cent for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue. But the eye is the boy for me; there is no mistake there: study that well, and you will read any man's heart as plain as a book. "Mind your eye" is the maxim you may depend, either with man or woman. Now I will explain this to you, and give you a rule, with examples, as Minister used to say to night school, that's worth knowing, I can tell you. "Mind your eye" is the rule; now for the examples. Furst, let's take men, and then women Now, Squire, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by natur'. It runs from the heart to the eye, and it goes so almighty fast, it can't be compared to nothin' but iled lightning. The moment the heart opens its doors, out jumps an emotion, whips into a car, and offs like wink to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lantern in his hand as bright as an Argand lamp; you can see him ever so far off. Look, therefore to the eye, if there aint no lamp there, no soul leaves the heart that hitch; there aint no train runnin', and the station-house is empty. It taint everyone that knows this, but as I have said before, nothin' never 'scapes me, and I have proved it over and over agin. Smiles can be put on and off like a wig; sweet expressions come and go like shades and lights in natur'; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap; the body bends most graceful; the ear will be most attentive; the manner will flatter, so your enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil—but *the eye, never.* And yet there are all sorts of eyes. There's an onmeanin' eye, and a cold eye; a true eye, and a false eye; a sly eye, a kickin' eye, a passionate eye, a revengeful eye, a manœuvering eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye; a squintin' eye, and the evil eye; and above all, the dear little lovin' eye, and so forth. They must be studied to be larnt, but the two important ones to be known are the true eye and the false eye.

Politics have a place in Slick's philosophizings, and there are many curious stories, a fact or so forming the foundation for very long yarns. "There is always a fact to build a story on, he assures us, "or a peg

to hang it on." "A good story is never spiled in the tellin', except by a critter that dont know how to tell it." "Three lines for a fact, and three volumes for a romance;" and the "old East Indgy officers" at our English watering places are instanced as the most thorough prosers at this sort of entertainment, anywhere to be met with. "They will tell such horrid thumpers." "Airth and seas! how they lie! There are two things every feller leaves in the East, his liver and his truth." Of such spicings do these volumes plentifully abound. We shall pick out another portrait or two, truly characteristic, whether the artist or the sitters be examined.

As we were sitting on one of the benches in the park at Richmond today, a liveried servant passed us, with an air of self-possession and importance that indicated the easy dependance of his condition, and the rank or affluence of his master. "That," said Mr. Slick, "is what I call 'a rael English gentleman,' now. He lives in a grand house, is well clad, well fed; lots of lush to drink, devilish little to do, and no care about corn-laws, free-trade, blowed-up bankers, smashed-down tenants, nor nothin." The mistress is kind to him, 'cause he is the son of her old nurse; and the master is kind to him, 'cause his father and grandfather lived with *his* father and grandfather; and the boys are kind to him, 'cause he always takes their part; and the maids are kind to him, 'cause he is their plaguy handsome, free and easy feller, (and women always like handsum men, and impedent men, though they vow they don't); and the butler likes him, 'cause he can drink like a gentleman and never get drunk. His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords: he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There aint much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the Ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that? His master takes the tour of Europe, so does he. His master makes all the arrangements and pays all the expenses; he don't do either. Which is master or servant here? His young master falls in love with an Italian opera gal, who expects enormous presents from him; he falls in love with the barmaid, who expects a kiss from him. One is loved for his money, the other for his good looks. Who is the best off? When his master returns, he has larned where the Alps is, and which side of them Rome is; so has he. Who is the most improved? Whenever it rains his master sighs for the sunny sky of Italy, and quotes Rogers and Byron. He d—ns the climate of England in the vernacular tongue, relies on his own authority, and at all events is original. The only difference is, his master calls the castle my house, he calls it our castle: his master says my park, and he says our park. It is more dignified to use the plural; kings always do; it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the fust commoner of England too. The servants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and he is plaguy jealous of them too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as the horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller and roll the lawn. I can't do it, sir; I couldn't stand it, I should never hear the last of it; I should be called the rollin' coach-

man." The master laughs; he knows prerogative is dangerous ground, that an Englishman values Magna Charta, and sais, "Very well, tell farmer Hodge to do it." If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house, busts his bondage, and falls trailin' on the ground, he sais, "John, you have nothin' to do, it would'nt hurt you, when you see such a thing as this loose, to nail it up. You see I often do such things myself, I am not above it." "Ah! it may do for *you*, sir; *you can* do it if you like, but *I* can't; I should lose caste, I should be called the gardener's coachman." "Well, well! you are a blockhead; never mind."

We conclude our extracts with a few general strictures relative to the greatness, or rather the *littleness*, of England, as the discourser would have it.

"It might be great so far as riches go, but then in size it aint bigger than New York State arter all. It's nothin' a'most on the map. In fact, I doubt it bein' so rich as some folks brag on. Tell you what, 'wilful waste makes woeful want.' There's a great many lazy, idle, extravagant women here, that's a fact. The Park is chock full of 'em all the time, ridin' and gallavantin' about, tricked out in silks and satins a-doin' of nothin'. Every day in the week can't be Thanksgivin' day, nor Independence day nother. 'All play and no work will soon fetch a noble to ninepence, and make bread timber short,' I know. Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin', or makes the pies and apple sarce and dough-nuts? Who does the spinnin', and cardin', and bleachin', or mends their husband's shirts or darns their stockins? Tell you what, old Eve fell into mischief when she had nothin' to do; and I guess some o' them flauntin' birds, if they was follered and well watched, would be found a-scratchin' up other folks' gardens sometimes. * * * Then look at the sarvants in gold lace, and broadcloth as fine as their masters; why they never do nothin', but help make a show. They don't work, and they couldn't if they would, it would spile their clothes so. What on airth would be the valy of a thousand such critturs on a farm?—Lord! I'd like to stick a pitchfork in one o'them rascal's hands, and set him to load an ox cart—what a proper lookin' fool he'd be, wouldn't he? It can't last—it don't stand to reason and common sense. And then, arter all, they hante got no Indgin corn here, they can't raise it, nor punkin pies, nor quinces, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—Lord! only look at five great elephant-looking beasts in one plough, with one great lummakin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots has more iron on 'em than the horse's hoofs have, all crawlin' as if they was a-goin' to a funeral. What sort of way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was."

These are a few of Sam's coarse—not so coarse as wont—pieces of wisdom, sayings and doings, and rich revelations. But it is impos-

sible to be particularly critical with him (Mr. Haliburton), unless you enter into controversy; for so much of his slang and Yankee vulgarism (—all assumptions nevertheless—) are of a political nature, or have relation to parties, that, unless one is seriously to question him in argument, there is little room for particular observation. The Attaché is certainly not less tedious and iterative than in his humbler condition; we think he is not more dipping or originative; but we admit that he has an odd way of his own,—is extraordiarily quaint,—has a humour that is gennine and individualized,—and that although the matter and the information be unequal to his audacity and his fund of frolic and fun, yet that his queer views are illustrated by quite an uncommon range of homely illustrations, and enforced with a power that is native to the writer, unborrowed, and always readable. His volumes will be read; but not with such eagerness as at first, unless we have more novelty of views, sentiment, and information,—from the very circumstance that the sameness of his political crotchets, of his affected slang, and of his efforts at rich satire, destroy in a great measure the love of curiosity that is inbred within us, but never enduringly for that which essentially is unendurable.

ART. VII.—*The Despatches and Letters of Vive-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson.* With Notes by Sir NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, G. C. M. G. Vol. I. Colburn.

WE know not how often the professod history of the Life and achievements of Nelson has been written, and several times by authors of high repute. And yet it is remarkable, especially when it is considered that the name of the great Sea-Captain has been cherished by the English people with unparalleled admiration and love, that we have never to this day had a full and authentic biography of the man or the hero, of his matchless character or unrivalled genius. The marvel grows the more extraordinary when it is known that a most ample series of documents, memoranda, and letters under his own hand exist, from, and in the honest treatment of, which, one of the completest and most satisfactory biographies as well as national histories might be drawn up, that ever came from a single series of records kept by one individual, not excepting Wellington himself, and his voluminous *Despatches*. The fact is, that owing to his native simplicity, his intuitive discernment, his unerring decision, his professional enthusiasm, his wonderful activity, his insatiable thirst for glory, but perhaps above all his patriotism, love of country, and amazing sensitiveness with respect to duty, Nelson's personal career and every-day thoughts and movements are more closely and

endearingly identified with our naval triumphs than ever was any other of our most renowned warriors. For be it observed that his character and example were extremely far from being limited to the years in which he figured and towered above all his contemporaries, or to the triumphs singly or collectively which he won. No, his name has become a household word to every one British-born, for all time coming; there is none other of which Britons are so proud, none the recollection of which acts as such a spell, such an incentive, such an idiomatic term, inspiring heroic ardour and transmitting an undying influence. In short, the appeal "remember Nelson!" has continued to be the sure signal to victory; and the call that *England expects every man to do his duty*, has fought for the country since Nelson fell, as truly and bravely as at the Nile or Trafalgar.

But mark the contrast: the hero, the patriot, who purchased so many laurels with his blood, and the grandest of all with his life, was begrudged for a series of years, in high places, the honours he earned; for from the voice of the people it was that he received his best rewards, and upon them it was, and not aristocratic power and interest, that he most confidently relied; for he felt the day would arrive that he would have a Gazette of His Own, although he had already been winning titles for others.

But vast and extraordinary as is the figure of Nelson, and hitherto unapproached by every other naval commander, wearing a fitting magnitude to the unparalleled struggle maintained by Great Britain with the most formidable powers at the commencement of the present and the close of the last centuries, even his fame is sure to acquire a freshness and some accessions from "The Despatches and Letters," auguring not only from the idea and plan of the publication, but Sir Harris Nicolas's execution of the volume before us. Certainly he has entered on his excellent task in the best manner and with the most proper spirit. We do not mean that the publication will be equal to several other collections of the kind, either in respect of the displays of the art of diplomacy, or the beauties of style. But as the transcript of a man of singular characteristics, of one before whom dangers far surpassing human foresight vanished in a moment, whose grandest plans were formed and carried out as if in the twinkling of an eye—with the suddenness of inspiration, and who had no reservations but was as open as day in his communications with others, these records transcend all else,—for they picture the man and the hero with a much truer and higher truthfulness than has ever yet been done. We have also to repeat that their simplicity and directness of thought and sentiment serve to add to one's conception of his transcendent greatness. They also breathe all the hearty home affections and the lofty aspirings of a temperament the most keenly sensitive to every joy and hope, sorrow and disappointment. Why has it been then that the papers

have never before been faithfully or largely in their genuine state given to the world? Why should the country in a great national concern, as assuredly an honest and authentic publication of the unbroken series of the Nelsonian voluminous despatches and letters must be considered, be left to the apprehension, construction, and views of right of any other writer, coming after the events, and necessarily swayed by the mood of the moment or the commentaries which time has pronounced on the long past? Yet such has hitherto been the fact. According to Sir Harris's excellent authority, the world has never before had offered to it any considerable number of Nelson's letters exactly in the words in which they were written; at the same time that a far greater number have never been printed, than the most sanguine could hope would come to light. How then must expectation be excited when the public is informed, that in the handwriting or at the dictation of one from whom every scrap of paper to which he set his name has been regarded by his countrymen as a treasure, there exists, there is good reason to suppose, nearly a complete chain, extending over the whole of his brilliant career, and accompanying every passage of it.

According to the statement of Sir Harris Nicolas, the former editors have thought it becoming to give the Nelsonian papers what he calls a "fitting epistolary" shape, as if, instead of presenting a true exponent of the hero's character, "a hero could never think, write, or speak naturally, but must always appear in full dress. For example, of the letters to Captain Locker which Charnock had used, we are told, "It will be seen that the Editor has obtained access to the *original* letters; and he found that in no one instance had those letters been accurately printed by Charnock. In many cases important passages were omitted, because they contained Nelson's opinion of individuals; but most of the alterations were made with the intention of improving their style, in which absurd attempt much of the writer's spirit was lost, and his own natural and nervous words gave place to what were considered more *genteel* or more *elegant* expressions." Again, "Dr. Clarke and Dr. McArthur seem to have been actuated by the same love of improving the letters which fell into their hands as their predecessor, Mr. Charnock; but, though they, like him, thereby disregarded the first principle of editorship, they are rarely open to the suspicion of having made the alterations from a worse motive than the desire to exhibit Nelson's productions in what they considered a fitting epistolary state." Sir Harris adds, "Be the motive, however, what it might, the effect is, that no reliance can be placed on the literary fidelity of any one extract printed in their voluminous work." We have pleasure now in quoting at some length the just and the confident views which the present editor entertains respecting the duties of the task which he

has undertaken, and the principles which have guided him in the execution:—.

The principal questions, which an Editor of an extensive Correspondence has to decide, are—What Letters should be published? Whether the Letters should be printed entire, or whether certain passages should be omitted? Whether Names should be suppressed? Whether the Letters should be given literally, or be altered according to his own ideas of accuracy and elegance? Though in most cases it is, no doubt, necessary to omit many Letters that fall into an Editor's hands, on account of their want of importance, this does not always form a reason for withholding them: but it depends upon the interest attached to the writer, the distance of time at which he lived, and the number of such trifling Letters, to determine whether they should be printed. Everything that proceeded from an illustrious man, and especially in the early part of his life, has an interest which belongs not to the article itself, but is reflected upon it by his subsequent glory. No Letter of Chaucer or Shakspeare, for example, could be uninteresting, however trifling its contents: and it is conceived that the familiar Letters of any great character, which describe his situation and feelings in the early stages of his career,—his hopes, his disappointments, and the efforts by which he surmounted every obstacle, and eventually chained fortune to his car,—yield only in interest, and in value, to letters written after his powers had found adequate occasions for display, when he was in the full splendour of his renown, and when his Correspondence, from relating to great events and eminent individuals, not only commands attention, but becomes part of the History of his time. Moreover, where genius exists, and where one great and absorbing feeling occupies the mind, the most insignificant, as well as the most studied and important Letter, bears more or less of its impress: thus there is scarcely a Note of Nelson's that does not contain some word, or line, or sentence, indicative of his predominant passions—Military Fame, and the Service of his Country. * * At a very early stage of his labours, the Editor became convinced that the instances in which there would be a necessity to suppress any Letter of Nelson were extremely few; that whenever they did occur, it would be more from public than from private causes; and that the obligation would be imposed upon him by others rather than by his own conviction. Though aware that he must occasionally print a trifling Letter, or Letters, of which some part is of little value, he entertained the hope of being able to declare of Nelson what, he believes, has never been said by the Editor of the Correspondence of any other eminent person,—that every Letter which fell into his hands, (except those addressed to the object of a passion as romantic as it was criminal,) extending over the whole period of the professional life of a man of ardent and irritable temperament, written under every variety of circumstances, and upon every conceivable subject, might see the light, with no other suppressions, than of three or four lines of postscripts, relating to private expenses, and no other alterations, than the occasional correction of a loose orthography, which would have uselessly disfigured the page, and annoyed the reader. Hitherto the Editor has been able to carry out this design; he has every reason to hope he shall be able to pursue it: and if so, he confidently submits that it will redound to the hon-

our of Nelson's heart, and show the beautiful simplicity and integrity of his private character, in a far higher degree than all the eulogies ever composed on his merits, reflecting lustre upon even his matchless Victories.

Sir Harris Nicolas also informs us, that the text, in almost all cases, has been collated with the originals. "The *brackets* show where words have been supplied; and the *italics* indicate the parts which were underlined by Nelson." With regard to the suppressing the Names of individuals, where their publication might be displeasing to their families, without any counterbalancing advantage,—this has been done in a few instances. "But it has not been thought right (except when conditions to that effect were imposed upon the Editor by those from whom he obtained the Letters) to omit any name when it occurs in relation to public affairs of importance; for Nelson's opinions of the chief actors in the great events of his time, and of the events themselves, belong to History, and form the principal value of his Correspondence. The Editor's notes do not contain a word more than is absolutely necessary to render the Letters understood, or to identify the persons mentioned."

With regard to the sources whence the Editor has derived the documents, it may be sufficient for us to state, that the principal obligations are confessed to be owing to Lord and Lady Bridport, Lord Hood, and Mr. Locker, whose connexion with Nelson we need not describe. Thanks are also, but in a more general manner, returned to a long list of private friends for their contributions; while every assistance has been afforded by the Admiralty and public departments. The period embraced by this first instalment, is from 1777 to 1794: that is, from Nelson's appointment as Lieutenant in the *Lowestoffe*, to his highly valuable services at Corsica and Genoa in the *Agamemnon*. The volume closes with the first great exploits of the hero, the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. It is expected that the publication shall be completed in three volumes. We must now make room for a few such scraps and pieces of correspondence as may help to picture the living man; for although they do not bring us to the more interesting passages of the great sailor's life, there are few of these letters which do not present striking points and features. How, for instance, could he be but beloved by all who served under him? He called, and he treated his midshipmen as, *children*, "All my children are well," he says, writing to his brother. To the father of one of his Agamemnon *mids* he thus affectionately expresses himself:—

"I am sure he has repeatedly wrote, because he has told me so, and I have not failed to remind him of the pleasure his letters must give you. The little brushes we have had since I wrote to you, only serves to convince me of the great truth of what I wrote to you. In his navigation, you will find

him equally forward: he highly deserves everything I can do to make him happy. Do not you spoil him by giving him too much money; he has all that he wishes—sometimes more. I love him; therefore shall say no more on that subject."

Again,—

"You cannot receive much more pleasure in reading this letter than I have in writing it, to say, that your son is everything which his dearest friends can wish him to be; and is a strong proof that the greatest gallantry may lie under the most gentle behaviour. Two days ago it was necessary to take a small vessel from a number of people who had got on shore to prevent us. She was carried in high style, and your good son was by my side; we had six men badly wounded."

He observed and appreciated the conduct of his seamen with a like fatherly closeness and kindness. He thus advertises a humble tradesman of the death of his son:—

"From the nature of our profession we hold life by a more precarious tenure than many others, but when we fall we trust it is to benefit our country. So fell your son by a cannon-ball under my immediate command at the siege of Bastia. I had taken him on shore with me, from his abilities and his attention to his duty."

Lady Hughes, from her own observation, while a passenger in the Boreas, in a letter to Mr. Matcham, dated Clifton, June 24th, 1806, corroborates these evidences of Nelson's treatment of his people, and thus has testified.

I was too much affected when we met at Bath to say every particular in which was always displayed the infinite cleverness and goodness of heart of our dearly beloved hero. As a woman, I can only be a judge of those things that I could comprehend—such as his attention to the young gentlemen who had the happiness of being on his Quarter-Deck. It may reasonably be supposed that among the number of thirty, there must be timid as well as bold; the timid he never rebuked, but always wished to show them he desired nothing of them that he would not instantly do himself: and I have known him say—"Well, Sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg I may meet you there." No denial could be given to such a wish, and the poor fellow instantly began his march. His Lordship never took the least notice with what alacrity it was done, but when he met in the top, instantly began speaking in the most cheerful manner, and saying how much a person was to be pitied that could fancy there was any danger, or even anything disagreeable, in the attempt. After this excellent example, I have seen the timid youth lead another, and rehearse his Captain's words. How wise and kind was such a proceeding! In like manner, he every day went into the School Room, and saw them do their nautical business, and at twelve o'clock he was first upon deck with his quadrant. No one there could be behind

in their business when their Captain set them so good an example. One other circumstance I must mention which will close the subject, which was the day we landed at Barbadoes. We were to dine at the Governor's. Our dear Captain said, "You must permit me, Lady Hughes, to carry one of my Aides-de-camp with me: "and when he presented him to the Governor, he said, "Your Excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my Midshipmen, as I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to beside myself during the time they are at Sea." This kindness and attention made the young people adore him; and even his wishes, could they have been known, would have been instantly complied with. It was your wish, Sir, to have the above particulars; an abler pen might have described them better; but I hope my single narration may, in a faint degree, describe his Lordship's excellent manner of making his young men fancy the attaining nautical perfection was much more a play than a task.

No wonder that he made his "Agamemnons" brave and invincible. "They really mind shot no more than peas," he said on one occasion. No wonder either that he was so endeared to his men. At the close of his services in the American war he writes:—

"My time, ever since I arrived in town, has been taken up in attempting to get the wages due to my *good fellows*, for various Ships they have served in in the war. The disgust of the Seaman to the Navy is all owing to the infernal plan of turning them over from Ship to Ship, so that Men cannot be attached to their Officers, or the officers care two-pence about them. My Ship was paid off last week; and in such a manner that must flatter any Officer, in particular in these turbulent times. The whole Ship's company offered, if I could get a ship, to enter her immediately: but I have no thought of going to Sea, for I cannot afford to live on board Ship, in such a manner as is going on at present."

Nelson's zeal for every department of the service has never been surpassed, uniting humanity with prudence, manliness and independence with euthusiasm in a noble degree. When on the West India station in 1787, he gave remarkable proofs of tender consideration for the fortunes of an inferior officer, and respect without servility towards a prince of the blood. A quarrel had occurred between our late King, then commanding the *Pegasus*, and Mr. Schomberg, the Prince's first lieutenant. Schomberg had received a reprimand, and demanded a court martial. The difficulties and delicacies of the case, as well as the consummate judgment and kindliness of Nelson, may in part be seen from the following letters. He not only saved the reputation of a meritorious officer, but administered a lesson to the Prince:—

To Lieutenant Isaac Schomberg.

English Harbour, April 18th, 1787.

Sir,—I am this moment honoured with your letter of this day's date, re-

questing that I would be kind enough to furnish you with the charge or charges which you suppose I mean to exhibit against you, that you may, whenever a Court-Martial offers, give as little trouble as possible; as you have reason to believe that your long and close confinement must arise from some other cause than that of your own wishes expressed to me in your letter dated January the 23rd. In answer, I beg leave to assure you that I never was more hurt, than that an officer whom I very much respected, should do such an improper act as to deprive his Majesty of his services at a time they are wanted. My orders to the Squadron were to prevent other Officers from falling into the same error. I have not, nor can any other person, have any charge against you, until the Court-Martial which you desired to be held to investigate your conduct is over; and then I can tell you I have no charge whatsoever against you. Your confinement is your own. Had you not wrote to me for a Court-Martial, I dare say you never would have given me occasion to put you under arrest. Had I not ordered you into arrest, you might then have accused me of having left you again to be unjustly accused, as set forth in your letter. I am, Sir, &c.

HORATIO NELSON.

To Commodore Alan Gardner.

Boreas, Nevis, May 13th, 1787.

My dear Sir,—In a public letter, a Commander would be wrong to set forth all the reasons which influence his conduct; but as I hope to have your approbation" I take the liberty of mentioning a few circumstances. His Royal Highness will give you an account of Lieutenant Schomberg's conduct, and of his having put him into arrest for disobedience of orders &c., and that on Mr. Schomberg's making proper apologies he forgave him. Indeed his Royal Highness's narrative is so explicit, that I cannot inform you so fully as that will. His Royal Highness, I can have no doubt, gave the orders alluded to, although Mr. Schomberg might have misunderstood them. I am sure, Sir, you will consider that his Royal Highness stands in a very different situation to any other captain; his conduct will be canvassed by the world, when ours will never be heard of. Mr. Schomberg was our friend Cornwallis's first lieutenant in the Canada. I can only suppose that he thought the Prince was determined to take the first opportunity of bringing him to a Court-Martial, that he wrote for this on such a trivial matter. Indeed, what leads me to consider that as his motive was, when his Royal Highness told him how wrong it was to write for a Court-Martial on himself, he told him that every officer who served under him must be broke, and the sooner he was from under his command the better; and that if a Court-Martial acquitted him he would write to leave the ship. This matter has made the Prince very uneasy, for he says, no person can tell that he gave Mr. Schomberg those orders but himself, and Schomberg denies them. The day the matter happened, his Royal Highness dined in the country, and I attended him. On the road he told me how unpleasant it was that Schomberg would act in that manner, when he had only forgiven him a few days before; but he said in future, if any person committed faults, he would insert it in the Public Order-Book of the ship, which he did, on this occasion, the next day. On that evening when I returned from dining, I found Mr. Schomberg's letter. I immediately sent for his Royal Highness, and I told him that in his eleva-

ted situation of life the world looked more to him than to any other person, that Mr. Schomberg had neither more nor less than accused him of putting his name to an untruth: therefore I thought it my duty, although the matter was so trivial, to take Lieutenant Schomberg from under his directions, by suspending him from duty, or it might be said I left him in that disagreeable situation, merely because he served under the Prince; and that it very much concerned his Royal Highness to show the world he had put his name to nothing but the truth. In order to show my disapprobation of officers writing for Court-Martials, to vindicate their conduct for trivial matters, I gave out the enclosed order, that others might not fall into the same error. It might soon have risen to such a height, that if a top-sail was not thought properly or briskly reefed, by a captain, or some other trivial matter, and he reprimanded the officer, the officer would say, "Sir, I think it properly done, and I shall write for a Court-Martial to vindicate my conduct from your unjust accusation." If this was to be allowed, farewell discipline: the service is ruined: his Majesty may be deprived of the service of his Officers; and the best laid schemes may be frustrated by the malignity of individuals, or pique against their Commanders. As the Rattler is to sail for England on the 1st of June, I have sent her down with his Royal Highness, not only as there may not be ships enough collected to hold a Court, but to carry home his Royal Highness's dispatches, which he must be very anxious should reach the king before any reports get to him. Extraordinary to tell, in the last month Mr. Schomberg wrote me a letter, requesting to know what charges I intended to exhibit against him, as he supposed I was to be the prosecutor, having ordered him into arrest. My answer of course was, that I thought I had complied with his wishes in taking him from under the immediate command of his Royal Highness, and that from the tenor of his letter of January, I took for granted he meant to prove he never had, in the instance alluded to, disobeyed his Captain's commands, and it was therefore he supposed himself unjustly accused. I am, &c.

HORATIO NELSON.

The court-martial did not take place; and Nelson, now at Portsmouth, writes this high-minded and ardent letter to the Prince:—

Portsmouth, 27th July, 1787.

If to be truly great is to be truly good (as we are taught to believe), it never was stronger verified than in your Royal Highness, in the instance of Mr. Schomberg. You have supported your character, yet, at the same time, by an amiable condescension, have saved an Officer from appearing before a Court Martial, which ever must hurt him. Resentment I know your Royal Highness never had, or I'm sure ever will bear any one: it is a passion incompatible with the character of a Man of Honour. Schomberg was too hasty certainly in writing his letter; but now you are parted, pardon me, my Prince, when I presume to recommend, that Schomberg may stand in your Royal Favour, as if he had never sailed with you; and that at some future day, you will serve him. There only wants this, to place your character in the highest point of view. None of us are without failings; Schomberg's was being rather too hasty; but that, put in competition with his being a good Officer, will not, I am bold to say, be taken in the scale against him.

I wish this matter could have been settled on my Station, and I am sure your Royal Highness will join me when I acquaint you, that I have been reprimanded by the Admiralty for allowing your Royal Highness to proceed to America by way of Jamaica. More able friends than myself your Royal Highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the State; but one more attached and affectionate, is, I am bold to say, not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom, find a disinterested person to communicate their thoughts to. I do not pretend to be otherwise; but of this truth be assured by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your Royal Highness should be the greatest and best man this Country ever produced. In full confidence of your belief of my sincerity, I take the liberty of saying, that having seen a few more years than yourself, I may in some respects know more of mankind. Permit me then to urge, a thorough knowledge of those you tell your mind to. Mankind are not always what they seem. Far, very far, be it from me to mean any person whom your Royal Highness thinks proper to honour with your confidence: but again let me impress on your Royal mind what I have before mentioned.

We said the volume closed with the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. Now, observe how he writes to his wife in the hurry and midst of these scenes; his characteristic and passionate love of fame, his intense natural humanity and affection being wonderfully blended.

I need not, I am certain, say, that all my joy is placed in you, I have none separated from you; you are present to my imagination be where I will. I am convineed you feel interested in every action of my life; and my exultation in victory is two-fold, knowing that you partake of it. Only recollect that a brave man dies but once, a coward all his life long. We cannot escape death; and should it happen to me in this place, remember, it is the will of Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death. As to my health, it was never better, seldon so well. I have no fears about the final issue of the Expedition—It will be victory, Bastia will be ours; and if so, it must prove an event, which the history of England can hardly boast an equal.

To his brother this:—

I am to command the Seamen landed from the Fleet. I feel for the honour of my Country, and had rather be beat than not make the attack. If we do not try we never can be successful. I own I have no fears for the final issue: it will be conquest, certain we will deserve it. You will naturally be anxious about me. My reputation depends on the opinion I have given; but I feel an honest consciousness that I have done right. I am just sending a Ship to Naples, for mortars, shells, &c. We propose making on one point our attack with six mortars of thirteen-inch, and ten 24 pounders from my lower-deck to be landed. We must, we will have it, or some of our heads will be laid low. I glory in the attempt. I have not heard from you this age. Why don't you write? Pray remember me to my Brother at Burnham, and kindly to Mrs. Nelson, my Aunt and Children.

And again to his wife, when starting for Calvi, after the French fleet, in hopes of bringing it to action:—

If any accident should happen to me, I am sure my conduct will be such as will entitle you to the Royal favour: not that I have the least idea but I shall return to you, and full of honour; if not, the Lord's will be done My name shall never be a disgrace to those who may belong to me. The little I have, you know I have given to you, except a small annuity. I wish it was more; but I never have got a farthing dishonestly; it descends from clean hands. Whatever fate awaits me, I pray God to bless you, and preserve you for your Son's sake. I think always in the most affectionate manner of my Father; tell him so, and ever believe me your most affectionate husband,

HORATIO NELSON."

It is very painful to mark how neglectfully his services were treated, and how bitterly he felt the treatment. To his still beloved lady he thus gives utterance to his feelings:—

I am very busy, yet own I am in all my glory: except with you, I would not be anywhere but where I am, for the world. I am well aware my poor services will not be noticed; I have no interest; but, however services may be received, it is not right in an Officer to slacken his zeal for his Country.

And again, to a friend, when vainly attempting to obtain a ship:—

Not being a man of fortune is a crime which I cannot get over, and therefore none of the Great care about me. I am now commencing Farmer, not a very large one, you will conceive, but enough for amusement. Shoot I cannot, therefore I have not taken out a licence; but notwithstanding the neglect I have met with, I am happy, and now I see the propriety of not having built my hopes on such sandy foundations as the friendships of the Great.

On another occasion, in a letter to his friend Locker, when struggling for employment, he pointed out the grounds on which he relied for appreciation and fame:—

You have given up all the toils and anxieties of business; whilst I must still buffet the waves—in search of what? That thing called honour, is now, alas! thought of no more. My integrity cannot be mended, I hope; but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service: so much for serving my country. But the Devil, ever willing to tempt the Virtuous (pardon this flattery of myself), has made me offer, if any ships should be sent to destroy his Majesty of Morocco's Ports, to be there; and I have some reason to think, that should any more come of it, my humble service will be accepted. I have invariably laid down, and followed close, a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer: that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country, than to give up his own fame. Posterity will do him jus-

lice, a uniform conduct of honour and integrity seldom fails of bringing a man to the goal of fame at last.—But to what am I getting? Into a Sermon."

Although Nelson lost his eye at the siege of Calvi, his eminent services on that occasion were overlooked; nay, his name did not even appear in the list of the wounded. But we must stop, and with this opinion of Sir Harris Nicolas's present contribution to national history,—viz. that his notes are just what were required,—full of information, and neither too much nor too little said. There is also a careful analysis of the dates comprised in the volume; the hero's modest autobiography; and the best portrait of him that has appeared. Altogether it is a most fitting and worthy publication.

ART. VII.—*The Star of Attéghá; The Vision of Schwartz; and other Poems.* By FRANCES BROWN. Moxon.

MISS BROWN'S poetry, as read in certain literary journals, and in some one or two of the Annuals, now added to and selected in the small volume before us, claims a particular notice, not so much for extraordinary excellence of any kind, originality, or power, as for the astonishing circumstances in which she cultivated her poetical spirit, and for the beauty and sweetness of her productions, when measured by her opportunities and the almost unprecedented difficulties she had to contend with, the stern obstacles she had to confront. If we lately admired the manliness of William Thom, the Inverury poet—struggling with adversity, and the heart-felt truth and nerve with which he gave utterance to his experience in verse, we cannot help greatly marvelling at the resources, the expedients, the perseverence, and the triumphs displayed by this almost friendless girl from her childhood, raising at once the character and interest of her muse. Her story is one of the most touching and teaching, the narrative from which we are going to glean particulars being chiefly supplied by herself, but brought forward in an editorial paper by a friendly and an appreciating hand; the editor having that proper sympathy to feel deeply that the poetry and the narrative reciprocally reflect their offices to the heightening of the interest of both, as these are witnessed in the very remarkable circumstances of Miss Brown—a flower which, as he expresses himself, has struggled into beauty under the most unfavourable conditions of air and light, testifying to more than common vigour in the soil whence it sprung.

"It is at once curious and instructive," the editor observes, speaking of Miss Brown's mental education, "to watch a strong mind developing itself under conditions of social and physical disadvan-

tage so great,—groping, by the aid of its poetic instincts, through the darkness of which it was conscious, appropriating to itself everything whence it could draw nourishment, in the barren elements by which it was surrounded,—fastening upon all that could help it onward, while, by its undirected energies, it was struggling upwards to the light." In a later passage he feelingly and elegantly speaks of the sentiments excited by "the picture of that perseverance which has conquered for itself an inner world of thought, in lieu of that outer world so early withdrawn from the sense. The bard gathers dignity from the darkness amid which she sings—as the darkness itself is lightened by the song." In more plain and explicit words, we have to state that the present musical verses and poetic outpourings, which are fraught with a fine sensibility, betraying an inborn gift of song, are the effusions of one of humble parentage, and who at the early age of eighteen months was assailed by the small-pox, and who has been left blind ever since. She is now twenty-eight years old, having during a great portion of that period been by rapid steps making extraordinary progress in the realms of intellectual light, and never ceasing to evince such a greedy thirst for knowledge, and such gleams of inspiration, as would seem to outstrip all the imaginings which one could have formed of a being who remembers not ever to have beheld the sun, or its rays, or any one object of external nature. The effusions before us are those of a maiden so bereft; of one whose disportings of fancy are often of an order like unto the following:—

The lines of our life may be smooth and strong,—
And our pleasant path may be
Where the stream of affection flows along,
In the light of a summer sky:—
But woe for the lights that early wane,
And the shades that early fall,
And the prayer that speaks of the secret pain,
Though its voice be still and small!
To the sweeter flowers, to the brighter streams,
To the household hearths that burn
Still bright in our holy land of dreams,—
To their love let us return!

'Tis well we have learned the truths of time,—
But they come with the winter's snow,—
For we saw them not through the flowery prime
Of our summers long ago:
Yet the spring is green and the summer bright
As they were in the years of yore,
But on our souls the love and light
Of their gladness come no more!

Back—back to the wisdom of the years
That had yet no loss to mourn,—
To their faith, that found no place for tears,
To their joy, let us return!

These verses are from a piece entitled, "Let us Return," and furnish a fair specimen of Miss Brown's lyrical muse. But we must go into other particulars, in order that the merit of her tale may be added to the merit of her poetry; for there are many who must be pleased at seeing how much intellectual enjoyment has been attained by her, and to learn that the exercises of her mind, instead of rendering her discontented with her condition or station, appear to have conduced greatly to her happiness. Her energy of purpose and strength of effort, her many simplicities of thought and ever kindliness of feeling, her lively sensibility and pervading felicities of diction, are all evidences to us of a sound and healthy frame of spirit,—of one of a tranquil and affectionate nature, yet nobly aspiring and vigorously winged. And it is poetry which opens to us the many sources of most exalted thought, as well as of intensest tenderness, that lie for ever in the rock without it.

Miss Brown was born in a small village of the county of Donegal, her father being then and still, we understand, postmaster of the place. She had, therefore, in her lot to experience, besides blindness, comparative poverty and the denial of most of the understood accessories within the reach of many of the sightless. Scarcely any recognisable avenue, therefore, was open to the enlightenment of her mind,—nothing but the ordinary conversation of the plain and struggling persons immediately around her. And yet she gathered rich treasures of thought and of sentiment; and she has without the least show of the pettishness of egotism, told how she collected her precious revenue. She says:—

I never received any regular education,—but very early felt the want of it; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on that subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was, probably, troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintance of my childhood: but by this method, I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and, when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain

portion of the Dictionary and English Grammar, each day; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity), I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it.

She had not to combat with the recollections, the faint reminiscences of outward things. Hers was no faint dreaming of lights and shadows, but an inward world of created and cultured light, spiritual and ideal. And the narrative, observes the tenderly intelligent editor, is "full of useful morals and appeals to the sympathies of the right-minded. It furnishes a striking example of the way in which the absence of the gifts denied may be compensated by a right use of the gifts that are left, and a position of apparent barrenness compelled into the yielding of abundance. For the acquisition of the intelligent graces, no lot could well seem more hopeless than Miss Brown's at the outset of her mental life, as stated in the above simple paragraph." And it is further happily remarked, that "De Foe's castaway was not more apparently helpless and companionless on his desert island, than this young girl, cut off by her calamity from the peopled world of vision, and left to an intellectual loneliness whose resources she had none to help her in finding out. The hint given by the preaching of the pastor was the first foot-print left on the sand of her desolate place, by the native genius which she afterwards reclaimed and made a friend of, and educated till it did her precious service and pointed out to her all the fruitful places of her solitude. And what a beautiful instance of self-education, and how affecting as well as ingenious her devices! In one respect, however, she has had an advantage over the traveller Holman, the author of Paradise Lost, and others; for, having no remembrance of her bereavement and sad visitation, she, of course, is in a great measure insensible to the greatness of her loss, and freed from much of the lament which the immense contrasts of her two conditions would have continually occasioned, if the calamity at a later period had overtaken her. The narrative proceeds:—

My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. *Susan Gray—The Negro Servant—The Gentle Shepherd—Mungo Park's Travels*—and, of course, *Robinson Crusoe*—were among the first of my literary friends;—for I have often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them, when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighbourhood, and were much more so in my childhood: but the craving for knowledge which then commenced grew with my growth; and, as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the few acquaintances I had,—to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten. In this way, I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones;—

but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was *The Heart of Mid Lothian*; and was lent me by a friend, whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighbourhood. My delight in the work was very great, even then; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted, in a very short time, with the greater part of the works of its illustrious author,—for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read—namely, lying awake, in the silence of night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory which I now possess; but, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil—for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forget any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find anything again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful in teaching me habits of order.

We like to quote the editor's remarks in our larger type. He says, alluding to Miss Brown's interesting distinction relative to her recollections of scraps of knowledge, and of common events of daily life, regarding it in a psychological point of view,—"That sense by which the merely trivial and inexpressive occurrences of the outer world make their chief impression, had, in the case of the author, been early closed against their passage to her memory. Passing events on which the heart puts no stamp, the eye must mark, or they run the risk of being lost amid the lumber of the mind. But the knowledge for which her spirit thirsted came in, by many of its natural avenues, to a mind eager to appropriate, and mark it at once, —and memory, in the sound subject, registers all the heart receives. To a mind thus hungering and digesting in the dark, everything she heard that contained in itself the nourishing principle, yielded literary chyle, on which her intellectual constitution fed and expanded; and the knowledge so acquired became an indefeasible portion of her mental self. She had too many visitors in her world of shadows, to take note of all that came and went in the world of ordinary things about her." The editor goes on to remark that, in some respects, the blind bard may be a gainer by the calamity which shuts out the scene of common things, and turns the vision inward. "Milton had taken leave for ever of the places of the earth, ere he met the angels face to face in paradise:—but *he* was familiar with the common-places of the outer world long ere his darkness came down,—was a man of business and detail,—and the distinction which Miss Brown perceives in the power of her own memory, as applied to differing subjects, is the more easily explained *because* it had no existence with him."

The blind one of Stranorlar's self-registerings are continued; and she says that about the beginning of her thirteenth year, she heard a friend read a part of Baines's History of the French War, noting the results in her own experience.

It made a singular impression on my mind; and works of fiction, from that time, began to lose their value, compared with the far more wonderful Romance of History. But books of the kind were so scarce in our neighbourhood, that *Hume's History of England*, and two or three other works on the same subject, were all I could reach,—till a kind friend, who was then the teacher of our village-school, obliged me with that voluminous work, *The Universal History*. There I heard, for the first time, the histories of Greece and Rome, and those of many other ancient nations. My friend had only the ancient part of the work; but it gave me a fund of information, which has been subsequently increased from many sources;—and at present I have a tolerable knowledge of History. My historical studies made a knowlege of Geography requisite; but my first efforts to acquire it had been made even in childhood, by inquiring from every person the situation and locality of distant places which they chanced to mention. As I grew older, and could understand the language of books, the small abridgments of Geography which were used by my brothers and sisters, at the village school, were committed to memory, by a similar process to that by which I had learnt the Dictionary and Grammar. In order to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the relative situations of distant places, I sometimes requested a friend, who could trace maps, to place my finger upon some well-known spot, the situation of which I had exactly ascertained,—and then conduct the fingers of the other hand, from the points thus marked to any place on the map whose position I wished to know,—at the same time mentioning the places through which my fingers passed. By this plan, having previously known how the cardinal points were placed, I was enabled to form a tolerably correct idea, not only of the boundaries and magnitude of various countries, but also of the courses of rivers and mountain-chains. The first geographical problem that I remember, occurred to me on hearing, in an account of the discovery of America, that Columbus at first intended to reach the coasts of Asia by sailing to the west; and, as I knew that Asia was in the eastern portion of the world as laid down on our maps, the statement puzzled me much. At length, however, hearing our village teacher explain to my elder brothers and sisters the globular figure of the earth, that problem was solved; but to comprehend it cost me the study of a sleepless night!

Increasing in knowledge along with her years, the small school-books which she has already mentioned, were found inadequate to her cravings and natural wants. She had her usual recourse, viz., to the practice of *borrowing;* obtaining in this way useful information, enlarging it by conversation with the few well-informed persons who came within the limited sphere of her acquaintance. She continues the recordings in these terms:—

In the pursuit of knowledge, my path was always impeded by difficulties too minute and numerous to mention; but the want of sight was, of course, the principal one,—which, by depriving me of the power of reading, obliged me to depend upon the services of others; and as the condition of my family was such as did not admit of much leisure, my invention was early taxed to gain time for those who could read. I sometimes did the work as-

signed to them, or rendered them other little services: for, like most persons similarly placed, necessity and habit made me more active in this respect than people in ordinary circumstances would suppose. The lighter kinds of reading were thus easily managed; but my young relatives were often unwilling to waste their breath and time with the drier, but more instructive works, which I latterly preferred. To tempt them to this, I used by way of recompense, to relate to them long stories, and even novels, which perhaps they had formerly read but forgotten: and thus my memory may be said to have earned supplies for itself. About the end of my fifteenth year, having heard much of the Iliad, I obtained the loan of Pope's translation. That was a great event to me; but the effect it produced requires some words of explanation. From my earliest years, I had a great love of poetry; and could commit verses to memory with greater rapidity than most children. But at the close of my seventh year, when a few Psalms of the Scotch version, Watts's *Divine Songs*, and some old country songs (which certainly were not divine) formed the whole of my poetical knowledge, I made my earliest attempt in versification—upon that first and most sublime lesson of childhood, *the Lord's Prayer*. As years increased, my love of poetry, and taste for it, increased also, with increasing knowledge. The Provincial newspapers, at times, supplied me with specimens from the works of the best living authors. Though then unconscious of the cause, I still remember the extraordinary delight which those pieces gave me,—and have been astonished to find that riper years have only confirmed the judgments of childhood. When such pieces reached me, I never rested till they were committed to memory; and afterwards repeated them for my own amusement, when alone, or during those sleepless nights to which I have been, all my life, subject. But a source of still greater amusement was found at original composition; which, for the first few years, were feeble imitations of everything I knew—from the Psalms to *Gray's Elegy*. When the poems of Burns fell in my way, they took the place of all others in my fancy: and this brings me up to the time when I made my first acquaintance with the *Iliad*. It was like the discovery of a new world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was, at that time, a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence,—which, of course, I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me,—and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. Soon after I had found the Iliad, I borrowed a prose translation of Virgil—there being no poetical one to be found in our neighbourhood; and in a similar way made acquaintance with many of the classic authors. But after Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's *Childe Harold*. The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript,—and the other made me resolve against verse-making; for I was, then, far enough advanced to know my own deficiency—but without apparent means for the requisite improvement. In this resolution I persevered for several years, and occupied my mind solely in the pursuit of knowledge; but, owing to adverse circumstances, my progress was necessarily slow. Having, however, in the summer of the year 1840, heard a friend read the story of La Pérouse, it struck me that there was a remarkable similarity between it and one related in an old country song called the *Lost Ship*, which

I had heard in my childhood. The song in question was of very low composition; but there was one line at the termination of each verse which haunted my imagination,—and I fancied might deserve a better poem. This line, and the story of La Pérouse, together with an irresistible inclination to poetry, at length induced me to break the resolution I had so long kept: and the result was the little poem called *La Pérouse*, which will be found at page 207 of this volume. Soon after, when Messrs. Gunn and Cameron commenced the publication of their *Irish Penny Journal*, I was seized with a strange desire to contribute something to its pages. My first contribution was favourably received; and I still feel grateful for the kindness and encouragement bestowed upon me by both the editor and the publishers. The three small pieces which I contributed to that work were the first of mine that ever appeared in print,—with the exception of one of my early productions, which a friend had sent to a provincial paper. The *Irish Penny Journal* was abandoned, on the completion of the first volume; but the publishers, with great kindness, sent me one of the copies,—and this was the first book of any value that I could call my own! But the gift was still more esteemed as an encouragement—and the first of the kind.

The *Athenæum* at length became a receptacle and vehicle of several of her best lyrics,—a sure passport to an extensive circulation, and what is better, a proper appreciation by thousands of readers. Hood's *Magazine*, and the *Keepsake* edited by Lady Blessington, did like service, and were similarly enriched,—every opportunity and display furnishing interesting examples of the earnestness which let no occasion escape that might help to reverse the seeming decree of her destiny, by which she was shut out from the tree of knowledge. "Thus an opportunity having come in her way of acquiring, through the kindness of a friend, a knowledge of the French language, poetry and some objects in connexion with it very dear to her imagination, are put resolutely aside, for the purpose of securing this one more golden bough." This is a point analogous to the committing of her poetic manuscripts in a fit of sovereign contempt to the flames: sure indices of clear judgment as well as of sturdy resolution. In fact, "every step gained by her in learning, valued for itself, is valued more as the road to another. The knowledge earned is at once invested in the purchase of further knowledge. Of all the fruit which she gathers, the seed is saved for a new increase."

The phrase *uneducated poets* is much in currency. Is Miss Brown an uneducated poetess? No: no more properly can she be so designated, in respect of acquaintance with suggestive books, than Robert Burns himself; for, like this extraordinary man, before he produced any of the pieces on which his fame is built, she has educated herself abundantly in that department. But it is impossible that she can ever be so deeply conversant with the actual ways of mankind as he was; neither do we learn that she has enjoyed anything like his opportunities for being imbued with native and country-born minstrelsy.

We shall not go closely or critically into the poems. Her biography is to us a poem of itself, the best of her poems, a true exponent of her poetry. Her prose and her verse, both of them, delineate her life. To be sure her poetry has often been surpassed in power, variety, and brilliancy, but seldom in sweetness and heartfelt sensibility. She often too improves her thought by improving her expression,—a necessary and a cunning or coy art. Her best pieces possess many of the essential merits of lyrical poetry, and all of them contain lines which are full of genuine and cordial feeling. But let her be more on her guard against the use of *fine* poetical phraseology; let her lean more upon the undefiled Saxon,—trusting to the simplicity of colloquial words, and cultivating the persuasion, that if there be music in the soul, the words will not be destitute of fitting harmony,—and that if there be a meaning to express that is really worth careful expression, it will unavoidably be poetical in matter and in form.

The longer poems, neither in respect of story or of meritorious treatment, could not be understood and appreciated without an explanation and an exemplification for which we have not space conveniently to bestow. They seem to us more productions of promise than of perfect achievement,—more indicative of what is within the poetess, and, if years and health be granted, of what she will present to the world, than of works upon which lasting fame shall be built. In the meanwhile, with one of her smaller effusions we conclude. It is named "The First Friend."

The priceless gifts of the soul were his:
  And fame, whose early light
In darkness rose, as the stars arise
  From the silent depths of night:
And his upward course was brightly calm,—
For his glory grew like the fadeless palm;
It felt no blight and it feared no blast,
But stood in its greenness to the last.

Yet ever around his spirit hung
  A shadow like a spell,—
And his eye grew weary of looking long
  For a face remembered well;
Though many a bright one met his gaze,
In minster's gloom or in banquet's blaze,
Yet none could waken again the glow
That gladdened the pilgrim long ago.

For, once, in the cold world's careless crowd,
  When hope was faint and dim,
Like a sunbeam bright through the wintry cloud,
  A young face smiled on him!

That moment seemed as if night were past,
And the day of his life had dawned at last;
And the strength of his soul returned again,
As rivers rise in the mountain rain.

Oh! never again could time or toil
The wanderer tire or chill,
For he kept the light of that blessed smile—
The star of his desert—still:
And now, he had reached the pleasant streams,—
But they took their hue from *its* quenchless beams;
For many shone on his after-lot,
But *that* was the only unforgot!

Th winters passed, and the summers came,
And his fortune's frowns were o'er,
For he wore the fadeless wreath of fame;—
But he saw that face no more!
The sunny shore and the stormy sea,
The cities thronged and the woodlands free.
All—all he sought,—but he sought in vain,
For it never smiled on him again!

Oh! did the grave in its quiet, close
O'er the flower he had loved so long,—
Whose nameless memory ever rose
On the breath of his sweetset song?
Ah! many a lyre the laurel wreathes,
That but of the withered myrtle breathes,—
And the sweetest incense ever shed
Hath been an offering to the dead!

Silent and swift the years sped on,
And they bore his youth away;
But the vision lingered still that shone
So bright on his early day;
For roses fade, when the summer flies,—
But the rose of the canvass never dies?
And thus, when his summer days were gone,
The rose of his memory still bloomed on.

Oh! well that he had not seen it fade,
Or change as the living changed,—
But blooming ever through sun and shade,
In its beauty unestranged!—
There falls no blight on its tearless youth—
There came no stain on his spirit's truth;—
For he sought that friend on the earth no more,
But turned his gaze to a brighter shore.

Art. VIII.

1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir* Robert Peel, *Bart., M.P., in the House of Commons, on the occasion of Mr. Wyse's Motion, respecting University Education in Ireland;* July, 1844.

2. *Regulations of the University of London, on the Subject of Arts and Laws.* R. and J. Taylor, London.

3. *Report of the Council of King's College, London, to the Annual General Court of Governors and Proprietors.* 1844.

4. *Letter to the Secretary of the Irish Provincial College Committee.* By W. C. Taylor, Esq., LL.D. London, 1844.

At the close of the last session of Parliament, it was stated with some degree of emphasis in the House of Commons, by the head of her Majesty's Government, that during the recess his most anxious consideration should be given to the general state of the education of the upper and middle classes in Ireland, with a view to the revision of the statutes of Trinity College, Dublin, founded by Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1591, as well as to the establishment of provincial colleges, on wide and comprehensive principles, adapted to the scientific and commercial exigencies of the times, and embracing the bulk of the population, hitherto unprovided with means of intellectual improvement, suitable for men of mercantile pursuits, or excluded on account of religious disabilities from the only Irish University.

We have reason to believe that the subject has occupied closely the attention both of the Premier and the Chief Secretary for Ireland since the prorogation of Parliament; and as the matter will, it may be assumed as a certainty, give rise to some animated debates in both Houses, we are desirous of directing public observation to the question in its relation to the development of the internal resources of Ireland, the moral cultivation of the people, and the maintenance of the union between Great Britain and Ireland; as well as in its connection with the general cause of education, the social progress of the nation, and the intellectual advancement of the people of the whole empire.

It is now universally admitted, that until a comparatively recent period, the subject of Education did not receive that attention which its vast importance merited, in any part of this kingdom; and although of late, happily, many steps in advance have been taken, the general system of instruction is still in need of reformation and more perfect adaptation to the wants of the community. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were, it is true—and long may they continue to be so!—"seats of sound learning;" in which men distin-

guished for erudition, eloquence, and sagacity were trained up, and fitted for foremost positions in the church, in the senate, and at the bar: but those Universities were, and are, chiefly designed for the learned professions; and, though they were admirably adapted for students in theology and laws, it is obvious that they left a very large and influential section of the youth of England unprovided with the means of instruction. The course of study pursued therein was confessedly not designed for men engaged in commercial pursuits; and both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as well on account of the expense of education within their walls, as the adoption of rules excluding particular classes of religionists, in one case from matriculation, in the other from degrees, necessarily shut out many from the benefits which they had at their disposal. "The present Universities of Europe," it is observed by Adam Smith, "were originally, the greater part of them, ecclesiastical corporations; instituted for the education of churchmen. They were founded by the authority of the pope, and were so entirely under his immediate protection, that their members, whether masters or students, had all of them what was then called the benefit of the clergy, that is, were exempted from the civil jurisdiction of the countries in which their respective universities were situated, and were amenable only to the ecclesiastical tribunals. *What was taught in the greater part of these Universities was suitable to the end of their institution, either theology or something that was merely preparatory to theology.*"*

It was obvious, therefore, from the constitution of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that something more was necessary under the existing circumstances of this empire, than the system of education pursued therein; and it became apparent that institutions were required in which the youth of the middle classes could receive instruction suitable to their condition, calculated to be of practical utility to them in the business of life, and designed to promote the cultivation of the arts and sciences. The importance of these considerations led to the formation of University College and King's College, London, in connexion with the London University; in which the study of the *applied sciences* and *modern languages* form so prominent and essential a part of the plan of education. In Ireland the state of education has been still more unsatisfactory. Trinity College, Dublin, the only Irish University, was, like its sisters of Oxford and Cambridge, chiefly designed for the instruction of ecclesiastics. Logic, the Greek and Roman classics formed, and still form, the principal studies of the students; and we at once admit that the Dublin University has produced some of the ablest

* The total number of students at King's College, in April 1844, was 837.

scholars and most learned divines that this kingdom can boast of. In the University there are professors in divinity, civil law, common law, physic, Greek, modern languages, mathematics, Oriental tongues, history and oratory, modern history, natural philosophy, anatomy and surgery, chemistry and botany; and lately a professorship of political economy, from the chair of which a series of lectures have been delivered that have been ranked with the most esteemed dissertations on this abstruse science. By its very constitution, the Dublin University was designed as a seminary for the aspirants to the learned professions—the church, the law, and medicine, and necessarily excluded the great bulk of the middle classes. When it is recollected how materially the character of any people is modified by the education afforded to the young, it will be conceded without hesitation, that Sir Robert Peel has exercised a sound discretion in taking the question of Provincial Colleges into his most serious consideration. The peculiar circumstances of Ireland invest the question with a double importance. Dublin university has at present cizarships; ten of which are vacant annually. There are upwards of one hundred candidates for the vacant places; and in consequence of this severe competition, the examination for a cizarship in Dublin is said to be as rigid, and as difficult to pass through, as an examination for fellowships in some of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Now what is the result of the continued operation of this system? No less than ninety persons are annually turned loose upon the country utterly unfitted by their previous course of study, and their intense application to the classics, for commercial pursuits. There is no other institution to receive them and bend their minds to objects of practical value in mercantile affairs. If education in Ireland were upon a sound and useful basis, those ninety disappointed aspirants to the learned professions, instead of wasting their energies upon the study of Latin and Greek, would apply their powers to the cultivation of the applied sciences; and render themselves useful by developing the resources of the country and promoting commerce and social improvement. Instead of troops of black-letter schoolmen we should see able engineers, enterprising merchants ready to push their transactions into every mart in Europe, agriculturalists applying the modern discoveries of geology, chemistry, and mechanical skill to the cultivation of the soil, and the mineralogists digging from the bowels of the earth that wealth which for ages has remained there unexplored. The tendency of the present state of things is, it cannot be too strongly insisted on, to attract young men into the learned professions; because the course of instruction which they receive draws them towards those professions, and indisposes, if it does not disqualify them, for less dignified pursuits. The result is that the clerical, the legal, and the medical professions are overrun; much to the disadvantage of each. In the colleges therefore which are

about to be founded in Ireland, under the auspices of her Majesty's Ministers, it is peculiarly desirable that adequate provision should be made for the *Practical Education* of young men designed for *Mercantile Pursuits*. The system adopted at King's College, London, has been eminently successful, and we earnestly recommend a consideration of its merits to those interested in the matter now before us. We subjoin an official statement of the objects contemplated in the department of the APPLIED SCIENCES, which include mathematics, general phylosophy, chemistry, geology &c., and manufacturing art, with a special course for engineering and architectural students:—

Mathematics, the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, the Rev. M. O'Brien, M.A.; Chemistry and Metallurgy, J. F. Daniell, Esq. D. C. L., F. R. S.; Chemical Manipulation, W. A. Miller, Esq. M. D.; Geology, D. T. Ansted, Esq. M. A., F. R. S.; Mineralogy, J. Tennant, Esq. F.G.S.; Experimental Philosophy, C. Wheatstone, Esq. F.R.S. Arts of Construction, and Principles and Practice of Architecture, W. Hosking, Esq. F.S.A.; Arts of Design and Architectural Enrichment, Professor Dyce, M.A.F., R.S.E, inspector of the Government Provincial Schools of Design; Geometrical Drawing, Thomas Bradley, Esq. and H. J. Castle, Esq.; Manufacturing Art and Machinery, E. Cooper, Esq.; Surveying and Levelling. Henry James Castle, Esq.; Architectural Surveying, Andrew Moseley, Esq.; Landscape Drawing and Colouring, M. E. Cotman, Esq.; Workshop, W. H. Hatcher, Esq.

The object in view in the establishment of this Department in the King's College, is to provide a system of general education for that large and important class of young men who are afterwards likely to be engaged in commercial pursuits;—a system of education, therefore, which is essentially practical. This general obtect is combined with a peculiar application to the necessities of those who propose to engage in certain professional employments, such as Civil and Military Engineering, Surveying, Architecture, and the higher branches of Manufacturing Art,—these pursuits requiring a longer and more minute course of instruction, the foundation of which is precisely that general education most useful to the merchant and to the man of business.

The course of instruction for the general student who has no professional object in view, but who is to be educated for any of the business pursuits of active life, comprises most of those branches of knowledge which are understood to form the ground work of a liberal education on the Continent; and the period considered most advisable for the student to remain at the college is two years.

The Fee is £33 for the year. The Library Fee is £1 1s. for the first year, and 10s 6d. for each subsequent year. This Fee entitles the students to the use of the General, as well as of the Engineering library. The Workshop Fee is 7s. per term.

In addition to the usual College examinations, there is, at the end of the third year, a special examination in this department, for the purpose of granting certificates of *Approval* to such students as are judged deserving of

them; and certificates of *Honour* to those who have pursued their studies with distinguished success.

Every student receiving a certificate is entitled to the Diploma of "Associate of King's College."

The students in this department are subject to the same Regulations as the Matriculated students in the department of General Literature and Science; and the public distribution of prizes to them takes place at the same time.

There are two other seiences which we should like to see added to the foregoing list; as being of special importance to the inhabitants of the British Isles—we mean NAVIGATION and AGRICULTURE. In a maritime nation such as ours, it is surely worth while to train up our youth desirous of going to sea in a manner suitable for their peculiar vocation; and we are glad to find that it has been suggested in connection with the foundation of a college at the great southern seaport of Ireland, the capital of the province of Munster, that not only should there be a professor of the science of Navigation appointed in the college, but that a cut-down brig of war should be stationed at Cork, in which boys should be educated in the various nautical arts; thus rendering them fitted to become expert and efficient seamen.

The subject of agricultural science, we need scarcely remark, is one of the very first importance in every country; and in an especial manner is worthy of attention, as an instrument for working out the improvement of Ireland; where, in the absence of manufactures on an extensive scale, the population are nearly entirely dependent upon the soil for subsistence. The most beneficial results may, therefore, be anticipated from the labours of properly qualified professors in these branches in the colleges about to be erected. The interest which Sir Robert Peel has always taken in promoting good husbandry on his own estates, and in his own neighbourhood, would have been enough to assure us that this point would not be lost sight of; but we are glad to discover that already the Commissioners of National Education are alive to the importance of it, and that in their official reports they have pressed upon the attention of Government the utility of *Agricultural Instruction in Rural Schools.* In noticing with approbation the sentiments expressed by one of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools in England, Mr. Tremenheere, they make the following judicious remarks:—

3. It appears that the small holders of Belgium, although the climate is not superior to that of Ireland. although the soil is lighter, and rents higher, nevertheless live in comparative comfort, while those of Ireland are steeped in misery. *The reason is that the small holders of Belgium understand good husbandry, but the small holders in Ireland do not; and to teach it to them would, we are persuaded, be one of the best means of providing for their physical wants.*

4. It is, however, for the Patrons of each National School, not for us, to determine whether they will make Agricultural instruction part of the education which it affords; several have determined to do so, and are taking measures for allotting small portions of land to their Schools for the purpose. It is for us to do what we can in aid of their efforts; and we are doing this, *by having our* TEACHERS *taught the principles and practice of improved Agriculture during their training course, and by receiving Agricultural pupils at our Model Farm at Glasnevin.* We also intend on the ensuing year, to publish an Agricultural Lesson-Book for the use of the National School.

The researches of Leibig and other scientific men have shown how essentially necessary a knowledge of chemistry is in the cultivation of the soil; and a perusal of the letters of the Rev. Professor Henslow to the farmers of Suffolk, cannot fail to convince any man that agriculture is capable of receiving almost inconceivable aid from modern science.

But some, perhaps, will be inclined to ask, are the Provincial Colleges about to be planted in Ireland, to be mere utilitarian establishments, practical, matter-of-fact, business concerns? and are the Greek and Roman classics, logic, rhetoric, and law, to be discarded? most certainly not! The study of the applied sciences does not imply an adandonment of the elegant literature of Greece and Rome; nor does a knowledge of French and German involve ignorance of dialectics. The new colleges will, it is hoped, afford every possible facility for the acquisition of practical knowledge and the modern languages, *without neglecting classical studies.* The course of education will be wide enough in its scope to embrace the merchant, the professional man, and the country gentleman. In King's College, London, where attention is bestowed upon so many matters connected with commercial pursuits, classical literature is most successfully cultivated. Many of the matriculated students have distinguished themselves in general literature and science. In the University of Cambridge, no less than six students from King's College, London, were classed among the wranglers (one being fourth on the list), and five among the senior optimes, at the last Bachelor of Arts' commencement. Three have been elected scholars, and one a fellow of Trinity College; and many others have distinguished themselves in the respective colleges of Cambridge. In the University of Oxford, five students from King's College have been elected to open scholarships; five have been placed in the second class of *Literæ Humaniores*, at the examination for the degree of B.A., and one of the gentlemen of King's College has obtained the mathematical scholarship now opened for the first time to competition for under-graduates. The subjects embraced by the London University, also take a wide range; and it will be seen on investigation, that without neglecting classes, that just consideration is given

to more modern students, and to the practical acquisition of knowledge useful in active life. In Ireland, the attention of the rising generation has hitherto been too exclusively confined to classical reading,—a circumstance to which the constitution of Trinity College, as well as of the Roman Catholic seminaries, has contributed; and it is very desirable at the present juncture, that it should be impressed upon the public mind *that a mere knowledge of Latin and Greek is a very different thing from education*; and that in order to become a successful and useful member of society, it is desirable for a young man to apply himself to many studies not necessary for those designed for the church or law, or medicine. We do not, altogether, agree with the opinions expressed by the late Jonathan Dymond, as to the value of Greek and Latin learning, in his "Essays on the Principles of Morality;" but there is much force in the following common sense remarks as to the necessity of acquiring knowledge adapted to the circumstances of our own day.

"It is no less true than lamentable, that hitherto the education proper for civil and active life has been neglected; that nothing has been done to enable those who are actually to conduct the affairs of this world, to carry them on in a manner worthy of the age and country in which they live, by communicating to them the knowledge and spirit of their age and country. *Education consists in learning what makes a man useful, respectable and happy in the line for which he is destined.* If these propositions are true, it is evident that the systems of education which obtain need great and almost total reformation. What does a boy of the middle classes of society learn at school of the knowledge and spirit of his age and country? When he has left school, how much does he understand of the business and duty of life? Education is one of those things which Lord Bacon would describe as having lain almost unaltered "upon the dregs of time." We still fancy that we educate our children when we give them as its principal constituent that same instruction which was given before England had a literature of its own, and when Greek and Latin contained almost the sum of human knowledge. Then the knowledge of Greek and Latin was called, and not unjustly called, learning. It was the learning which procured distinction and celebrity. A sort of dignity and charm was thrown round the attainments and the word which designated them. The charm has continued to operate to the present hour, and we still call him a learned man who is skilful in Latin and Greek. Yet Latin and Greek contains an extremely small portion of that knowledge which the world now possesses; and an extremely small portion of that which it is of most consequence to require. It would be well for society if this word *learning* could be forgotten, or if we could make it the representative of other and very different ideas. If the circumstances and the contexture of human society are altered—if the boundaries of knowledge are very greatly extended, and if that knowledge which is now applicable to the affairs in life is extremely different to that which was aplicable long ages ago—it surely is plain that a system which has not, or has only

slightly accommodated itself to the new condition and exigencies of human affairs, cannot be a good system, cannot be a reasonable and judicious system. How stands the fact? When young men leave college to take part in the active concerns of life, how much assistance do they derive from classical literature? Select what rank or what class you please, and ask how much its members are indebted to ancient learning for their capability to discharge their duties, as parents, as men, or as citizens of the state—the answer is literally, "almost nothing." Now this is a serious answer, and involves serious consequences. A young man when he enters upon the concerns of active life has to set about acquiring new kinds of knowledge, knowledge totally dissimilar to the greater part of that which his "education" gave him; and the knowledge which education did give him he is obliged practically to forget—to lay it aside: it is something that is not adapted to the condition and to the wants of society. But for what purpose are people educated unless it be to prepare them for this condition and these wants?"

The study of Latin will, from the necessity of the case, continue to be general in Ireland; and it is probable that no considerations such as those advanced by the judicious essayist, whose opinions we have quoted, will tend to bring it into disuse. The services of the Roman Catholic church being in the Latin language, every person of education of that religious persuasion is naturally desirous of acquaintance with it; and as the whole body of Roman theology is written in the language of ancient Italy, Latin is read, written, and spoken in the seminaries of Maynooth, Carlow, &c., in which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics are trained; and the same language, as a matter of course, occupies a primary position in the curriculum of every school in the several dioceses of Ireland. It is neither possible, nor desirable if possible, to extinguish the study of the Roman classics; for the churchman, whether Anglican or Roman, must be acquainted with its heights and depths;—the lawyer who wishes to study the basis on which a great portion of the laws of England rest—we mean the great code of Justinian, or, indeed who wishes to comprehend the technical phrases of his profession, as well as the reasons on which many of our ancient usages and laws are founded, must be familiar with Latin; and the physician, as Dymond expresses it, learns Latin as he attends the dissecting room—it is part of his system of preparation for his pursuits in life. Since the revival of letters the study of the Greek language has been inseparably connected with the study of Latin; although it is said that in some of the Spanish Universities Greek has never formed any part of education. We do not therefore contemplate the establishment of a system of education in the new Irish colleges from which Latin and Greek would be excluded: all we insist upon is, that they should not be pursued to the disadvantages of practical studies. As Dr. Taylor justly observes:—

"Mercantile pursuits, whether in trade, commerce, or manufactures, are fast assuming the character of learned professions; but the learning which they require is to a certain extent special. The merchant must be educated as well as the lawyer or the spiritual instructor, but the kind of learning he requires is very different from that which is necessary for the bar or the pulpit."

The education afforded in the Irish University to gentlemen designed even for the learned professions, is perhaps susceptible of improvement. Though there is a professor of civil and common law in Trinity College, we believe that practically the student is allowed to grope his way to the study of the law without guidance; and generally leaves the University utterly ignorant of the elements of either the laws of England or of Justinian. Both in University College and King's College, London, the professorships of law and jurisprudence confer substantial benefits on the students, and afford the members of the inns of court *in statu pupillari* opportunities of obtaining a knowledge of the elementary principles of these sciences, and a useful initiation into the laborious studies of their profession: —His igitur generaliter cognitis, et incipientibus nobis exponere Jura populi Romani: ita videntur posse tradi commodissime, si primo leni ac simplici via, post deinde diligentissima atque exactissima interpretatione, singula tradantur: alioqui si statim ab initio rudem adhuc et infirmum animum studiosi, multitudine ac varietate rerum oneraverimus: duorum alterum, aut desertorem studiorum efficimus aut cum magno labore, sæpe etiam cum diffidentia (quæ plerunque juvenes avertit) serius ad id perducemus: ad quod, leviore via ductus, sine magno labore et sine ulla diffidentia maturius perduci potuisset.—(Institutiones D. Justiniani.) The education of candidates for holy orders in the established church (for whom perhaps Queen Elizabeth principally designed Trinity College, Dublin) is, we would also venture to submit, too narrow, and might with advantage to the people committed to their charge be in some degree further accommodated to modern circumstances.

We are obliged to concur in the remark made by Sir Robert Peel during the debate on Mr. Wyse's motion, referred to at the head of this paper, that the state of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth is any thing but satisfactory. The limited fund placed by parliament at its disposal enables it to do very little more than instruct its students in theology, to the neglect of general literature and science; and one among the disadvantages of its isolated and anomalous position is that the *Alumni* of Maynooth, instead of preparing themselves for graduation in arts, as they would do were they connected with a university, take their degrees, which are usually theological ones, from continental universities. Maynooth College confers no degree and has no power of giving rewards to literary or scientific merit; and though some provision has been made for an

xtended course of classical and scientific instruction, no incentive of honour or emolument has been offered to induce students to devote their attention to any thing but theology. There are no scholarships, no bursaries, and no exhibitions. The following account of the miserable stipends given to the heads of Maynooth College is extracted from a work just published, from the pen of the author of "the Great Metropolis:"—

"Maynooth College is under the government of trustees appointed by Parliament, but the executive department is confided to the president and vice-president, assisted by the various other professors. The salary of the president is 326*l.* per annum, and that of the vice-president 150*l.* The prefect of the Dunboyne establishment and librarian receives 140*l.* a year. The senior dean, the burser, the professors of theology, and professor of scripture, respectively receive 122*l.*; while the salaries of the junior dean and remaining professors are severally 112l. per annum."

One important consequence of altering the position of Maynooth College, would be that the Roman Catholic Clergy would begin to addict themselves more to general literature than they do at present; and by familiarity with the amenities of the sciences lose much of the *Odium Theologicum*, which is too apt to be induced by a course of education exclusively adapted for one religious persuasion.

How far the character of Trinity College, Dublin, will be altered by parliament, is of course at present, a matter of conjecture. It is said that communications have passed between Her Majesty's Ministers, and the provost and fellows of the college; and some anticipate that a formal proposal will be made by the Government, to throw open a certain number of the scholarships and fellowships,—both of which have fair endowments,—to members of all churches. Others, however, incline to the opinion that Trinity College will not be interfered with; but that a new and distinct university will be formed, of which Maynooth College, the Belfast Institution, and the New Munster College, at Cork, will be colleges. The intentions of the founder, Queen Elizabeth, will probably be taken into consideration before deciding on these points; but unless they are expressed with more precision than characterises the statute 13 Eliz. c. 29*, passed with reference to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, they will not afford any insuperable obstacle to any change which may

* For the great love and favour that the Queen's most excellent Majesty beareth towards her highness's universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and for the great zeal and care that the lords and commons of this present parliament have *for the maintainance of good and godly literature, and the virtuous education of youth* within the said universities; and to the intent that the ancient privileges, liberties and franchises of either of the said universities, heretofore granted, ratified and confirmed by the queen's highness,

be considered expedient. The University of Dublin is incorporated as the "College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin, founded by the most serene Queen Elizabeth." The collegiate body consists of a provost, seven senior fellows, one of whom is vice-provost, eighteen junior fellows, seventy scholars, and forty cizars. The number of students at present on the books, is about two thousand. The permanent income of the university arises out of landed estates, which produce a rent of £13,846 *2s.* per annum, exclusive of the provost's separate estates, which produce a rent of £2,4000 per annum. The income accruing by the class-fees of pupils, amounts to about £30,000 per annum, and a legal sum is annually drawn in rents of chancellors and fees for commons, &c.

The object proposed by Mr. Wyse, who brought the subject under the notice of the House of Commons, on the 19th July, 1844, will be best explained in the words of the motion which he submitted to the House:—

"That a dutiful address be presented to her Majesty, humbly representing to her Majesty the importance of due provision being made for the university education of her Roman Catholic subjects of Ireland, especially of such as are intended for the priesthood, and the inadequacy of the means and system now existing for the attainment of such object; and further praying her Majesty that she will be graciously pleased to give directions, by an enlargement and improvement of existing arrangements, either by

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and her most noble progenitors, may be had in greater estimation, and be of the greater force and strength *for the better increase of learning, and the further suppressing of vice;* it is enacted that the right honourable Robert earl of Leicester, now chancellor of the said university of Oxford, and his successors for ever, and the masters and scholars of the same university of Oxford for the time being, shall be incorporated and have perpetual succession by the name of the chancellor, masters and scholars of the university of Oxford; and likewise that the right honourable Sir William Cecil, knight, baron of Burgley, now chancellor of the said university of Cambridge, and his successors for ever, and the masters and scholars of the same university of Cambridge for the time being, shall be incorporated and have perpetual succession by the name of the chancellor, masters and scholars of the university of Cambridge. 13 *Eliz. c.* 29.

"The universities from time to time have had ample privileges granted to them by sundry charters of the kings of this realm. Particularly divers ancient charters were granted to the university of Oxford by King John, King Henry III., King Edward I., and King Edward III. The university of Cambridge had the like privileges granted to them of ancient time, but most of their old charters were lost in the wars of King Henry III., or perished in the burning of the tower in the time of King Richard II., which king renewed or granted further privileges to both universities."—*Burn's Ecclesiastical Law.*

opening the emoluments and honours as well as studies of the university of Dublin to Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and raising the college of Maynooth to the dignity of a theological faculty of the said university, or by founding and maintaining a Roman Catholic University, with equal rank, endowments, and privileges with those of the University of Dublin, or by such other means as her Majesty in her wisdom and benevolence may deem fit, adequately to supply the deficiencies now complained of, and, as far as may be, effectually provide for the future moral and intellectual wants of the Roman Catholic inhabitants; thus promoting the advancement and happiness, not of Roman Catholics only, but of all classes and persuasions of the Irish people."

Whatever be the precise nature of the plan under the consideration of the Cabinet, we have confidence that ample provision will be made for the academical education of the bulk of the middle classes of Ireland, without reference to religious opinions; and we think it is not assuming too much to take for granted that the assimilation of the institutions of Ireland with those of England, and the diffusion of sound practical education in Ireland, will assist in obliterating ancient prejudices, producing harmony of feeling and opinion between the inhabitants of the two countries; thus effectually, though silently, strengthening the connection between Great Britain and Ireland. The new colleges will, we trust, be as far as possible connected with the Colleges and Universities of England, so that standing in one college will be recognized in another, and that the student in any one of the Irish Colleges will be able to take his degree in the London University, if he think proper; and *vice versa*, that studentship in King's College and University College, London, will entitle a student to status in the Irish University. Already a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, can take an *ad eundem* degree in Oxford or Cambridge; and carrying out the same principle of mutual good feeling, it is ordained by a regulation of the University of Edinburgh that three out of the four years of study required by that University for its degree of M.D. may be passed in studying at the medical school of King's College, London. The influence of a high-toned system of collegiate education on the Irish people will be of the most beneficial kind. "Foreigners often ask," remarked the eloquent Canning, "by what means an uninterrupted succession of men qualified more or less eminently for the performance of united parliamentary and official duties is secured? First, I answer (with the prejudices, perhaps, of Eton and Oxford) that *we owe it to our system of public schools and universities.* From these institutions is derived (in the language of the prayer of our collegiate churches) a due supply of men fitted to serve their country both in church of state. It is in her public schools and universities that the youth of England are, by discipline which shallow judgments have sometimes attempted to undervalue, prepared for the duties of public life.

There are rare and splendid exceptions, to be sure; but in my conscience I believe that England would not be what she is, without her system of public education; and that no other country can become what England is without the advantage of such a system."

In what manner are these new colleges, of which so much has been said, to be supported? This is a serious question. The liberality of Parliament will no doubt be appealed to; but no university can be maintained by grants from the public purse from year to year. The piety, patriotism, and public spirit both of laymen and ecclesiastics, must co-operate to some extent with the bounty of the Legislature. But we are by no means anxious to see the new colleges and university richly endowed; and entertain the hope that the fees of the students will form a very considerable revenue. It may be well asked, have the public endowments contributed, in general, to promote the end intended in their institution? Have they contributed to encourage the diligence and to improve the abilities of the teachers? In some colleges and universities the salary forms but a part, and frequently but a small part, of the emoluments of the teacher—the greater part arises from the fees of his pupils.* A local tax has been suggested as a means of sustaining these institutions; but such a tax would be objectionable on very many grounds.

The system of education provided for the lower classes in Ireland, scarcely admits at present of improvement; according to the testimony of the late and the present governments, it is operating most beneficially. Sir Robert Peel, after cautiously testing its merits, is fully satisfied with the national system of education; and on the recommendation of the late Lord Lieutenant, Earl De Grey, and the present Viceroy, Lord Heytesbury, has considerably augmented the grant for the purpose of extending its benefits. According to the last Parliamentary returns, the number of national schools were 2,512, attended by 355,320 scholars. When it is recollected that until within the last ten years the young of Ireland of the lower classes were utterly without secular instruction, and were for the most part in the rural districts unacquainted with the English language, can it be a matter of surprise that the peasantry preserved so many of the wild traditions, idle superstitions, and bitter recollections, kept alive by the Gaelic tongue? How could the Irish population, speaking only a barbarous dialect, unknown to Englishmen, acquire English habits of thought, or a reverence for English customs, institutions and laws?

We have long been persuaded that one of the most formidable obstacles to the thorough incorporation of Ireland with Great Britain, and to the equalization of the social condition of the people

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* Vide Adam Smith on Education.

of the two countries, was the unacquaintance of millions of Irish with the English language, and their consequent ignorance of English opinions. Generations have been allowed to live and die, without knowing a sentence of the language of Shakspeare and Milton, with no other knowledge than that which could be derived from the traditionary ballads and grotesque legends, too often expressive of dark and vengeful resentment against the Saxons, of the Gaelic tongue. The establishment of a national system of education in Ireland has, however, altered this state of things very considerably; and we are informed by competent authorities that the Gaelic is no longer heard in districts where, ten or fifteen years ago, it was commonly spoken. Edmund Spenser, in his work on the state of Ireland, written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, expressed his conviction that ignorance of the English language was the root of many of the evils that exhibited themselves in his day: experience has demonstrated the correctness of the poet's opinion. On this account we rejoice at the progress of national education in Ireland; and we anticipate many happy results from the general diffusion in that part of the kingdom of English publications, unembittered by local feuds. The establishment of colleges, on correct principles, will exercise a powerful influence on popular education. They will give a tone to public taste, opinions, and pursuits; the example of higher academical institutions will always be followed by inferior establishments; and it is presumed that the instructors of the poor will themselves resort to those colleges for instruction.

Too long has the vital question, the subject of these remarks, been discussed on mere party grounds. The time has at length arrived, we would fain hope, when it will be considered in an enlightened, philanthropic and comprehensive spirit, apart from vulgar political tactics; and it is our earnest desire that whatever measure respecting Provincial Colleges may be submitted to Parliament in the ensuing session, by Sir Robert Peel, will be received with candour and forbearance; and that men of all parties will, for once, unite in endeavouring to extend a system of practical and scientific education for the middle classes, calculated to render the rising generation intelligent and useful subjects of the great commercial empire, over which, by God's good providence, her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, auspiciously reigns!

NOTICES.

ART. IX.—*Rides in the Pyranees.* By Miss S. BUNBURY. 2 vols.

MISS BUNBURY is a lively and sensible writer. She would make an excellent travelling companion; for she would be sure to carry you pleasantly and profitably over the ground. We shall alight with her at Bagnères:—

"There are many pleasant little excursions to be made about Bagnères; but what I found almost pleasanter from their novelty to me, were the little *reunions* that took place almost every evening in the little apartment of my simple and good-humoured landlady. It was an apartment that opened directly upon the street, and therefore was unceremoniously entered, not only by all her lodgers, who dropped in to enjoy the benefit of the fire they had not above stairs (for though the season was too early for fires generally, the evenings were cold enough to render them particularly agreeable); but also by many variously conditioned beings, who, however unwelcome elsewhere, seemed sure of a welcome to the wide hearth of the amiable Madame Parado. There I sometimes saw the shivering, half-starved drowsy Spanish Abbé, who, being driven from his own land, houseless, friendless, moneyless, allowed the cathedral priests some hours' longer repose by rising at the 'point of day,' when its bell sounded to tell all sleepers it was time to pray; and there, too, was the stouter French priest, with his bland smile and courteous manner; the military commandant, with stories of bombast and wonder; the sturdy veteran of 'the empire,' who could prove that Napoleon never lost a battle; the voluble vulgar Frenchwoman, whose voice was worse than the military din that sometimes roared in my ears; and the pretty wife of the French colonel who occupied the first suite of our apartments. Senhor José, myself, and my first Spanish acquaintance, who aided me in finding my habitation, were often mingled up with these various ingredients; and I, being a stranger and foreigner, was usually honoured with a due share of notice; my presence generally turning the theme or themes of conversation on England and the English; and bringing out information or opinions concerning the situation, nature, customs, habits, manners, and qualities of each, which I, a simple native, must be supposed either deaf to, or ignorant of. Thus the voluble vulgar woman I have alluded to before, undertook to give, one evening, partly to me and partly to the rest of "the world," a description of English *eating*, which certainly had the effect of making me laugh till my tears seemed to flow for the memory of the good things I had left in my country. Unless I had that woman's volubility and rapid utterance, her gesticulation, and the liberty of repeating her words in French, I never could do her description justice. "Eh! the English do live well!" she began; "the commandant at Toulouse was a prisoner in England, and he has told me; he saw them, and he says he got to like it. First, for breakfast they take a great round of toast, (and madame took the flat of her hand

to represent the toast, drawing the other a little way above it to represent also the action,) "and they spread it over with a quantity of butter; then they put on that slices of ham and sausages, and—what do you call that other thing the English are so fond of—madam?' 'Ale,' said I, at a guess. 'Yes; oil—they put oil on that, and then they take another round of toast, covered with butter, and lay it on the top, and then eat that, and they drink tea *au luit, at the same time;* they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat, and that is an English breakfast—eh! they live well, these English! A little note of admiration went round; and, encouraged by the effect of the powers of description, madame went on to enlighten us further respecting English eating. 'Then for dinner they take great *cotellettes* of beef,' (and here the hands were distended about three quarters of a yard apart, to designate the size of each rib of beef, which formed the '*cotellette*,') 'and they only just warm them at the fire; and eat them with great potatoes, boiled, just as they are dug out of the earth—all entire: and they never have but one plate, and they eat the great whole potatoes, and the *cotellette* of beef *tout sanglant* (I have left these two words untranslated, because what we would politely term under-done, in French was boldly called 'quite bloody'), both together.' Another little murmur of wonder, and a suffocated laugh, encouraged the dame to show her further knowledge of English life and eating. 'Then,' turning to me, 'you have what you call *plomb puddin;* and do you know how they make that? ah! I know all that—*tenez!*' 'They take a great cauldron, and put it over the fire the first thing in the morning; and into that they pour a great quantity of milk and *eau-de-vie;* and then take a vast deal of the fat of the beef, the pure fat, and put it in also; and they thicken it with flour—and—and—what else do you put in your *plomb puddin*; madame?' 'Eggs,' I replied, with much verity. 'Ah! yes, an enormous number of eggs, they put to all that, and then—what else, madame, do you put in your *plomb puddin?*' 'Fruit.' 'Ah! certainly; yes, fruits of all kinds: they chop them together, *all kinds*, and put them into the cauldron, and they stir all up well together, and boil it from morning to evening, and then turn it out into a great basin, and they eat that at dinner with their raw *cotellettes* (or ribs) of beef, and their whole potatoes; and they never have but one plate—eh! they live well, these English! The commandant learned all their customs when he was prisoner in England, and he told me himself he would be glad to have had their *plomb puddin* every morning for his breakfast: they live so well, these English.' "

Take one morsel more:

"Strange it is that even at this present day, when people of all countries are thought to form one universal family, the French and English languages remain to some as complety 'dead' as any language can be. The story I am going to relate seems to belong to the year 1815, rather than to 1843. One day the young *employé* who had received me in charge on my first arrival in Bagnères, came in, looking more thoughtful than usual, and broke silence by asking me to tell him the meaning of the words—'spee-ak English;' when I had translated the difficult sentence, I naturally wanted to know how he had picked up the words he called so curiously; and he told me that

two ladies had come to his office, and one walking a little foremost, came up to him and said—'spee-ak English.' The *employé* bowed in silence, whereupon the other came forward, and putting her face as near his as convenient, called out in a louder tone—'spee-ak Engleesh.' The *employé*, bowed again; but after repeating the words in a still louder voice, one of them drew out the card of an hotel some hundred miles distant, touched her clothes, traced on the counter something like the shape of a portmanteau, then pointing to him, and then the card, and made a motion as if writing; by all which symbols he understood her luggage had been left behind, and she wanted him to write for it. He was about to explain hieroglyphically, his readiness to do so; when, after a moment's discourse with each other, the ladies retired, making signs that they would return again. Soon after he gave me this account, the good *employé* came back with a much lighter countenance, and told me he had found out a mode of relieving my 'compatriots' from their trouble. He had got the address of a 'Professor,' who would settle the whole matter; and with no little exultation, he drew out of his waistcoat pocket the card he was going to hand these poor ladies:—Monsieur l'Abbé———, Rue——, No.——, will spike the English.

ART. X.—*An Oration delivered before the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, on the occasion of laying the Corner Stone of an Astronomical Observatory.* By John Quincy Adams.

WHEN Mr. Adams was president of the United States of America, he recommended the establishment of an astronomical observatory, as well as a national university, but was not responded to at the time, so as to be able to carry his wishes into effect. He, however, has lived to have the office and honour of laying the foundation-stone of the observatory at Cincinnati, and of thus giving countenance and an impulse to the study of science in the New World, and offering the promise that at some future day the advancement of physical knowledge on that continent will be on a par with its progress in the most favoured European institutions. It is worthy of notice that the most eminent political characters in the United States do not deem it beneath their station to deliver orations and lectures upon branches of science and the arts; thus lending dignity to learning, and ensuring respect in behalf of moral and intellectual culture. In the present display we cannot indeed discover any great novelty, or views that have not been long current in the Old World. But there are many observations in the discourse that are marked with judgment, and considerable power as well as beauty of style pervades it. The following passage relates to the zodiac:

"When, and how, and by whom the zodiac, as it is now exhibited in all our celestial maps, and all our annual almanacs, was invented, no effort of learning has yet to discover. Its origin is undoubtedly fabulous, connected with the twelve labours of Hercules, the expedition of the Argonauts to Colchis, for the golden fleece; the genealogy of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, their common parent Saturn, and the final solution of the whole system, in

the allegorical impersonation of heaven and earth. Here astronomy and astrology, idolatry and superstition, agriculture and navigation, all march hand in hand, turning history into romance, religion into falsehood; the cultivation of the earth, and the navigation of the seas into fraudulent imposture. By what magical incantation, the belief of this system could be imposed upon whole nations of men, imagination can scarcely conceive. An imaginary belt is cast round the portion of the heavens, within which the solar system revolves. This belt is divided into twelve partitions, each embracing thirty degrees of the spherical circumference. Within each of these partitions, clusters of stars, as they are visible in the sky, are gathered as into one community; and over each of them the figure of an earthly animal is stamped, covering the whole constellation, but bearing no sort of resemblance to it. The very positions and attitudes of the animals are painted on the celestial atlas; names are given to all the brightest of the stars; and now, at least three thousand years after this uncouth fiction was first palmed upon the credulity of mankind, we find it imposed upon us *still*, and we cannot learn to recognise the bright stars of heaven in the path of the sun, without painting them to the mind's eye, on the horns of a reposing ram, in the eye of a raging bull, on the foreheads of a pair of twin children, and in the fantastic and incoherent imagery of animals, wild and tame, of earth, air, fire and water, jumbled together, as if to resolve the created universe into its primitive elemental chaos. Nor is this wild and inconceivable confusion yet exhausted. When the worship of idols had thus insinuated itself into communion with the study of astronomy, the population of the zodiac was extended over the whole firmament. The chief of the gods, Jupiter, and even the inferior idols of Olympus, were invested with the prerogative of placing favourite mortals to seats of honour in the heavens; and thus, not only Hercules and Perseus, but Adonis and Narcissus and Daphne, and Niobe and her daughters, and multitudes of others, not more meritorious, rose to be dignataries in the skies, till not only Berenice became a constellation, but the infamous Antinous a star of resplendent magnitude. To crown this infatuation of besotted learning, modern astronomers, impelled by usurping vanity or base adulation, have assumed the presumption of placing among the stars not only the shield of Sobiesky, and the crown of the Prussian Frederick, with the sceptre of Brandenburg, but have cast to the hunting dogs the rotten heart of Charles the First. The printing press, the electrical apparatus, and the air pump, may be better entitled to this symbol of immortality; but their intrusion upon this, already overcharged canvas, only adds to its unnatural complication, and encumbers the study with supernumary difficulties and obstructions."

This belongs to Vol 2.

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